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Westmoreland and Cumberland Dialects.

DIALOGUES, POEMS, SONGS,

AND

BALLADS,

BY VARIOUS WRITERS,

IN THE

WESTMORELAND AND CUMBERLAND DIALECTS,

NOW FIRST COLLECTED:

WITH A

COPIOUS GLOSSARY

OF WORDS PECULIAR TO THOSE COUNTIES.

LONDON:

JOHN RUSSELL SMITH,

4, OLD COMPTON STREET, SOHO.

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GREENWICH:
PRINTED BY HENRY S. RICHARDSON,
STOCKWELL STREET.

PREFACE.

PERHAPS no other two counties in England can boast of having so many pieces, both in prose and verse, illustrative of the manners and customs of the inhabitants, and written in their own dialect, as the counties of Westmoreland and Cumberland. Many of those pieces are not only interesting to the general reader, on account of the graphic sketches which they contain of popular manners, or the simple expression of natural feelings and sentiments, but are also valuable to the philologist, from the numerous examples that they afford of words and modes of expression, which are either obsolete in the general language of England, or which appear to have been peculiar to those two counties from time immemorial.

To present the public, in a collected form, with some of the most interesting of those pieces, both as regards provincial manners, and the use of peculiar words and phrases, has been the object of the publisher of the present volume. In the Glossary will be found not only all the principal words that are contained in the Glossaries appended to the separate publications of Mrs. Wheeler, the Rev. Josiah Relph, and Robert Anderson, but also many additi-

onal words which have either been collected from other works relating to the two counties, or been supplied by the kindness of friends. The greatest assistance, in this respect, has been derived from a Manuscript Glossary, compiled by Mr. J. Sanderson, of Kirkby Stephen, for the loan of which the publisher is indebted to Mr. Sanderson's son. For several pieces of poetry by Robert Anderson, hitherto unpublished, his acknowledgments are due to a nephew of the Cumbrian Bard.

In the present collection, the Dialogues illustrative of the Westmoreland Dialect, by Mrs. Ann Wheeler, are the most difficult to be understood, not only by general readers, but also by natives of the county. This difficulty is not so much occasioned by any great number of obsolete or peculiar words which they contain, as by the affectedly uncouth manner in which many of the words, in general use throughout England, are spelled. In order to write the word as pronounced, Mrs. Wheeler has frequently obscured the sense, without succeeding in her attempt to convey a correct idea of the sound. From her apology for her *orthography*, she seems to have been conscious that it was liable to objection. In her attempts to rival "Tim Bobbin" in uncouthness of spelling, she has frequently misrepresented the pronunciation of her native county.

Having thought it necessary to say thus much on Mrs. Wheeler's *orthography*, it is but just to bear testimony to the general excellence of her sketches

of country life, though she seems, occasionally, too fond of alluding to cases of female frailty and masculine insinuation. Ladies, however, of higher rank, have, in more recent times, shown their great partiality to expatiate on what they are pleased to term "unfettered, sentimental love," but to which "liberal shepherds give a grosser name." In a fashionable annual, published about four years ago, the ground-work of nearly every one of the tales contributed by *ladies*, was either a case of sentimental *spouse-breach*, or of simple *libertinism*.

On the dialect of Cumberland, which is much less uniform than that of Westmoreland, the writer, from a consciousness of his own incompetence, forbears to make any remarks; but contents himself with giving the following extract from the Rev. Jonathan Boucher's Introduction to his Glossary, published in 1833. "Westmoreland is remarkably uniform in its speech; it would puzzle even an attentive and observant stranger to point out much difference between the dialects of Kendal and Appleby: everywhere they are distinguished for a plain, perfectly intelligible simplicity. Not so in Cumberland, of which dialect it may be supposed that I am most competent to speak with some confidence.* What Bishop Nicolson said of the Borderers in general, that they spoke 'a leash of languages,' is now true only as applied to this county. The speech of the people in general, in

* Mr. Boucher was a native of Cumberland.

the western parts of the county, all along the sea-coast from Allonby to Ravenglass, and especially in and near the three or four considerable sea-ports that have much intercourse with Ireland, is, as might be expected, strongly tinctured with the Irish. Towards the very extremity of the West, they have a peculiarity in speaking, similar to one mentioned by Gil* as prevailing in Lincolnshire. They are in the habit of dissociating words of one syllable, so as to make them dissyllables: thus, instead of *the sea*, they say *t' see-a;* instead of *spoon*, *spoo-on;* *beast*, *bee-ast;* &c. We have no snapping quickness, nor any nasal cant or twang, as some of the Scotch counties have; though in the Borders, and all along the verge of the old Marches or debateable lands, the speech of the people is completely Scotch, in everything, excepting that there is but little tone. This obtains, with but few exceptions, though not without some varieties, from Rockcliff and Long-Town, through Bewcastle, and the whole barony of Gilsland up to Cumrew. And near Brampton a Scottish twang is heard, which is less grateful than such tones appear to be even where they are indigenous, by a strange yelping kind of articulation, which no words can describe. In and near Carlisle, however, this Scottishness, though still prevalent, is much softened; and is so far from being marked with anything of that cross, testy, and snapping manner, which is the most ungracious

* See Camden's Britannia, old edition, p. 1010.

feature in the dialect of the Scotch Borderers,* that there is often something peculiarly conciliatory and soothing in it. Near Wigton, that perverse habit of pronouncing the aspirate where it ought not to be pronounced, and omitting it where it is proper, which is no less common in Staffordshire, Warwickshire, and other of the midland counties, is almost universal: thus, *ink-horn* is pronounced *hink-orn; the little hammer*, *t' lile ammer; the harbour*, *t' arbour;* and *an arbour*, *a harbour; ham*, *hand*, *&c.*, *am*, *and*, *&c.* In and near the Abbey Holme, the common speech is, if possible, still more broad and rude: thus, *candles* is pronounced *caunels; I'm going*, *aw's gawin; the church-yard stile*, *t' kurk-garth steel*, &c. In the high-lands, and near the fells, the speech is more quick and sharp; and the conversation of the people seems to be carried on with such an air of eagerness, and the long *a* pronounced in a manner so particularly liquid and thin, that were Caxton still living, he might still say of their dialect, that it was "harryng, grysbyting, sharpe, slytting, frotynge, and unshape." Their

* From what Mr. Boucher here says of the "cross, testy, snapping manner" of the speech of the Scottish Borderers, the writer is inclined to think that he was very imperfectly acquainted with their dialect. To the ear of the writer, who has been for many years familiar with the dialects of Dumfries, Roxburgh, and Berwickshire, as well as with the dialect of Cumberland, the pronunciation of the former is much less cross, testy, and snappish, than that of the latter.

habitual grammatical inaccuracies are particularly indefensible; such as *I's*, or *Ise*, for *I am*, and sometimes for *I shall;* and *how is ye?* and *how was ye?*: but in and near Cockermouth, the speech, like that of Penrith, though pure Cumberland, is particularly plain and dignified; with this further peculiarity, that the style of the people is remarkably unlatinized, as they seem studiously to avoid those long sesquipedalian words which have been formed from that language."

Among the poetical pieces contained in this volume, will be found all the pastorals written in the Cumberland Dialect by the Rev. Josiah Relph, and a considerable number of the best of Anderson's ballads. Most of the other pieces in verse have been selected, not so much on account of any poetical excellence which they may possess, as on account of their appearing to be best adapted to illustrate the manners and dialect of the county. From the general rule which the publisher laid down for his guidance in this respect, the first of the songs written by Miss Blamire, at page 306, is an exception. It is given solely on account of its poetical merits. In simplicity, feeling, and imagination, the second stanza has seldom been surpassed.

London, 1st May, 1839.

TO JAMES WEARING, ESQ.,

KNOWSLEY.

Sir,

I have ventured to introduce the following sheets into the world under your patronage, sensible that your name will give celebrity to the slender performance.

You will pardon the liberty I have taken in addressing the Westmoreland Dialect to your protection; under your auspices it may, in some degree, share the laurels with Tim Bobbin. Novelty may recommend it to the Ladies; and if I am happy enough to gain the opinion of my

own sex, the Gentlemen are seldom so unpolite as to disapprove of what the Ladies have received into their favour.

I wish that you may long enjoy health and every blessing that can contribute to your happiness; and am,

SIR,

With the greatest esteem,

Your obedient and most humble Servant,

A. W.

Arnside Tower. 1790.

TO THE READER.

STRUCK with a dialect, which, to the Authoress, from her long residence in other parts of the kingdom, appeared quite novel, she was determined to try what kind of orthography could be formed from it, and accordingly wrote the Dialogue between Ann and Mary, without any intention of its ever appearing in print; this she read to some friends, who persuaded her to add some more Dialogues and publish them, presuming that they might afford an agreeable amusement to those who take a pleasure in observing the progress towards improvement which is daily making in the dialect of every district, and the great difference which exists between the dialect of the country and town, though in the same county.

In the Dialogue between Sarah and Jennet, she has, as far as she was able, stuck close to nature, and attempted to delineate the heart of a

rural coquette, whose ideas seem to be the same as those of the modern town lady, only allowing for the difference of education: to give pain seems to be the *summum bonum* of both.

In all the Dialogues she has endeavoured to convey the ideas of the people in the stations of life she has fixed upon: how far she has succeeded she does not presume to say, but if she is happy enough to amuse her readers, she will think herself sufficiently recompensed. Such as find fault with the orthography used in the Dialogues, are desired to remember that provincial orthography is one of the most difficult tasks of literature; for, in the application of letters to sounds and pronunciation, scarcely two people think alike.

As a female she hopes for lenity, and that her faults will be overlooked; to the candid and humane she appeals, and to them she wishes to submit her errors, being convinced that their judgments will be tempered with mercy.

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THE

WESTMORELAND DIALECT,

IN FOUR DIALOGUES;

BY

MRS. ANN WHEELER.

Mrs. Ann Wheeler, the Authoress of the four following Dialogues in the Westmoreland Dialect, was the daughter of Edward and Eleanor Coward, of Cartmel, where she was born and educated. When a young woman she went to London and remained there for eighteen years, part of which time she lived as housekeeper in a gentleman's family. She left her situation to marry a person of the name of Wheeler, the captain of a vessel in the Guinea trade. On the death of her husband, she returned to her native county to live with her brother, Mr. W. M. Coward, at Arnside Tower, where she wrote the *Westmoreland Dialect; Strictures on the Inhabitants of a Market Town; Female Restoration; Acco and Ego*, a dialogue; besides several other pieces never published, but which she left prepared for the press. Mrs. Wheeler died at Arnside Tower, on the 2nd of November, 1804, aged 69, and was buried within the chancel of Beetham church. She left a guinea to the Vicar to preach her funeral sermon from *Psalm* xciv, 19. By all who knew her she was highly esteemed as an affectionate, charitable woman.

A PREFATORY DISCOURSE.

I KNA mony of my readers will think, nay en say, I hed lile et dea tae rite sic maapment about nae body knas wha; I mud hev fund mitch better employment in a cuntry hause, tae mind milkiness, sarra th coafs, leak heftert pigs en hens, spin tow for bord claiths en sheets; it wod hev been mitch mair farently then ritin books, a wark ets fit for nin but parson et dea; but en ea mud rite I sud hev meaad receits for sweet pyes en rice puddins, en takin mauls aut eth claiths, that mud hev done gud, but as tae this, nea yan knas what it means, it's a capper.

It wur net ith time of Oliver Crumel ner King Stune, but sum udder king, two men com a girt way off, ameast be Lunon, an they wanted toth gang owar Sand, but when they com an leaked what a fearful way it wur owar, en nae hedges ner tornpike tae be seen, they wur flayed en steud

gloarin about net knain what toth dea, when belive a man com ridin up tew em en eshed whaar they wur bawn; they sed owar Sand, but it wur sic a parlish way they didn't like tae gang, for feard ea been drownt; this mon sed cum gang wie me, I'll tak ye'th seaf owar I'll uphod ye'th; wie that they set off, an thor men hed bean at a college caod Cambridg, en they thout tae hev sum gam wie their guide, soa as they raidd alang, yan on em sed he wod give a supper an a crawn baul of punch if they cud cap him ea ony six words; they tryd mony a time, but cud net deat. At last they gat seaf owar Sand, en ridin up Shilla, two wimen wur feighten, hed pood yan an udder's caps off en neckcloths; they steud and leakd et em a lile bit, when th guide cood out "En udder blae el deat." Upon hearing this, our travellers sed yee hev won the wager, for that wur a language unknawn to onny university.

THE WESTMORELAND DIALECT

IN FOUR DIALOGUES.

DIALOGUE I.

Between ANN *and* MARY, *upon running away from a bad husband.*

ANN. SAE whaar er yee bawn, yee er sae dond awt ith check happron? What ails tae? What haesta been greeten?

MARY. Aye, marry I've enuff tae greet about.

ANN. Whya what farts flawn rang naw I preia? What's Joan an thee fawn awt agayn?

MARY. Aye, Ise gangin tae Lirple wie Peter, I'll stay nin here, I'll nivver leev wie him maar, Ise git a sarvis sum whaar I racken.

ANN. Nae daut but thau may, but thaul want to be at heaam agayn.

MARY. Nay nivver while I leev, for I've born his ill humour and sorliness ivver sen I wor wed, naw gangin ea eight yeer, an hees ivvery day waars, an I'll bide nea langer, sae gang I will.

Ann. But what, hee's nea waars then he wur, is he? What thau naas him, preia maak yersel yeasy.

Mary. When we wor wed he tewk me heaam to leev ith auld end with fadder fowk, it wur sic a spot as yee nivver saw barn, it wur as black as the Dule's nutin bag wie seat, an it reeks yee cannit see yan anudder; he began wie corsin an lickin me an hees hodden on ivver sen. I doant like cocklin, an gang toth skeer I'll net, an I can nivver spin tow enuff to please him, hees sic a reeden paddock; last neet he lickd me with steal, threw a teanale wie cockls at me, brack aw me cups an saucers, a tee-pot I gav a grote for at Kendal Fair, threw tee imme een, but I was gaily une wie him for I slat a pot a weatin in his feace, meaad his een sae saar that he cud net hoppen em; he swaar he wad kill me when he gat haad omma, soa he may, for Ise nivver ane him mair while I leev.

Ann. Thau tauks terrably, whya thau wod be teerd in a lile time was tae frae him, what cud tae dea at Lirple, nae yan dar tak the in, a husband has terrable pawer, nae justice can bang him, he can dea what he will wie the, he may lick the, nay hoaf kill the, or leaam the, or clam the, naae sell the, an nae yan dar mell on him.

Mary. Oddwhite justice an king teea, for meaakin sic laas, nae yan can bide wie him, an arrant filth! Hees oways drunk when heeas brass, an then he grudges me saut to me podish, nae he taks brass I git wie spinin tow, an barns an I may clam ith

hause, he cares nowt abaut it; leak et me shoon, me coaats, Ise soa mad at him I cud welly hong me sel.

Ann. Nae, that wad be wars then runnin away frae him; he wad like to be rid baith oth wife an barns I racken.

Mary. Aye, then he mud gang hefter oth filth ith parish, for thear is not a dannet ith cuntry but he knaas her; dud not he spend hoaf-a-crawn on a lairly ugly, and stayd oa neet wie her? Lost poak, hoaf a steaan a woo, a paund a shuger, hoaf a quartern a tee, a conny lile chees. Dule rive him for a drunken foal, its enuff to meaak onny woman mad, but ea godlins I'll match him, as sure as ivver he matchd awr cock at Beetham.

Ann. What is he a cocker teya?

Mary. Aye, that he is, he meaad breead for cocks when barns clamd, an lickd lile Tom for brickin a bit oth cock breead, an becaase I tewk up for me nane barn, he up wie his gripen neaf an felt me owar.

Ann. Hees fearful nowt I racken, but sum haw I wad nit hae the leaav him. Whya whaarst caw, what yee hae milk an butter?

Mary. Dule tak him he selt her. Yee mun kna we tewk sum gerse for her, it wor tae be a ginny, man com to lait th brass mony time, I towd him it wur a sham he dud nit payt, he sweaar he wad sell her, an like a rascot as he wur, he dreav her to Kirby Fair an selt her, an stayd thear tul he hed

spent oth brass he gat for her. I thout I shud ea gean craisy I wur sae wae about partin wie her, thof she wor but a lile Scot she gav a conny swoap oa milk, an I've churnd five paund a butter ea week frae her, I cud sumtime selt a paund unknawn tae him, an fadder fowk dud let us chop her intil ther parrak ith winter, sae we dud varra connoly while we hed her: he cud net clam us while we hed a caw, but now oas gean, an leav him I wul.

Ann. But what'al becom ath barns? Ise wae about them?

Mary. Whya they mun gang toth cockl skeer wie him, th lads is gayly weel up, an lass is wie her grondy; for tae leev ith auld end wie th auld fowk I nivver will, for they meaak bad waars an hes ivver sen we wur wed, they er arrant filths; en he caant dea wieth barns he mun fest em awt.

Ann. Aye they er a terrable breed for sartan en thau hed ill luck tae cum amang sic a bad geat.

Mary. Aye, en I hed net been wie barn I wad nit hae hed Joan; but what cudee dea, tother fello et hed tae dea wie me ran away, soa I wur forst to tak this lairly.

Ann. When lasses deas sic tricks as that they mun tak it as it leets, what et dow can cum ea sic deains; but I mun say thau has carried the sel mannerly enuff sen thau wor wed.

Mary. Aye, I nivver rangd him, but he has hed deains wie awth lairlys ith parish, an mony a lump ea brass he hes teaan frae his poor barns an me, to

carry to thor uglys. But I'll gang an see for captan an kna when he sails, for gang I will, I'll nivver stay an clam hear.

Ann. I tell thee barn he dars net tak thee, nea captan dar tak anudder man's wife; whya Joan wad sean clap Willan on his back wur he to tae thee.

Mary. What the Dule munea dea? I'll gang afoat then, for stay I caant; I'll gang tath sarvis, I'm set ont.

Ann. But wha'el tae gang tae barn? Lirples a girt spot, if tae kna nea yan, theyl nit tak thee in.

Mary. Mea cusen Bet's thear, an sent a letter for me to cum, an she wad git me a reet gud pleaase; sae yee see I hev yan to gang tae, Ise net gangin a sleevles arrant. Bet cud git lile wie bearin peats at Faulsha; she naw gits varra connoly, and sent a letter for me to cum, an man et brout it sed she wur dond varra weel, an waar white stockins an claith shoon; an why maint I preia?

Ann. Dustay kna whaar she leevs ith Lirple?

Mary. Aye, aye, she leevs at ea yale hause, beeth dock.

Ann. Beeth dock! Whya barn, thear ar twenty docks an ea hundred yale hauses, thaul nivver feend it by that, thau mud as weel leak for to feend a cockl or musel grooin a top a Farlton Knot. I see thaust an arrant maislykin an net fit tae gang frae heaam.

Mary. Yeer mistacken, I ken her maister keeps

sign oth Teap; hees a lile stiff fello, with a varra snod feace; they coo him, they coo him, what toth sham meyas me forgit his neaam?

Ann. What toth Dule sinifies thee knain it, Joan al hefter thee an nivver let thee aleaan, an tak thee brass frae thee, an lick thee beaans sair in toth bargan. Stay et heaam gud lass an spin tow.

Mary. Dule may spin tow for me, I'll gang toth sarvis, then Ise nivver fear but don mea sel like udder fowk; I can dea onny mak a wark in a hause, nowt cums rang toma.

Ann. Whya barn, thau mun pleas the sel, but Ise sure thau will nivver dea at Lirple; tawn's wark is net likt cuntry, their sae mitch waaitin on em, an the ar aw sae praud, thaul nivver larn I daut.

Mary. Then I'll gang to Lunon, for I hev two ane breeders thare, yan an ostler, tudder wed varra grand, keeps a varra girt shop, sells oa maks a gardin stuff, cabage, turmits, carrats, an leevs terrable weel, for Joany Garth saa him an wife, she hed mony gowd rings an sum dimont yans on her hands; naw if I cud git thither I sud be meaad at yance.

Ann. Aye, but haw can tae git, wauk thau cannet? It's a terrable way; an thau mun git toth kna whaar thee breeders leevs, for was a straanger to gang into Lunon, they wod sean be taken up with baads, an they don em awt varra grand, ea fine claiths, an let em awt sae mitch a week toth men, but lile ath brass cums toth lass her sel.

Mary. Whya marry I matter net wha I leev with, for I racken they doont work hard, ner they er nit plaiged wie spinin tow, an as to up wark, whya I like it weel enuff.

Ann. Stay at heaam, thau er tae girt a dunce tae gang to Lunon, thaul nivver dea. But whaar leevs te breeders, I preia?

Mary. Whya Joany leevs at sine oth Soo's Heaad an Boats, ith neak ath what toth Dule meyas me fergit street, it's caw market, I kna it's Smith Gate, Smith Street, nay it's Smithfeelt, I kna.

Ann. Then it's awt ea Lunon, I racken, if it's a feelt.

Mary. Nae it's ith mid mang oth streets, awr Joan says. It's naw cum into my heaad what I'll dea, I've hoaf-a-ginny unnane to onny yan, that I'll pay for gangin up with wagon, an I'll tell it oa raund Ise gangin to Lirple, sae awr Joan al nivver feend me awt, Ise quite thraw him, git but frae him Ise dea; I dunnet feer an ea six or sewen yeer time, I mappen cum dawn dond in mea silks an satins, wha can tell.

Ann. Whya hang thee, thau er farrantly enuff to leak at war thau but dond awt weel.

Mary. I'll sean be that, let me yance git to Lunon, I dunnet fear leetin on a pleace; beside my breeders, I kna, wod help me, an I'll nivver send a letter to awr Joan, as lang as I leev, if I thrive ea Lunon, an I nivver hard ev onny that dudn't. Whya thear wur me two cusens, Bet an Mal, went

up, an naw they hev claiths wad stond an end, an dond like queans, I've hard mony say, and mass I'll be soa teya, er I'll try.

Ann. Aye, but nebbors say they er baith whoors tae sum girt fowk, an that's bad deains, lass.

Mary. That's aw spite, nowt ith ward else, an if they be that's nowt tae nea yau, it's mitch better then spinin tow; but awr nebbors is sic a spiteful gang, if onny lass don her sel a bit better then they, they aw coo her, an if they cud they wad poo her ea bits; yee nivver hard sic spiteful deains as when awr Nan gat her new bonnet with a white linein an a par a white stockins, they wur ready et stane her.

Ann. Marcy on us, times is fearfuly awtered sen I wur a young woman; we thout it varra mensful to hev a par a worsed stockins with white or yallo clocks in awr awn spinin an knitin, a par a lether shoon we white roands, a gud calimanco or camlet gawn, and a mannerly claith happron, an Hindee silk hankercher for Sundays, a conny daisent mob, an a blak shag hat et wad last us awr life time, an we bout nowt but we thout wheder it wad dea if we sud be poor men's wives, when awrs an I wor wed we cud but meaak neen shilin between us, we baith draad yaa way, an we hed sewen barns born and kirsend, an we bun thre on em to traads, set tother two foret ith ward, an berrid two, leevd thirty yeer tegidder, and when he deed he left mea a conny hause, a parrak, a gardin, an two conny lile mosses, an I feend it varra comfortable teaa

dra. But naw ivvery tow spinner is dond awt ith claith shoon an white stockins. Weel may lads be feaard to wed when lasses ligs awt their brass ea gose caps, an girt corls, an sic like gear, fit for nea body but Madam Wilson, an sic like girt gentelfowk.

Mary. Sic things dud varra weel when they wor ith fashon, but naw yee see nea yan bawnt ith worsed stockins et can git white yans, an they dunnet leak weel when fowk is dond in their Sunday claaths, an young fowk wad be like their nebbors.

Ann. Sflesh! To hear a cockler's wife an a tow spinner tauk a fashons, it wad mae a body spew. When I wor young we hed nea donsin-neets, it wor nit ith fashon for ivvery young lass to be wed wie her happron up, it wor nit ith fashon to keep wedden an kirsenin at seaam time, that com up wie donsin-neets, an girt caps, an corls.

Mary. You see ivvery pleaase groos maar grand, ward's prauder then when yee war young: leak at th men haw they er dond, they er as fine as lasses, leak what fine ribans rawnd thar hats, ther vests haw they er tornd dawn, an sic girt buckles ameast oa owar their shoon, rufld shirts an fine neckclaths; I think they lig their brass awt as badly as lasses ea my mind.

Ann. Nivver dud I leak to see sic girt deains, an sic pride croppen intul Storth an Arnside, nowt

can awt dea them Ise sure, they are dond awt maar then ony that cums to Beethom Kirk.

MARY. Whya they git it an sure they hev a reet to lig it awt oa their backs. I hev hard mony lads say at connyst lasses et cums toth kirk, cums awt of Arnside an Storth.

ANN. Wiltae gang heaam an settel the sel, to the wark, an I care nowt what they dea wie ther brass.

MARY. Nay nivver while ea leev, I'll gang reet to Lankester an frae thear to Lunon, and when gitten a pleaas Ise send yee word haw I like.

ANN. Thaurt a reet hard-harted lairly, that can torn the back oth barns; what hae they dun at the, poor things: for sham, gang heaam an meaak it up wie Joan, an stay wie th lads.

MARY. What an be lickd an clamd?

ANN. Thau caant be ill clamd an seaav hoaf-a-ginny, clamin wad hev meaad thee brick it for breaad; cum gang heaam, kiss tae barns, an then if thau will gang preithe dea, but a lile fire side at yans ane heaam is better then a fearful girt yan at yans maister's.

MARY. I kna net what to dea, Ise laath to leav th barns, I think I mun stay. But wha can this be; he leaks an he wur lost. Whaar cum yee frae a preia?

STRANGER. I cum frae aboon an Ise gangin toth belaw, but I lost me sel on thor plaguy fels, an I been maunderin twoa heaal neets an twoa days,

an naw Ise gitten on to thor sands, Ise as ill off as ivver. A preia haw munea git in toth Laa Fornass?

ANN. What yee hae sum cusens thear, I racken.

STRANGER. Nay net as I kna on; Ise gangin to lait wark.

MARY. Sflesh! Yee hae sum lass wie barn, an want to git awt oth way, yee leak sae wea. For sure he blushes.

ANN. Tak my cauncil, gang the way back agayn an wed her, it's better then runnin thy cuntry; an if shee's a farently lass yee mun beath dra yaa way, an yeel dea, I warrant tae.

STRANGER. Nae, yeer mistane, I nae lass wie barn; but Ise leavin me pleaas sumet abaut a lass bein wie barn, that's sartan.

ANN. Cum the way wie me, leakstea, yon's my hause, an if thaul gang wie me I'll gie the a fleak an a potful a saur milk, an thau maes tel us awe abaut it.

STRANGER. Ise ean gang wie yee, an yeel mappen show me th way in to Fornass?

ANN. Aye, aye, barn, wees tel the awt we kna when tau hes filt the belly; cum, gae the wae in wie Mary, an Ise bring a lock a peats toth fire. Sflesh, leak! Soo hes gitten in toth garth, an shee's hitten up awth turmits, rooted up awth parcel, an troden dawn oa me poleanters! Dule tak her for an unlucky carron; but I'll sean meaak an end a the, for I'll sell the if onny yan will by the ea O

Kirsendom caunty. But cum naw let us kna what braut yee hear, a preia.

STRANGER. Yee mun kna I leevd up ith fels, a girt way aboon Hougil; maister hed a girt staat, he kept it in his awn hands, we wur twoa men an twoa lasses, yan wur hausekeeper, an like, we thout they wor tath girt, but we wur laith to say't, for he wur a terrable man, an if onny yan sead awt abaut em he wad laa em to death; oa th nebbors feard him, nea yan durst mell on him onny whaar raund. Yaa neet he cood me intul th barn, Joan, sed he, I want the tae gang an arrant for me ith mornin, yee mun be ready to set awt sean, an give Bess a gud feed a corn; Ise gangin to put girt trist ea the; thau mun be ready be faur a clock. I sed aye, I wad. I wur up as sean as I cud see leet, an maister bad me yoak coverd cart. I cud net think what he wur gaain toa send me for. When I hed dun it I brout it toth dure, an he put in a box an a chair, then tewk me intul th hause, gav me a dram, an a crawn for spences ath road, bad me tack girt caare ea what I wur bawn to carry. I sed I wod. He went in an brout awt Betty, awr hausekeeper, helpd her in toth cart, then coverd her sea cloase nea yan cud see her, an bad me tak her to Temple Saurby, an gave me a ritten paaper whaar to leaav her; we wur just gangin off when maister com tae me an sed, I'll gie the hoaf-a-ginny for the daark, an thau git her seaaf thear. I sed Ise dea me best. An

we set off an went abaut three miles, an I thout I'st meak a gud daark ont; we wur gangin dawn a lile hill when I saw I hed twoa hod stockins on; I thout I sud hae tumeld owar, for I knew varra weel I sud hae ill luck, for I nivver but twice dond twoa hod stockins on, an yaa time I wur plooin in ith lang deal, an Jewel teak freet an ran oway, brak oa th gear fearfuly, leaamd her showder, an like to kilt me; neist time I wur gangin tea th mill, an watter wur awt, an I hed four laaid a corn, I hed like to been drownt, an I lost yaa laaid of corn, an was varra glad to seaav me sel: soa yee may think haw freetend I wur when I saw my stockins.

MARY. I've hard fowk say it's fearful unlucky.

STRANGER. Terrable soa indeed. Ise sure I've hard me mudder an mea grondy say they wad rader see a spirit, er the Dule his sel, then hev twoa hod stockins on ther legs, it boads sum girt truble.

ANN. An preia what happend?

STRANGER. When we had gean abaut five mile we com tae an yale hause, whaar they wor tae be cock feightin, for it wur Pankeak Tuesday; thear stewd at dure three young men, I kent em aw. Whaar's tau gaain? ses they. To Sebber, sed I. What mes tae cum this way? I've sumet to leaav, sed I. What haesta ithe cart? sed they. Woo, sed I. Woo, sed they; an wie that they com abaut it. I naw began to be freetend, yan on em tewk haud oma, an sweaar I sud drink wie em, tudder twoa gat haad oth horse; they pood me toth yale

hause dure, an cood for a quart of yale an a dram in't, an we hed sean dun, I offerd to pay for it, but they swaar I sud pay for neist; just then awr Bet sneesd an they hard her. Aye, what's that? says Joan Scapin, a rascot, et hes leevt ea varra gud pleaces but can bide ith nin hee's sea drucken, What to Dule hes tea gitten amang woo? it mun be alive, but weel see hawivver. Wie that I tewk haad oth meear an offerd ta drive on; but they ran toth a—e et cart an tornd up claith an saw Bet. Lord how they laft an fleerd an bullied. Woo! sed yan; Woo! sed another, Pure soft woo! Weel teaas it abit! an Scapin gat intul th cart. Bet wur a brave staut lass, an clicked haad ea Scapin beeth colar an flang him awt, an he leet on his back an brak his heead on a stean, it bled fearfuly; he gat up an streak at me, I streak agayn, an they oa three set omea; Bet lowpt awt oth cart an tewk my part, an we fout for sum time, but we fairly dreave em towart th hause; they coad her awth whoors they cud think on, an me awth baads, it vext her sae ill that she fetchd Scapin sic a drive I thout she hed kilt him, he bled at noase an mauth, an wor a terrable seet. Lanlord an wife com an tewk agayn us; lanleady sed I mud he shamd on mysel to hoffer to gang away an nit to pay for th yale; I sed I nivver meant but to pay fort, but I wur sae vexd wie them leakin intul th cart. Thau ert a dirty lairly, sed she, to cary whoors up an dawn th cuntry, an becaus twoa or three young fellos hed a mind to leak

intul the cart, thau mun knock their een up, an than cheat poor fowk ea their due. Poor Bet hed her cap an neckclath pood off, her noase brosen, an leakt like a mad thing: I wur fearful feard they mud hae hurt her or her barn. She hed brosen twoa oa their noases, an peyld their feaces black an blue, an pood off heal handfuls of haar. I gat her intul th cart, an set off as fast as I cud drive; when we hed gean abaut a mile, I saw a lile well at botom on a hill, I telt Bet I wad drive tea it, an she mud wesh her sel. She sed, dud I think they wad folow us? I sed, nay I thout imme hart they hed gitten enuf. When we com tae it she gat awt, weshd her feace an neck, camd her hair, an tewk a clean cap, an neckclath, an happron, awt on her box, an lockt up her riven rags, an they wur aw blead beside. My blaws hed meaad me heaad wark fearfuly, an I cud hardly see awt omea een, an we thout it began to be ameast nean; we wur baith on us varra seekly. I saw a yale hause an telt Bet; she bad me gang tult an see if we cud hev ony dinner. Th woman sed she hed gud beef an bacon colops an pankeaks. I went an telt Bet, she gat awt an com in; I eshd for a privat roum, but nea yan et hed a fire in but th hause. I went to leak hefter my mear, when a lile barn com to me an sed, ye mun cum in, th woman's fawn owar. I ran in, freetend awt omea wits, an fand Bet in a soon; th lanleady wur a varra graadly body, she laasd her stays, slat watter in her feace, an brout her to her

sel, meaad her tak sum brandy, an she wur sean better, an hit her dinner varra weel. We set off as sean hes we hed awr dinner, an we hed twoa quarts of yale at dinner, an I thout Bet drank varra mitch for a young woman; I payd awr racknin, an we set off agayn, and dud varra weel abaut twoa mile, when we met sum lads and lasses gangin to kest their pankeaks; they com abaut me like bees, an oa at yance eshd what I hed gitten imme cart; I sed Wild beaasts, an if yee dunnet gang yaur ways I'll hoppen th dure omea cart an let omea lyons an dragons awt; they steaad starein at me, an Bet, ith inside, fetched a girt greaan, an gloard at em thro a lile hoole ith claith; it freetend em, they set a runin as fast as their legs wad let em, wich varra weel pleasd Bet an me; an we draave on till abaut a mile off Temple Saurby.

Mary. Belike man yee hed nae mair mishaps?

Stranger. They wur but beginin woman! Whya, as I sed, we wur abaut a mile off Temple Saurby, when a sargant an drummer an ya souger owarteuk us. Haw far this way friend? sed they. To th neisht vilage, sed I. What hae yee gitten ea yer cart? sed they. Wild beaasts, sed I. Let us leak at em, sed they, an weel gie the a hoopeny a peice. Nay, sed I, they er tae hoangry to be leakd at naw, yee may see em when they cum toth far end. Wie that they went on, an I sed laa dawn to Bet I wur fearful fain we hed gitten rid on em; wie that she set up a girt shaut ea laffin, an they

leukd back an stead still; I sed they hev hard thee for sartan, they er cumin back agayn; I quite did-derd for fear. The sargant com up an sed, Dud my wild beaasts laf? Dud I kna it wer condemnation to owar sea for makin gam on his madgesty's cumanders by land or seaas? An he leakt sae terrably I war ready to soond; I thout they wad tak me for a souger for sure. While he tauked to me me tother twoa pood upth claith an leakt intulth cart, an sweaar she wer a reet conny lass, an they wad hev a kiss on her, an they baith lowpt intulth cart, an I thout Bet leakt weel enuff pleaast; an they aw raaid ith cart tul we com toth spot whaar I set Bet dawn, for I fand it awt varra sean; I then tewk my mear an went toth yale hause an gat her sum gud hay an three pennerth a corn, an while she hit it I went intulth hause: but it wur a weary gangin in for me, an I'll nivver gang intul onny hause whaar ther is sougers while my neaam is Joan.

Ann. They er wickid fellos, for sure theyl dea awt tae git poor lads listed. Yan oa my barns hed like to been taen with em, he gat awt on a lile windaw, an left a bran span new hat worth hoaf-a-crawn, an ran o'th way frae Kendal to Sizer afore he ivver leakt back: he hed welly brosen his sel wie runnin fra thor varmant.

Stranger. Well, whileth awd mear wur hittin I went intulth hause. Thear wur a varra gud fire; I cood for a pint a yale; while I wur a drinkin it in

com thor sougers an seet dawn beeth fire an esht me if I wad sarve the king, they wad meaak me a captan sean. I sed nay, I hed nae thouts ont yet. They cood for punch, an listed yan befoar me feace. I wad net drink wie em, ner hae nowt to dea wie king's stuff. Lass oth hause com wie a lock ea peats toth fire, an they gav her a jow, an she fell oa my knee an dang me hat off; th sargant clapt his omme heaad an sed, Naw yee hev worn his madgesty's livery yee er listed; I pood it off an scund it upth flear, an ran toth dure as fast as ea cud; but he wur sean hefter me, gat haad omme by me shirt neck, an hod me sae fast I thout he wad throple me. When ea cud speak, I esht him what he wanted wie mea; he sed I hed listed, an he wad mak me gang alang wie him afoar a justass to swear. I wur sadly freetend an whakerd ea ivvery lim, nay I tremelt sae I cud nit stand. Sargant clapt me oth back, an sed, Currage man, I'll meaak the a genral. I sed, Pleaas yee sir Ise a sarvant, an if I dunet carryth mear back to-neet my maister will hang me, for he will swear I hae stown her, an hee's a fearful awful man, as onny yan that knaas him can tell yee. He laft, an sed, If he com he wad list him teya; then cursed an sweaar terrably; For as to thee, sed he, thau er fairly listed as onny man can be ith varsal ward, he wad stand teat. I wor ameast beside my sel, an it wor naw neen a clock at neet; I had roard an begd an prayd an toth nae end; I bethout mea I wad git sum yan to

rite a letter to mea maister an send him word haw I wor off, an for him to cum an fotch th mear. I esht lanlord if I cud git onny yan tae rite for me: he sed, Aye to-morn but nin to-neet. We drank till midneet, for they wad nit let me gang awt oth their seet. We hed a gay gud bed, but I wur sae fearful uneaasy imme mind I cud net sleep. Abaut four a clock, th lass ath hause crap ontoth loft wie a rush-leet; thear wor twoa beds, th sargant an I ligd ith yan, an th twoa sougers ith tudder; she leaked ith yan then ith tudder, then sed laa dawn to me, Git up. I crap awt a bed varra soaftly an dond me sel, steaal quietly awt oth loft an dawn stairs intoth hause. Th lass sed, Here sup thor podish, I hev yoakt theeth cart, an git off wie the as fast as tae can; thear is hoaf-a-crawn for the to pay, but thau hed better pay that then be a souger, an if thau hesent sae mitch abaut thee I'll lig it dawn for the, an we mappen meet at Kendal or Sebber Fair, an thau may gie it me agayn; for Ise wae to see haw thau wur turmoild wie thor varmant oth sougers; they er th rottenst lairlys et ivver com ea onny hause. I thankt her monny a time, payd hoaf-a-crawn, en gav her sixpence for to by her a riban; an I set off as hard as I cud drive heaam, an thout like me maister wud be gayle weel content when he hard haw it wur wie mea; but when I gat heaam he wur gean awt, an awr Mal telt me he had hard haw that Scapin stopt us at sine oth Twoa Jolly Boutchers, an that like I

meaad sines for em to leak intul me cart, an that I tewk agayn Bet; an he fell intul a girt pashon an sweaar he wad transport me, for he was sure I hed stown th mear, an run away with her; an he towd her when he wur gangin awt that he wur gaain to git a commandement to tak me onny whaar er ea onny spot whaar ivver he fand me ea o'th caunty. She sed she thout like I'd best gang away awt on his gaait, an she wad gie me a lile pye, an sum chees an bread, an a quart botle ea drink. I tewk what brass I hed, an she wad send me claiths to me mudder's. I telt her haw it aw wor, at she mud tel me maister. We tewk a sorroful farweel, an I set off to cum owar th fels, an I wor twoa heaal days an twoa heaal neets on em, tul I wur ameast clamd an starvd to deaath, an ameast freetend awt omme wits wie sic a terrable boggart as I beleev nivver onny yan saa befoar; nay th varra thouts on't meyas me back-beaan wark.

Mary. Whya, marcy on us! yee hed oa maks a trubble. Whaar saa yee it? What wur it like? What shap wur it in?

Ann. Aye, preia tell us what yee saa. What, wur it like a coaf? I kna a man at wur sadly flayd with a boggart like a coaf, an it mooad fearfuly, an steaad haurs be him, chewing it cud.

Mary. It mappen wur a coaf.

Stranger. Whya, mappen it wur, but this at I saa wur twenty times as big as a coaf. I hed geaan twoa days an a neet owar thor fels, an cud feend

nea way off em ea this side; I wur sae teerd wie maanderin up an dawn an teaavin ith dirt, I laaid me dawn on a breaad scar an sean fel asleep, tul sumet weaakend me varra caad omme feace. I leakt up, an sumet stead gloarin at me as big as a girt bull, an sic a par of saucer een as wad hae flayd the Dule his sel hed he seen it, Ise sartan. I hofferd to git up but I cudnt stand; it nivver stird, but stead gloarin imme feace, an then it seat up sic a roar as wad hae flayd twenty men, an reerd it sel eun up; I cud see it wur oa owar black, an twoa horns as girt as onny bull's; I shut me een, an hoppend em mony times to see if it wad gang away, for I hev hard fowk say if yee shut yer een a spirit will vanish, but it nivver stirt, but stead a lang while, then laaid it dawn abaut ten yerds frae me: I then thout for sure I sud dee wie th freet, an wisht me sel back wie me maister. Haw many hawers it ligd thear I kna net, but when it wur leet it hed tornd it sel intul a girt black teap; I wur then warse freetend beeth hoaf, for I wur sartan it cud be nowt but the Dule et cud torn his sel intul onny shap. I raasd me sel up, but I whakerd fearfuly, my knees knockt yan agayn tudder, an I crap quietly by it, an tewk dawn th fel as fast as ea cud; I hed gitten abaut five hundred yerds frae it, when I thout I wad leak behint me an see if it stird, but, marcy on us! it wur within a yerd omme; I then cud bide nae langer, I tumelt owar an roard awt fearfuly; I thout then it wur Owd Nick cum for

me, et maister hed geaan toth wise man to kna whaar I wur, an that he sent th Dule hefter me to bring me back. I thout I wad torn agayn, for it dud nit matter gangin onny farther. I leakt up an saw a hause abaut hoaf-a-mile frae me; I creaap a girt way omme hands, for I hed nit pawer to git up, an was terrable feard to leak back: et last I dud, an it wur clean gean; I wur nivver sae glad ea oa me born days. I sean gat up an ran toth hause, it wur a yale hause, an a reet graadly body she wur at leevt at it; I gat a pint a yale an sum chees an bread; I telt her haw I'd been flayd, an she sed ther wor flayin oa thor fels; she her sel hed yance been sadly freetend, she saw a horse wieawt a heaad on that varra spot whaar I wur sae flayd; an she sed she wad nit gang on it ath neet for aw Sebber, for a man yance steaal a horse an morderd it ith top a thor fels, an it spirit hes oways haanted that spot ivver sen, sumtimes like a horse, sumtimes like a teap, an oft like a man wieawt a heaad. Yee may think haw flayd I wur when she telt me oa this. She sed she thout I hed better stay oa neet an set off this mornin: I dud sae, an hed a gud neet sleep, or I sud hae been quite kilt, Ise sartan. An naw if yee can shoo me th way intul Laa Fornass, Ise be mitch behouden to yee. Ise nit be lang awt oa wark, I racken; an I think beeth heaam ath ward it ligs sum whaar yonder; if I can but git owar this watter Ise sean feend it awt, an I hoap Ise nit be lang ea gittin a spot.

Ann. Lord, barn! Yee need nit gang to Laa Fornass for wark, hear's fowk enow hear et will employ yee.

Stranger. If ea thout sae I'd stay. But whaar mun I gang tea to git wark? yee mun help me tea it: I ken nae yan ea this spot.

Mary. Thau cudn't a leet on a better body then Ann; she kens awth girt farmers rawnd, an will git tea intul sum spot.

Ann. Aye, thau mun stay hear aw neet, an toth morn Ise feend tea a maister, a Goddil. Thear's a merry-neet at awr neist nebbors to-neet, an thau may gang the way and git a sweethart, it will cheer the a bit. What says tea?

Stranger. I hae nin omme donsin-shoon; I wod I hed, for Ise rackend a fearful top donser at heaam, an Ise terrable keen on't, I nivver miss a merry-neet for ten mile raund. Awe awr kin is rackend girt featers; I think imme mind I cud bang awth ward in a hornpipe, an Ise a top hand at a jig an a reel, nin ea awr parts can top me: nay, I bangd th maister et com tae Hougil at his boll, an thear wur a fearful grand man et com frae a spot welly be Lunon, an he cood me tea him, an sed, Me lad, thau ert best donser I ivver saw ea oa me time; then sed he, Dud tae ivver donse on a stage? I sed Nay. He sed, If I wor thee I'd gang toth hopera hause, I think he coad it, Thau mud git a hundreth a yeer for donsin for th king.

Ann. Why dunnet yee; whya yee er a boarn

foal. Wad I cud donse an wor young, I'd gang mesel. Whya lad thau mud meaak the fortun.

MARY. An yet yee er agayn me gangin onny whaar ith ward.

ANN. Whar teth Dule wod tae gang? Is tae nit wed an gitten barns abaut tae. Hang the for a lairly! steay at heaam an be content; mind tea tow spinnin, an let me hear nae mair othee maggats ea runin frae the ane heaam. Cum, lad, Ise tak thee amang young fowk, yeel sean kna yan anudder.

STRANGER. Aye, Ise sean ken em; Ise nae way swamas.

ANN. Farweel Mary. Ise coo an see thee neist week. Ise cum yaur way, an I'll bring a bit a tee imme pocket, an a white leaaf, an weel hev a swoap a tee tegidder, an nivver heed Joan.

MARY. Ise be varra fain tae see yee, for I hae nea yan to hoppen me sel teaa but yee. Farweel Ann.

END OF DIALOGUE I.

DIALOGUE II.

Between Betty, Aggy, and Jennet, upon the loss of a husband.

BETTY. WHYA haw er yee oa hear. I wod hae cum et seea afore naw, but it hes been sae caad, I was terrable feard a meaakin me sel badly agayn: en I've hed a fearful time on't for sure.

AGGY. Yee hev indeed, en yee leak fearful badly. Cum en sit yee dawn ith neak, en keep yer sel warm.

JENNET. Let me sweep upth fireside, this rotten tow meaaks us aw dirt. Dunnet sit thear Betty, for when th dure hoppens awth seat an th reek el blaw ea yer feace. Kem awt yer haar mudder, an put on yer cap; what a seet yee er.

AGGY. Dear me, barn, I dunnet mitch heed me sel; I hae lost aw me comfort ea this ward.

BETTY. Aye, here hes been a girt awteration sen I wur here.

AGGY. Aye, waist omme! I hev hed a saar loss; I hev parted wie a varra gud husband. O dear! oh! oh!

Betty. What yee munnet greet, but mack yer sel content; it's God's will! We mun oa gang yaa time er udder, I racken.

Jennet. I oft tell me mudder shee's rang to freat; mony a yan's wars of then us: shee's a varra gud hause, en two conny fields, a moss, an a varra gud garth, four kaws, a coaf, a galoway, twenty sheep, en a varra gud swine et dunnet want aboon a week et been fat enuff ta kill; we hae baith meal en maut ith ark, en part of a flick a bacon, beside a netful a fleaks, en plenty a potates: soa then yee kna ther can be nae want.

Betty. Ise fain et hear it. En thau mun stay et heaam, en be a good lass, en cumfort the mudder, en keep the sel unwed en tae can.

Jennet. Ise dea me best.

Betty. What il yee keep awth swine, er yeel sell sum on't? yee can nivver dea wie it oa.

Aggy. Nay, Ise sell o'th legs an a flick en keepth rest. I've a deal to think on naw sen I lost my poor man; he oaways used tae butch it his sel, but naw I mun pay for it been dun. Nae weast me! What a girt loss I hev on him, he was sean gean ith end, thof he hed meand him this hoaf yeer, en hed a girt caadness in his heaad, en wod oft tak awt his pocket-neckclath an lig it on his heaad, en he thout it meaad it yeasy; I sewd him flanin in his neet-cap, but oa wod nit dea; I wod fain hev hed him tae hed a docter, but nin oa his side, neither men fowk nor wimmen,

ivver hed yan, en he wod bring up nae new customs: en I racken they cud hev dun him nae gud.

Betty. Nae net they; they er fit for nin but girt fowk et hes brass enuff tae gie em. When my lile barn was bornt, et it varra guts was seen, we sent for yan; en what, she deed: en monny a yan sed, en I hed ligd on enuff a porposs oil she wod hae ment. What ye er for mackin saals er net yee, ea sum eth ky en sheep?

Aggy. Aye, I hev maar en I can dea with, I'll kep nowt but yaa kaw andth galoway, it will be far less trubble, I cannit dea wieth land. A woman is whaint ill of when shee's left alaan; but me cusen Giles promises ta dea for mea.

Betty. Hee's rackend a varra graadly man. But hes your maister meaad a will? ther el net be sae mitch trubble; en fowk saes he hes left yee a fearful rich weedo, en yer dowter a varra mensful porshon.

Aggy. Aye, we er left varra connoly, en she dea but mind her sel, en net thra her sel oway a sum lairly fello.

Jennet. I'll hae nin; I'll thra me sel oway a nin, noder bad ner gud. I'll lake a bit ith ward efore E tee me sel to sorro.

Betty. Whya mind et ta dus. I hev a girt favor tae esh on yee, will yee preia sell me a goos? summet hes worried yan ev ours, we fand it rivven ta bits, an liggin ath middin. I saw yaurs as E com in, an they leak varra fat; en a fearful fine stegg yee hev for sure.

Aggy. Yees, hev a goos en welcom; I selt em et hoaf-a-crawn a piece at Lankester, en we hed a varra girt flock.

Betty. I think yee oways hev. We hev hed weary luck wie our daum things this yeer: we hed two fine cocks gat tagidder en yan kilt tudder, I cud hae selt yan on em ta fout at Beetham cock feights for hoaf-a-crawn; then goos was rivven to bits; fox gat four hens; a dog et cum throuth faud raav a duck heaad of, en tummelt owar a girt pot wie best wort in I hed set awt to gang caad, brack pot, spilt drink. It wur weary wark, I thout ea sud hae gaan craisy, I wur sae rotten mad.

Aggy. Cum lass setth wheel by, an git ta the sewin, en git me caps meaad, thau mun lig braid hems ath borders. I was forced tae by new black baith for her an me sel.

Betty. Whya nowt but weel, yee hev enuff ta by wie. Thear wur a paur a fowk et berrin I hard, en yee gat meat for em awe; ye mud hev a paur a cooks. I was whaint soary et E cud net cum.

Aggy. I was fearful wae et yee wur badly; I sud hae been glad ta see yee amang fowk, we hed been lang nebbors, en I kent yee ivver sen we war lile lasses, en oways lickt yee. Thear wur plenty ea oa macks ea meat, an varra weel gitten, varra good pyes, an rare puddins full ea rasins en corrons: better wur nivver meaad e aw Beetham Parish, Ise sure.

Betty. I haard awe wur fearful gud, an a varra

mannerly berrin it wur. Nay, I mun tell yee what me cusen Tomy sed when he com heaam: he sed, says he, Yon weedo is tae conny a body, he sed, tae be lang a weedo, says he; lads el be hefter her sean: she leaks younger then her dowter.

Aggy. Oh Betty! I nivver can think on a nudder husband, Ise sure barn; Ise dee on a brocken heart. Haw cud the cusen Thomas tauk abaut me; hee's a weedo his sel, en mud kna what sorro yan mud be in. Tae be sure if I thout a weddin agayn I hed as leev tak him as onny yan I kna. Cum lass put tee kettle on. I think nowt ea sweetharts. It's fearful queer the cusen sud tauk a me.

Jennet. Mun E meak a bit a breead mudder?

Aggy. Aye, barn, an maak it gud, for Ise reet fain to see Betty: shee's a girt stranger.

Betty. Whya for sure I wod net hae been sae lang but thro bein badly, en I wur vext at our lass weddin, en we hed twoa kaws pickt coaf, an ya thing er udder, maad we warse en E sud hae been.

Jennet. E preia wur it true et Tom wod hardly hev her?

Aggy. Awt on him! Wha was sae likely when he hed gitten her a barn?

Betty. Yee say truly Aggy. But I daut hee's nowt et dow, for her fadder gav her forty paund, en he wod hardly hev her then; but he behaavs varra weel sen, an I hope they'l dea. What he fishes an she spins tow; tae be sure she cannit git mitch wie a lile barn. I gie her a swoap a milk en a heap ea

potates naw en tan, en monny an hodd thing: yan cannit help draain to ther ane barn.

Aggy. Nay, haw sud they.

Betty. Wha aw my barns is wed naw, baath lad en lass. They wur clever sarvants; as toth lasses Ise sure nin cud top em, eider for milkness, or indure or out-dure wark. Baath Mary an Nelly hes led shearin field when thear wur twenty men, an shear till sweat brast throu their stays: they wod hae been brosen afore they wod hae been bangd.

Aggy. Aye, they wur gud workers, they hed fearful spirits, nowt feard em; but I think sum on em is mitch awterd sen they wur wed.

Jennet. Aye, for sure it wad flay yan frae weddin ta leak at them, ta see haw they er turmoild wie barns an wark, en lile ta dea on. I'll nivver leaav me mudder, I'll stay wie her; nae weddin for me, I'll be nae man's drudge.

Aggy. Sic maapment thau tauks; thau mun stay tulth reet an cums, heel tak nae nay, barn.

Betty. But what el Dicky say ta that, for I hard hee's fearful fond on the, en lowpt raund the like a young teap, that neet ye wur at merry-neet tagidder.

Jennet. He may sit ath middin unstown for me; I'm for nae Dickys ner Richards neider.

Betty. What taws mappen for Joaney; he hes a a conny hause weel set to tak the teea, kaws en sheep, boos sweept en band hung up. A thau ert a reet fause en.

JENNET. Nay, Ise for nin on em. I kna when Ise weel; I'll gang ta bed maister en git up deam.

BETTY. Whya reet enuff, en ta can but hod a that mind it mea dea, but thaul nit like et be cood en aud maaid. Leak et me cusen Jennet, she may norse barns in her doatage, en put her spetacles on ta don em.

AGGY. Aye for sure she was groon aud; what then, yans like ta stay tul yans time cums. But they say hee's a reet farrantly fello, soa yee see thear's luck e leiser.

BETTY. Aye, awr Tom wur at Lankester ya Seterday, en he sed he wur thear wie butter an eggs. Markets hes been terrable laa this lang time, hardly worth gangin teea; but it wur Size, en wur a varra lieftel market, an et wur a wunder.

AGGY. Aye barn, it's this Irish butter et cums fraeth awt lands, it's a sham ta let it cum ta foeth markets soa: butth girt fowk aboon dunnet mind poor fowk belaw, er else yae kna they mud send it ta French or Scotch.

BETTY. Aye for sure. But I racken th king hes been fearful badly, en soa things hes gang rang, en he cud net order es he used ta dea, for yee kna tul he wur badly things wur net a thissen. God send him better, say I.

AGGY. Amen! If he sud dee wha mun be king then? Is ter onny aboon Lord Darby? Will he be king? I sud think that mud dea weel for Beetham parish; weest happen git an organ then.

JENNET. Lord mudder! he hes barns enow on

his ane, hee's a matter on a dusen. Dunnet yee kna I was readin em ith almanack ya Sunday when it raind?

Aggy. I thout them hed been sum udder king's barns, they hed sic autlandish neaams, thau cud nit coo them.

Betty. Lord, woman! Girt fowk coos ther barns sic heathenish neaams hes wod flay yan. Whya me cusen Ann, et leevs e Lunon, welly beeth king's hause, brout a barn dawn wie her, et she cood Ariet: I was quite wae et she dud net coo it Margery, hefter her mudder, wha was a varra graidly body.

Aggy. What wur it a lad or a lass ea preia?

Betty. Nay it wur a lass for sure.

Aggy. Lord bless us! What a neaam, en she leevd e this cuntry she wod hev Ariets enow.

Jennet. What, yaur nebbors gangin ta wed I hear?

Betty. Wae worth her! et cannit mack her sel contented wie her barns, but she mun hev a man ta git her maar; an she may mentain them an him teea, for hee'l work nin, I daut.

Aggy. Sure thear is nowt sae simple es weedos, they nivver kna when they er weel; if she wed him shee'l dra her sel ta a paaur oa sorro, shee'l kna nae end on't e this ward, I daut.

Betty. Marry, en awe be true et's tauked she may be glad en hee'l hev her; she hes put it awt on her paur to say him nay.

Aggy. Lord, barn! What is cum amang wimmen an lasses e this parish? I think the Dule hes

thrawn his club owar em, they er oa gaan craisy, they er shamful, nin on em weds but they hev their happron up; modesty is cleen gean awt oth cuntry: it wur nit sae when yee an I wor young. I kna nit whaarth faut is, I wod it cud be fund awt.

Betty. Aye, soa deya I. But they mind nowt but donnin ther sels, en gangin frae hause tae hause, hearin news, an mellin ea ther nebbors, an gittin sweetharts; an when they gang toth kirk they mind nin oth parson, they cannit keep their een hoppen, they been up oa neet wie sum lad. They tak mair pastime ea what they see ith kirkgarth then what they hear ith kirk.

Aggy. I think yaa girt faut is, fowk dunnet keep their barns enuff under when they er young, for I kna mony et el corse their fadder an mudder, an bid em dea it ther sel. Naw preia what et dow can cum oa sic like mismanerd deains, it mun end ea sorro, for I kna nit what side toth bleaam.

Betty. What er yee begun to greaav peats yet?

Aggy. Nay, barn, oas soa wet et I think it's tae sean; beside me cusen Tom's tae greaav em for me, en he is ivvery day at cockle skeer; for yee kna I hev nowt naw but a hirein, en ea want twoa or three fleaks naw, I mun by em. Oh, waes me! I'm badly off indeed, I nivver knew what it wor tae by a fleak sen I wor wed, naw gangin ea forty yeer.

Betty. Whya, whya, yeel tak better teaat hefter a bit; summer is cumin on, yeel git awt a dures,

en yee'l nit be sae dowly, yee'l see. I wod baith yee an Jennet wod cum tae awr hause neist Monday, awr Mary is gaain tae twilt a yallo linsey twilt, an awth young fowk is cumin tae help, an varra conny ittel be; it's her ane spinnin baith linnin anth woon, an it left on her cortans, en she maaad em up varra grand wie leace, an tae dra raund; I wod hae hed her tae set bed tath woe, but she wodn't, she was tath praud, en likes toth be like quality mak.

Aggy. Whya nowt but weel, she seems a varra conny fusom wife, en I hear they hoffer et dea varra weel, en baith draas yaa way, en gitten ther lile farm varra connoly stockt: en her fadder, I racken, hes been varra gud tae her.

Betty. He hes dun tull em oa alike. He gav em, lad en lass, forty paund a piece toth set em foret ith ward; we thout it was better then keepin it tull we deed, we sud see haw they hofferd, an it wad be better then keepin em ea poverty an makin em wish for awr death.

Aggy. Toth be sure. Young fowk is oft kept dawn ith ward when they wed, an fadder fowk will net help em; an a deel a barns, what can they dea? Naw yaurs may git on while they er young, and seaav sumet agayn they er aud.

Betty. Whya we hev dun awr part Ise sure; yee kna we mun tak care of aursels, we er grooin aud, en cannit be thout tae work es we hev dun.

Jennet. Cum, will yee torn toth teaable, an git

sum tee, an taick sum oa this breead while it's warm.

Betty. I'm soary yee sud put yer sel soa mitch awt oth way for me. This is varra gud breead, Jennet, I think thau hes put butter in't.

Aggy. Ise reet fain yee think it gud; thear's naa yan Ise sae fain tath see es yee, I've oft taukt on yee, an awr lass an I was for cumin et see yee neist Sunday, for sure.

Betty. Cum what day yee will yees be welcom, nae yan mair soa. What, thaus leakin i'the cup! what can thau see, thaul nivver wed, what's tae leakin at?

Jennet. What can yan see nowt but sweetharts, think yee?

Aggy. That's what meast et young fowk leaks for naw-a-days.

Jennet. Whya, mudder, duddn't they when yee wor young?

Betty. Aye, aye, we hev awe been foalish in er time. Dunnet torn me dish up, barn, Ise welly brosen for sure.

Aggy. Nay, yees hev anudder dish for sure; what sinifies six or sewen a thor lile dishes: cum tak a bit mair breead.

Betty. For sure I've hitten an drunk tul ea sweat, see haw it runs dawn me feace: Ise sham me sel.

Jennet. A preia mak free, yee er welcom yee

kna; an wee'l cum an see yee a Sunday. I think ittel dea better then Monday, mudder?

Aggy. Whya I knaanet but it may. What yee er nit gaain yet sure?

Betty. Whya I mun be like beggars, hes sean as I hev gitten what ea can, I mun gang, for awr aud fello is soa leaam ivver senth galoway ran oway wie him, an dang him off, an he leet on a braid scar just beeth well; it wor a marcy it dudn't thraa him in, he mud hae been drawnt for sure.

Aggy. Haw leet it preia? Dud it ivver run oway afore?

Betty. Nay, barn, but he was cumin heaam, just ith mirk, ath neet, he hed been at smiddy tae git it shod, en ea cumin dawnth loan, that plaigy dannet, Bill Watson, clatterd his clogs, an flayd galoway, et it set off a gallop an thraad him off.

Jennet. Hang him for a lairly ugly. Dud he help him up, er haw gat ea heaam?

Betty. He help him up! Nit he, hang him! Awr lass hed been atth shop for a quartern a hops, en hard him mean his sel; et first she was flayd, en steaad still toth harken, but she sean fand it wor her fadder, she gat him up, an draad him heaam a sum fashon; I thout ea sud a soond et seet on him, I wor sae flayd. He hed hort his shouder varra ill en his back; I rubd him wie porposs oil, an he ligd ea bed ameast a week.

Aggy. An varra weel it wor nae wars, he mud a broak a lim er twoa.

Betty. Aye, that he mud, en he hes nivver kessen it, ner nivver will ea this ward, I daut, for hee's a girt age, welly four-score awe but for sewen. What a girt net a fleaks yee hev; we hev nit hed yan ith awr hause this twoa months, awr aud man cannit gang toth sand naw, hee's sae leaam; en they mak awt mony a meaal.

Aggy. They dea indeed. I'd leever be wieaut hout then fleaks; I oways thinkth chimly leaks varra bare when thear's nae fleaks in't, beside I think they leak varra conny when they er ith sticks, but I hev been oways used to em sen I wor wed: but that's oa owar naw, I nae yan to git onny for me.

Jennet. Here Betty, tak thor twoa or three heaam wie yee, they'l be a neak of a novelty for yee.

Betty. Whya, thank yee. But Ise flayd I rob yee, ittel happen be a girt bit afore yee git onny mair. What's tae gaain tae dea?

Aggy. Yee mun sup a swoap a rum wie me, ittel nit hort yee, barn.

Betty. Whya en ea mun ea mun. Here's to oa awr varra gud healths. It's fearful strang, I daut ittel maak me drunk.

Aggy. Nit it.

Betty. Whya faar yee weel; en Ise expect tae see yee a Sunday. It's a fine ewnin, but it's a sort a caad.

AGGY. Whya, faar weel, an I wish yee weel heaam.

BETTY. Whya, gud neet, en thank yee for me. I'll send forth goos neist week wie awr lass, awr aud fello is soa leaam he can dea nowt but rive taas for wisketts en teanales.

AGGY. Whya, varra weel, yees hev it onny time.

END OF DIALOGUE II.

DIALOGUE III.

Between Sarah and Jennet; or the humours of a Coquet in low life displayed.

SARAH. LORD, what a stranger! Wha thout tae seen yee hear! I langd tae see the; I've a paur tae tell the.

JENNET. I wad hae cum lang sen but for this plagy shakin, it meyas me sae wake I can hardly dra yaa foat afore tudder.

SARAH. Waist hart! It's a terrable bad thing when it fairly gits haad oa yan. What yee hard I wor at weddin, I racken.

JENNET. Aye, an kirsenin teea, an feight hefter awe.

SARAH. Sic deains wor nivver seen ea awe Beetham parish. Ise glad yee er cum this hefter-nean, for awr aud fowks gane toth berrin of my noant's son's wife's grondy; sae we can hev a bit a tauk tae awr sels.

JENNET. Ise reet fain Ise cum this hefter-nean, awr fowks oa atth moss. Cum, I lang tae hear abaut this weddin.

SARAH. Lord, barn! I knaanit weel whaar tae begin; thear wor neen on us set off frae this side, an we wur awe dond in awr varra best claiths, yee may be sure: I hed on me new stampt gawn et ea bout a John Risk, an gav him three shilin a yerd for it, me white petycoat, an me girt plaited cap an me corls, white stockins, an claith shoon, an thout I leakt varra fine; Bet hed on her stampt gawn, an a fearful girt plaited cap an a neckcloth on her heaad; barn hed a varra conny cap on, godmudder brout it frae Kendal, an varra bonny it leakt; it's a conny lile lass for sure, an varra like Tom, an it was dond awt es farrantly. I howd it while they wor wed, an I thout parson leakt varra cross: he sed when ea tewkth barn, This sud hae cum neen months hence. We wor sadly freetend for fear he sud scoud us, for yee kna hee's a reet gud man, en he sed nae mair; an I thout imme mind I wod nivver be wed while ea leevt before ea brout mesel tae sic sham: Ise sure we wor fearful glad when we hed gitten it owar. We went toth yale hause en hed four girt bauls a punch, an wimmen hed caaks, an terrable merry we wor; an awe raaid heaam fearful weel; anth youngans raaid forth riban, me cusen Betty bangd awth lads an gat it for sure. We hed a varra gud dinner at her fadder's: hefter we hed dun, Tom leakt awt twoa botels a rum he hed fotcht frae Lankester, an meaad a fearful girt baul a punch, an he leakt es if he wor fearful weel pleast et he wor wed; Sam an Dick,

Bet's twoa cusens, sang monny a conny sang, an fearful gud singers they er, I wod they wod cum offen tae Silverdale chappel. Whenth punch wor drank, Tom swear ivvery man an lass sud drink a girt dram, an that lass et refused sud hev it put dawn her throat wie a coaf horn; wimmen meaad a girt deal a wark but it sinified nowt, for drink it they mud en dud; an I think wie yale an punch at Beetham, their varra gud drink at diner, an punch an drams, we wor sum on us far gaan, an began tae be varra quarrelsum. Bet's nuncle Joan hofferd tae lig five ginneas et his auld mear wod draa Tom ath Hives twoa carts, horses, en awe, en put sum brass imme fadder's hand; Sam leet et sayth mear wod draa baith horses, carts, en awe toth Dule; wie that Tom gat up an lent a girt drive at Sam, drave him agaynth chimley back, an if she hedn't new laaid on a lock a mul he wod hae been saarly bornt; he brast his noase, an what wie blead an seat I nivver saw sic a seet. He dud nit lig lang, up he gat an tewk haad ev Tom beeth shirt-neck, rave it awe dawn, an throppled him, an shackt him tul he meaad him spew oa amang us; Tom up wie his gripen kneaf en felt Sam owar, an fel a-top on him an skreengd him terrably, an if nae yan hed pood em frae tegidder, it's my thouts they wod hae kilt yan anudder they wor sae mad.

Jennet. Ise fearful fain I wor nit thear, Ist a been freetend toth death. I hard Sam wor varra ill dun teya.

Sarah. It wor rang on him to mell on em, they

wor sayin nowt tae him, but when drink's in wit's awt; Tom's a varra lungess fello, an he hed nae reet tae strike a blaw at Sam; but he wor gayle une wie him, for he gav him twoa black een, an rave his fine lin shirt wie a girt hausin ruffel tae bits, an taar his new stampt vest down toth pocket, it wor new on Easter Sunday, he wor at Borton in it for first time.

JENNET. Aye, but Sam spoilt his coaat ith dirt ath flear, he nivver can put it on agayn tul it's scaurd at Kendal.

SARAH. What sinifies taukin, they wor baith toth blaam; we wimmen tewk Sam an wesht him as weel es we cud, baith feace en coaat, an gav him sum alleker en brown paaper tae lig on a girt caul on his braw, an Ise sureth lad wor wae enuff; as toth Tom he went away swearin he wod be up wie him for rivein his claiths when they wor dawn ath flear. Bet wor sae freetend she clam on taeth lang teaable wie her barn, an awe us wimmen creap intoth neak beeth hooun, an stead up tul we went toth part Tom an Sam, an I hort my thaum terrably wie pooin em frae tegidder, for they braaid skrat an fout like mad fowk, nay for sure they beaat yan anudder; anth aud fello et caused oath wark creap intulth neak, he wos sae flayd.

JENNET. Yee cannit think what a tauk it hes meaad ith nebborhood; an ivvery yan bleaams Tom, for Sam's a varra soaber quiet lad, I oways thout, an I hev knawn him monny a yeer.

SARAH. Aye, en may kna him langer: fowk says

he huddles thee a bit, soa thaus like tae hod ea his side. Is nit that true, Jennet?

JENNET. Neaa lass can be seen wie onny lad, but nebbors gies it awt he huddles her. Sam al leak hier then me; yee kna heeas a staat, an nae daut will be for a girt porshon: yee kna he huddles Mally, she can bring him a parrak.

SARAH. I omast think hee'l hae Jennet, she can bring mair then yan when her fadder dees. He esht me atth weddin when ea saw yee. He seemd fearful wae yee hed gitten hald ath shakin, an sed yee wor a terrable conny lass. Aye, sed I, An shee's gangin tae wed a reet conny lad. Whaas that? he sed. I sed, A reet smart young sailor, she gat in wie him when she wor at Lankester. He leakt wae, an sed nowt for a gud bit, then esht meth man's neaam. I sed, What er yee jellus Sammy? He sed, Nay, nit I. But I saw he wor ameast ready to greet; I'll be hangd en he dunnit luv the, say what tae will agayn it, Jennet.

JENNET. Dud he gang wie yee toth merry-neet?

SARAH. Nae for sartan, he war toth ill braaid tae hev onny thouts atth merry-neet.

JENNET. I hard et Tom puncht him an lowpt on his teaas; hee's a lairly ugly as ivver wor unhangd.

SARAH. Aye, that he is, but hee's up ith ward en cares for nae yan; an if o'th ward wor ea my mind Ise care as lile for him; beside staat he meaaks a paur wie his apples, plaums, an straeberrys, for hee's for ivvery thing et stirs, he en his sister er a

reet par ath greedy yans; an they racken his earth is as gud as onny ith parish, an hee's oways muckin it, soa yee kna itst way toth gud crops.

JENNET. Neaa daut. Haw com yee on atth merry-neet?

SARAH. Whya, barn, th Dule hed thrawn his club amang us that day for sartan; I gat frae yaa spot ea foin awt tae anudder. I racken we wor twenty on us, lads an lasses, awe dond in awr varra best, an blind Tom wor fiddler, an a gud fiddler he is; an we donst abaut twoa haurs, then they went raund an gidderd a penny a-piece fraeth lasses an toopence a-piece fraeth lads. That lairly ugly Joan, et leevs wie farmer Furrows, wad nit part wie his brass, tho he donst as mitch as onny yan, an tauked varra shamful toth wimmen; wie that young Harry Scar tewk him beeth britches an tumled him awt oth donsin-loft dawn stairs. He sed he hed lost sum brass, but nae yan heed him. We then began to donse agayn, an went on a gud bit, en monny a conny jig an reel teya; then they wor awe for cuntry-donses, an we went dawn yan varra weel; neisht cupple et com toth top cood for Seasons, when it wor playd lad cud nit lead it off, this meaad a deal a scraffle; wie that Harry Scar sed, Tak my partner, I'll gang dawnth donse an shoo thee, then thau may begin thee sel. He sed He wodn't, he cud deat. They tryd monny a time, but cud meya nowt on't. Coo up anudder tune, sed Harry. I'll nit, sedth lad, An thau's a saucy

oaf for mellin omme; an sed he wad feight him if he wad gang awt oth donsin-loft. Wie that o'th lasses gat abaut Harry an wad nit let him feight, an oa bleaamd tudder lad for meaakin a stir abaut nowt; an for my part I wor sae teerd I esht my cusen Ann tae let us gang heaam, for my heaad wor ready to rive wie noise an din; but tae nae purpose, she wod nit gang wieawt Harry.

JENNET. Like enuff; fowk sen they er gangin tae be wed. I hard hee's tornd butcher, an started for his sel last Tuesday at Borton, an they hev taen a hause; an yee kna that leaks likely.

SARAH. Aye, I racken it's true. Whya they'l mak a conny farrently par, en they baith dra ya way ittel dea varra weel; shee's gayly nottable, an I racken ea is part he leaks like a varra widdersful graidly young man. Wiltae hev a swoap a tee, or a swoap a bortery-bery wine? yan thau sal hev, soa mak nae words lass.

JENNET. I hev nae occashon for nin; sae preia gie yer sel nae trubble abaut fotchin me awt.

SARAH. Yees hev yan for sure, sae chuse.

JENNET. Whya, barn, en ea mun I'll hev a swoap a tee; an yeel leak ith cup for me, an tell me when ea mun be wed: I kna yeer a varra gud hand at fortun-tellin.

SARAH. Odd-white tae! thau knaas Ise nae fortun-teller; en ea cud telt fortunes I'd ea gean nin toth donsin-neet, for sartan.

JENNET. What time gat tae heaam, a preia?

SARAH. When ea cudn't git Ann tae cum heaam,

I steaad up an hofferd to cum me sel, when that plaigy Dick Sanders pood me on his knee; I gat up an wad gang, wie that he raav me happron awt oth bindin, pood creak awt oth keep omme petty-coat, an tae meaak it up wie me, he cood for hoaf-a-dusen caaks, an wad meya me tae em, an wod en dud cum heaam wie me intulth bargin.

JENNET. Aye, I racken Dick dudn't like tae see onny yan huddle thee but his sel. Is nit that it, lass?

SARAH. What yee hev hard hee's yan ev my sweetharts. Lord! this ward is brimful a lees, for sartan.

JENNET. Aye, thear's lees enow, but I racken that's nin.

SARAH. Yee may be mistaan as weel as udder fowk. Yee mun kna I went to Arnside Tawer, wie awr breaady toth bull, an she wod nit stand, but set off an ran up Tawer Hill an throoth Loan on tae Middle Barra Plane, an I hefter her, tul I wor welly brosen. Dick wor cumin up frae Silverdale, an tornd her, helpt me wie her toth bull, an then went heaam wie me. An while ea leev I'll nivver tak a kaw mair; Ise sure it's a varra shamful sarvis to send onny young woman on, en what I think imme hart it's dun ea nae spot but Beetham parrish. En frae this nebbors ses we er sweetharts.

JENNET. Poor lass, haw they belie it! a conny lile neat yan, it cannit bide to be taukt on! Hah! hah! hah!

SARAH. Nay, laff en tae will. I care nowt haw

monny sweetharts I hev; I sat up three neets last week wie three sendry yans, soa yee see I hev plenty.

JENNET. Ise whaint soary tae hear thau er sic a maislykin; thau er hortin thee ane health, en happen for them thau caars nowt for. Preia leak awt yan an stick ta him, an let awth rest gang by; yee can but maak yan a husband, an yee hae my wish et yee may takth best.

SARAH. Thank yee, thank yee; but ye knaath fairs cumin on, an I kna oa thor lads al treat me at fair. Oa it's conny spoart tae sit up in a raum-window drinkin wine en brandy-sack, hittin caake, en leakin inteth geaat at monny a reet nice lass et can git nae yan to tak her in, an to see em leak up at yan ready to greet wie spite an envy; oa haw I laff when I see em: an if it rain it's mair pastime behoaf, to see em stand under shop windows an ea dures dropping wet, while Ise donsin dry an warm. An ifth lads git a swoap a drink, an foe to quarrelin abaut yan, it's finer spoart behoaf tae see twoa dunces reddy to knock yan anudder's brains awt for a lass et cares nowt abaut them; it's fearful merry.

JENNET. Thau an I er ea twoa ways a thinkin. I dunnet think it's for onny woman's credit tae sit up wie sae monny lads: oppertunity is a fearful dangerous thing, en hes beenth dawnfoa ea monny a conny lass. Tak thau care et sum a thor lads dea thee nae rang: mind th aud sayin, "Shee's weel

keept et God keeps ;" en dunnet think sae mitch oa thee ane strength.

SARAH. Thau is grown sae grave yan wad think thau wor just gangin to luv an obay. Preia when is yaur weddin feast tae be hodden?

JENNET. Ise cum tae invite yee naw; it's tae be neisht Seterday.

SARAH. Is tae leein, or is tae ea gud girnin earnest?

JENNET. Nay for sure; fadder fowk hes meaad it up ea baith sides, en I racken Sammy an I hes nit mitch agayn it.

SARAH. Whya for sure yee er a sly par; haw snug yee hae kept it. Whya Ise cum tath be sure.

JENNET. Aye, preia dea; yee mun be my brides-maid, for thear is nae lass I like as weel as yee. I thout nit tae been wed yet, but my fadder hed a mind tae see me settled in his lifetime, an he hof-ferd tae give us laa hause tae leev in, en twoa crofts enth lile moss, a kaw, en a heffer, an awr grey horse, hoaf ath Scot hee's feedin, an a flick a bacon, woo tae meaak three par a blankets an twoa happins, en me mudder al spin an gie me twoa dusen a tow for sheets an bord claiths, an three-score paund a hard brass. Sammy thout we hed better tak him ith mind; aud fowk mun be taen ith humour, yee kna.

SARAH. Yer fadder is a varra graidly aud fello. Ise sure mine wad nit part wie a groat while he

leevs; he oft says hee'l keep it as lang as he leevs, an if barns will wed they mun work as he hes dun. Yet a lile matter frae yans fadder dus weel tae beginth ward wie, an if it wor a lile Scot an twoa or three guds, it wod set yan forit; for when yan hes awe to by, an lile toth dea with, it's hard. I nivver dare wed, what thear's meal poak, maut poak, groat poak, flawer poak, an saut poak. I nivver dare wed while ea leev, barn, for sartan. Ise quite flayd.

Jennet. I warrant tae thau'l awter e that whenth reet yan cums. Me fadder wor tae hed a hundred paund wie me mudder, but me gronfadder ran back, an he nivver gat nowt frae him; when her mudder deed she left her a shilin an a flaurd pocket, my noant Margery gat awth rest, en yee see she hes nae yan left for it.

Sarah. It wor a bornin sham, for sure. Thee noant Margery's a nipper; she wod flea two dules for yaa skin, barn. But Ise reet fain yer fadder will dea sae farently be yee; yeel dea I warrant tae; yeel be careful an dra baith yaa way, an hee's a reet gud humourd lad, an thau mun feend awt his way, an yan stoup toth tudder; en I racken that's best way tae leev quietly yan wie tudder.

Jennet. I'll dea me best to meaak him content. When he cums heaam hee'l hev oways twoa things ready for him, cleanliness an gud humour; an what he brings I'll dea me best to gar it gang es far es ea can, for I daut monny a lass loases her

husband's luv wie gangin a slattern hafter weddin. I think I wod be mair conceted abaut me sel: what sinifies gittin a hart if yan cannit keep it.

SARAH. That's reet, barn, tak maist pleaser at heaam, nivver gang frae hause tae hause gossapin an neglectin thee ane wark; it's a poar hause et deaam cannit keep her sel deain in't. I racken thaul be thrang sewin an meaakin towart hauskeepin.

JENNET. Aye, wees nit gang toth aur sels this quarter, Ise be varra thrang spinnin for sure. My mudder hes geen me a par a varra fine blankets an a flaurd border she workt at school for a petycoat, I hev baund em weet, an varra grand they leak. Soa yee see Ise ossin towart hausekeepin.

SARAH. Whya nowt but weel. Wees nit hev the weddin an kirsenin at yaa time, that's a cumfort.

JENNET. Hed Sammy ivver offerd onny thing that's mismannerd to me, awr courtship wod sean hae been at an end. I dunnet mean to tauk agayn onny yan, but I think if o'th lasses wod keepth men at a girter distance, an nit let em tak sic liberty as they deya, thear wod be fewer lasses brout to sham than ther is, ea my mind.

SARAH. Nay for sure, my noant Betty says et while lasses al tauk saucy tauk toth men, an let them tauk it ea ther hearin, lasses al dea wars; for she says a lass et al prostitute her ears al nit stick tae deyat seaam wie her body.

JENNET. Marry, I think shee's reet, for what man

wad chuse a wife frae sic a gang; an whativver company he keep afore weddin, hee'd like an honest wife.

SARAH. I think sae teya. Thau hes behaavd thee sel varra connoly while a lass, an I dunnet fear but thaul dea soa when a wife.

JENNET. I hoap sae; but tae gang an see me cusen Aggy an her husband, it wod quite flay yan frae ivver been wed.

SARAH. Dustay think they deaa foe awt, or is it but nebbors' tauk?

JENNET. Lord, barn! I saw enuff me sel. Me mudder lent her a whicknin, an we wor bawn at brew, soa I went for it; I hard a fearful noise afore ea hoppend dure, I thout tae tornd agayn, hawivver I thrast hoppen dure, an saa sic deains as wod a welly meaad yan hong ther sel, chees-hoast liggin ath flear, cream-pot broaken ea twoa, cream runnin rawndth hause, an they twoa liggin amang it, feightin, scrattin, an brayan yan anudder as hard as they cud, an ther feaces nowt but blead an batter.

SARAH. Marcy on us frae weddin say I! Haw fell they awt, kna yee?

JENNET. When she saw me they gat up, an Tom sed, Yee see, cusen, what a lairly Ise teed teaa; this is oa her ane deains, an abaut nowt teaa. I com awt oth shuppen an esht her, hed she put up me dinner an a botel a drink, I wos gaain toth

moss; she sed I mud tak sum saur-milk an breaad, en be hongd, it wor tae gud for me; she hed just takenth hoast awt oth whey, an she threw hoast, bassan, en awe at me, mist me, but dang it reet agaynth cream-pot an brack it to bits; I gat haad on her, I thout she wor mad, she punched, scrat, an biaat, I then tumeld her dawn ath flear, an sweaar I wod bend her, for Ise sure shee's mad, or she wod nivver dea as she dus. Sic a seet yee nivver saw, her cap pood off, her hair hingin abaut her een, her bedgawn rivven, an nae neckcloth on; she coad him oath faul neaams she cud think on. I gat a spoan an streave to seaav sum ath cream, an he an I picked upth hoast an what cream we cud, it hed run intul sum hoals ith flear, soa et we seaavd a conny swoap; as tae her part she sat ith neak shakin her foat an singin. He leakt abaut an tewk what he cud find for his dinner an set off. I then esht her forth whicknin. She coad Tom fearfully, an sed she hed a gud mind toth run oway frae him. I sed, I think it wod deya better en tae cud run frae thee ane ill humor, an larn tae behave the sel dutifully to thee ane husband, en nit meya the sel a cuntry's tauk; consider thau is tae leev thee heaal life wie this man, an tae gang on a thisen is a fearful thing; thau wants nae sence, soa preia, sed I, tak it intul consideration, an leev quietly. She cryd, an seemd wae for what she hed dun; but haw she gangs on I knanit, for I hard

nowt oa her sen. I'll esh her an her husband to my weddin, for I was at thairs; an a Goddil wees nivver dea as they dea.

Sarah. For sure this weddin's like draain ith lottery, thear is monny blanks for yan prize. I think imme hart thear's few gud husbands. Dustay think thear yan in a score?

Jennet. Marry, I fear it's a lottery a baith sides, thear's monny bad wives, en oft a gud Jack meaaks a gud Jill; but yans like toth dea yans best when yans teed.

Sarah. Varra true, barn.

Jennet. I desire an yee see that plaigy Dick Sanders, yeel esh him to my weddin. What if tae doon't like him thau can bide him ith seam raum, I racken.

Sarah. I care nowt abaut him.

Jennet. Ise glad oa that; for Sammy an hee's terrable girt, an he towd Sammy he wor baun et wed wie his cusen Ann, sae yeel be rid on him; I question but it's tae be neisht week.

Sarah. Is tea leein? Is toth joakin? Preia tell truth.

Jennet. What ails tea, thau leaks as if thau wor gaain to greet, thau er as white as me cap. Cum preia keep up yer hart, nae yan will tak it luv frae it. I dud it but to try yee.

Sarah. Ah! Hang thee for a lairly, thau's meaad me seek.

Jennet. Aye, I see haw yeer hodden; girt words

cums of wake stomacks. What, dustay forgie me lass?

SARAH. Aye that ea dea; but I kna mair naw then I dud befoar, for I nivver thout I caard mitch for him, but I naw kna I cannit bide tae part wie him. I'd be laith he knew it, it wod mak him aboon wie his sel.

JENNET. Whya, as thau hes fund awt thau likes yan better then awth rest, preia send tudder to leak for sweetharts in anudder spot.

SARAH. I think I sal. What, er yee bawn?

JENNET. Aye, I meaad a lang stay, awr fowk al be at heaam afore me. Yee hev a paur a conny sheep aforeth dure. I forgat to tell thee I saw ea yaa field as ea com throu yaa ya be it sel, I thout it wor mappen badly.

SARAH. Ise set tae a bit, then Ise see what ails it. My fadder gav me four lams, an last yeer they hed twoa a-piece, oa but yan; soa thau sees I hae sumet toart a fortun. Stay while ea putth key owarth dure. Naw Ise reddy.

END OF DIALOGUE III.

DIALOGUE IV.

Between Barbary and Mary, containing observations and remarks on a journey to London.

BARBARY. Sartanly! er yee gitten heaam agayn?

MARY. Aye, I com heaam yester neet, an I thout I wud tae see yee first spot ea went tea. En haw er yee awe heer? Haw's yaur gud man an my lile goddowter? I brout her a Lunon laken, a conny bab.

BARBARY. Ah Lord! it's fearful pratty indeed; but yee wur tae bleaam tae put yersel tae onny cost abaut her, shee'l be meaar praud on it. Her fadder hes nivver been weel senth cock-feights; he gat drunk an fell ith loan, an gat caad: he meaans him fearfully on his back.

MARY. Waist hart! that's bad; it's brout on ruematism, I racken.

BARBARY. Aye, hee's sairly plaigd wee't. Yer leak white. Haw likd yee Lunon?

MARY. Nit et awe. I wad nit leev thear for auth ward; it's a miry dirty spot, an sic rumblin a coaches an carts we can hardly hear yan anudder tauk; full a pride an that ets dannet.

BARBARY. Fowk tauks et yer unkle hes left yee a thausand paund: a girt porshon indeed. Yee'l hev sweetharts enaw, for naw-a-days lads is awe for lasses wie brass.

MARY. Ise varra thankful for my shear; I nivver expected onny thing frae him; he nivver tewk onny kennin tae me in his lifetime; an I leakd for nowt at his death. He hes left me cusen monny a thausand, but they er sae grand they'l kna haw tae spend it.

BARBARY. I daut paur Thomas el be thrawn awt a favor; thau'l leak heer.

MARY. Ise be in nae hast abaut it; Ise think tae weel a mesel tae hev out tae dea wie onny I kna. I hev enuff, en ea meaak gud use on't. As tae Thomas we hed a sort of a bree on't afore ea went; I think Ise hev nae mair tae dea wie him.

BARBARY. Wheu! wheu! Sweetharts foes awt en foes in oft; yee'l kiss an be frens. What was tae jellus on him, lass?

MARY. Yee mun kna I hed geen him me cumpany a heal yeer, an I thout him a varra graidly lad, en I cud hev trysted mesel wie him onny whaars; but yaa neet we wur sittin tegedder, en he behaavd his sel varra unseemly tae me; I gat frae him hefter mitch scraffling, an lit up a cannel, an set it ath teaable; he eshd what that wur for; I towd him tae leak at him, I wod see if he cud for sham dea ith leet what he hed offerd ith dark; I bid him git heaam, an nivver mair cum ea my

cumpany; he leakd varra silly, an wod fain hev meaad it up, but I wodn't. Week hefter I went tae Lunon.

BARBARY. Whya mind tesel, an thau may git a man wie a staat.

MARY. Whya I cud hae been wed ea Lunon, tul a man et hed a girt shop, en dond as fine, en leakd like a squire; but I dud nit like tae leev in a tawn. He wur me cusen's wife breeder, an she meaad a girt tae due for me tae hev him; but I wadn't, I hed nae mind et awe.

BARBARY. Haw likes tae Lunon? Plenty wod hae the when thau hes sae mitch money, either ith tawn er cuntry. I sud hae been whaint sorry hed tae wed that man an stayd thear. Wur tae nit afeard a gangin awt?

MARY. I nivver went awt be mesel, er Ise sure I sud hae been lost, for yee nivver sae mair fowk at Kendal Fair than is oways ith streets; an when we er gangin yee er sae knockd an jowd, an bemired wie dirt, et yee mun hev clean stockins ivvery time yee gang awt, or ye wod be a sham tae be seen. I wur sae teerd wie waukin twoa miles ith streets, nay warse then ivver I wur wie a day's shearin; me cusen wur sae fat she cud nit wauk, soa we maaistly raaid.

BARBARY. What did the cusen keep a horse an a shanderee?

MARY. Nay, nay, nit he, we oways raaid in a coach. Whya, barn, yee may hire a coach ea onny

street; ivvery soul ea Lunon rides ea coaches: howd up yer finger an they'l cum!

BARBARY. Lord! lord! what a fine spot it mun be. What maislikins yan is nit tae gang fra heaam when yan is young. What fearful things thau hes seen, en I nivver mun see: I mun stay atth awd spot awe me life.

MARY. Nae dout but gangin frae heaam is varra pleasin, en meaaks a girt auteration in yans manners; a body knaas better haw tae carry thersel when they er amang gentlefowk; yan leaks nit quite sae gawmin.

BARBARY. En preia what dud yee see? Wor yee at onny plays er merry-neets?

MARY. Plays! plays! aye, aye, I wur at a play, but I hard oa nae merry-neets. I wur at yaa play they cood a tragedy; me cusen an I went sean tae git a gud spot; th playhause wur bigger than Beetham kirk; we steaad a lang time atth dure befoar we cud git in, but when I dud git in I wur quite gloperd tae see sic a grand pleaase, far bigger than Beetham kirk, an set raund wie forms, an they wur ready tae rive; an monny on em hed brout wine, an punch, an caaks, an oranges, an seemd varra merry; hefter a while, I think imme hart thear wor forty fiddlers an trumpets an horns, oa maks, streak up an playd a varra conny tune; then a lang green curtain wur drawn up, an a fine lang picture at reachd fraeth top oth hause toth bottom, then it oppend ith midst an play began. It wur

summet abaut yaa king killin anudder, nay, he kilt him befoar awr feaces, an a varra fine aud man he wor, I cud nit help greetin he wur sae like me gronfadder.

BARBARY. En what then, I preia?

MARY. Whya then thear com twoa lile lads, an this lairly ugly bargand wie a plaigy dannet tae morder em, an then he puzend his wife, an kilt monny mair, then he went tae bed. Marcy on us! me varra flesh creeps omme bains while I tell yee, haw thor fowk et he hed kilt, raaise awt oth yearth, an steaad raund him, en thof he wor asleep he saa em, en he wrought, en greaand, en bawnced as en he hed been in a fit, at last he whackerd en wor ill flayd; wicked es he was, I cud nit help being sorry for him; a bad consence mun be a sair thing tae bide. He sed he war warse freetend wie dreamin then ivver he wur ea battle.

BARBARY. Hang sic lairlys! I hev nae pity for em. What end dud he meaak?

MARY. Sic rappis comonly git their due. He wur kilt be yan at was meaad king in his raum. But what vexd me warse then awth tudder, me cusen wad meaak me believe it wor awe true. Lunoners wod threap awt intul cuntry-fowk, an think they will be soft enuff tae swallow awe their lees, but she was mistane ea me.

BARBARY. Aye, they think varra lile of us.

MARY. It wor hardly hoaf owar when this lairly wur kilt. Thear wor a lang pictur hung frae top

oth hause tath bottom, it seemd hoaf-a-haaiker lang, it wur slit ith midst, they draad it a baith sides, an then we saa a fine wood wie picturs like raeks an scars as we see on Beetham fell, ant sun peepin awt on a claud, it shind reet on a girt egg at laid ath fleur, an yee mud see it stir, hefter a bit it fell ea twoa an awt jumpt a lile blackemoor; it thunnerd terrably, en awt oth yearth rin a droace a witches, an they leakd at this lile blackemoor, an they seemd fearful fond on him, an dud their spels owar him; belive yee mud see him wax, nay I tell nae lees, they gav him a wooden sword, I thout it wur liker a girt thible, an he wur as big es a man in a minit; they charmd this sword soa that he cud dea what he wod wie it; he wor sae pleasd he lowpt an beald abaut like a young bull; witches steaad gloarin at him, an then sank intoth yearth; he dancd abaut, en wur dond like a mountebank's foal, when a site a fowk com in wie fiddlers gangin tae a weddin, en sumhow this black fello contrivd tae steaal th wife et sud hae been, en gat off wie her unknane.

Barbary. Ea my thout she mud be a leet en, et cud sae sean awter her mind: she wur better lost then fund.

Mary. Aye, but I racken th man thout udderwas, for he sent hefter her, ent sarvant fand her awt, an went en meaad sum meamuas tae his maister, for they nivver yan on em spaek oath time, they wur then hefter him; but he sean cheated em, for whoap

went thor picturs, en oa at yance thear wur woaars biggin a girt grand hause; Ise sure I was gloppend haw it com thear, I wur sairly flayd; black run up streight toth top oth biggin, man hefter him, black pood awt his thibel et witches gav him, hit it a knock, daun com th hause man en awe. Aye, ye gloar, but it's true for sartan. Sum time I thout it mud be cunjerin an a wicked sin, but when I leakd raund an saa th king an queen, an monny a ther barns, an a deal a fine fowk beside, I thout it mud be summet like a man I yance saa at Millthop, et cunjered money awt of yans pocket, an cut ther neckclaith an gloves ea monny bits, an when he gav it yee wur nae warse; an he wur a fine gentleman et wad nit hae dun it if it wor nit reet.

Barbary. Larnin is a fine thing tae be sure, en scholars can dea what sic as me wad think cudn't be done wieawt the Dule's help. But gang on, a preia.

Mary. As sean as th hause wor dawn, black com in, he streaak wie his sword, as he coad it, an thear wor forty barns gitten ther lessons, en this black lairly lurkd amang em, but he wur sean seen be yan oth wediners, en ran tae tell; black dond maister's gawn on, then sum fellows wad tak him, but he scaapd yance mair, for nae body kent him he wor bawnd ith lang gawn; then, ea less time then I cud tell, anudder comical trick a thor picturs; thear wor a windmill gangin, black ran up a stee, man hefter him, on toth top, black jumpd dawn eth far side,

paur man wur ath fleers, en raund it went, he cryd awt terrably, an weel he mud, yee kna he cudn't help bein sadly hort ; black com tae this side oth mill, hit a bang wie his sword, dawn went paur maislykin en oa ; next up started a smiddy, thear wur a steddy en men maakin horse-shoon, I saa a man blaw th belas.

Barbary. Whya for sure this leaks varra like cunjerin, an yet awr king is quite tae gud a man tae gang tae onny spot but what's reet, thau may be sure. Dustay nit think et thor seets thau saa isn't let yan behind anudder, en when black felt picturs owar, then yee saa em? Whya it may be soa, I knanit ; but what thinks tae?

Mary. Marry! I nivver thout ea that, for I was ill flayd, en gat up en sed I wad gang heaam, I wad stay nae longer, for I thout nin but the Dule cud dea sic tricks.

Barbary. Marcy on us! Marcy on us! What deains yee hev seen. Com yee heaam then?

Mary. Nay, barn, I cud nit git awt, but I shut me een, an nivver hoppend em mair tul awe was owar. Me cusen wor bleady mad at me, cood me cuntry foals, clauns, an I knanit what ; she taukd sae fast en sae fine, I kent nit what she sed, sae it wor quite lost ea me.

Barbary. What, went ye tae onny other spots, or dud ye gang agayn toth playhause.

Mary. Nay, I'd hed enuff ; we went tae see th giants. Lord hae marcy on me! they hed feaces

as braaid as th dial at Dallam Tawer, en I think they wod nit stand strick up ith heeghst hause ith parish.

BARBARY. Lord! Lord! what yee hev seen! Wor thor giants alive?

MARY. Nay, nay, lemme see,—they er nit whick I racken; they er what they coo otamys.

BARBARY. Like enuff. What saw yee else; onny new farly?

MARY. I quite forgitten tae tell yee what a nice donce I saw et play-hause. Thor picturs draaid aside, en then we saw a fine lang wood, en et far end a man an a woman wur cumin owar a steel, they com down oth way donsin, an a varra conny tune they hed; thay wor sae lish they seemd hardly tae touch groond, I cud hae leakd at em awe day; when they wor teerd awt com six men an as monny wimen awt oth side ath raum, an sic fine donsin I nivver saa ner mun see agayn; they wur awe bawnd alike, an I nivver saa onny like em ea awe me born days.

BARBARY. I sud hae likd tae been wie yee; I wur oways fearful fond ea donsin, Saa yee awt else et wur conny while yee stayd? Weel may gentl-fowk be fond ea gangin tae Lunon, when thear sae monny spoarts for em tae gang tae. But preia tell on, for I cud hear the for ewer. I hoap thau hasn't dun?

MARY. Dun! I think it wod tak a month tae tell thee what I've seen; but ea my mind I saw a deal ea

witchcraft an cunjeration. I wur yaa time gangin wie me cusen's wife dawn a lang street, an she sed, Leak up at that clock. We stud a bit, an I saa twoa men cum awt oa eider side eth clock, an when it streak they hit it bang wie a club. She sed they wur meaad a wood. But can wood dea this? Sham ith ward! sic deains near a kirk, it mun be rang Ise sartan.

Barbary. This Lunon mun be a fearful wicked spot. Dustay think thear is nae godly fowk in't?

Mary. I knanit, for me cusen fowk nivver went toth kirk while I staid. I wur whaint sorry tae hear her tell her dowters tae hod thersels ea this lids an that lids, but nae prayer or catechism I hard; they wor corlin an donnin anth forenean, anth hefter we raaid in a coach intul sum cuntry spot tae tee an then we hed a bottl a wine an caak: rare leevin, we wanted for nowt, neider tae hit ner drink; but for awe that I wished mysel at heaam agayn Ise sure.

Barbary. What, te cusen sure wad be kind tae the?

Mary. Aye, he was varra weel, but she was oways at me abaut me donnin, an wanted me tae by this kirly merly er tudder. I was forcd tae by monny things et I thout I'd lile occashon for, er they wad nit gang awt wie me. I used to esh what I mud dea wie em when ea gat heaam; I towd her I wur brout up ith cuntry, whaar a mannerly bed-gawn an linsey petycoat whaar owr ivvery day

donnin, en ea conny stamp gawn for Sunday, an I thout I leakd es weel es my nebbors, an es for settin mesel up for a gentlwoman I nivver sud, for I hed nit manners for't, I sud meak mashment on't, sae I hed better be as ea was.

BARBARY. Yee sed truly indeed, for tae be dond fine an knanit haw to carry yansel, we sud be nowt but spoart for ivvery foal. I oft leak at awr squire's wife en think haw nice she leaks, en sum haw carrys hersel es I cudn't en ea hed oth ward; they larn toth donce en sing, en tak conny steps, an howd thersels up, an dea es yee en I cudn't dea; beside they er oways wie sic as thersels, an heers nae ruff tauk.

MARY. Varra true; but when I towd her haw I hed leevd, she wod fling up her heaad an leak as scornful, an coo me a wulgar cratur; anth dowter, et was nit owar foreteen, wod thra up her heaad like an unbroken cout at me wulgality.

BARBARY. Marcy on us! what wur that?

MARY. Nay I knanit what she meaant, sae I wur yeasy abaut it. Me cusen's wife is dond up in a forenean wie a yallow silk neckclaith raund her heaad, her gawn drawn up tae her gisard, en a girt ruff raund her neck, sae leetly clad yee may see her shap; for sartan I shamd wie em I promise yee, when I wur dond awt imme ruff en es they wod hae me, I wur sae shamd I thout ivvery yan leakt at me.

BARBARY. Lord hev marcy on us! what fashons thear is ith ward.

MARY. Sic deains imme cusen's hause yee nivver wad belive. Me unkle gat him a gud spot, an left him monny thausans er he cud nit dea as he dus; dowters larns tae play on a thing cood a pena, hes a maister cummin twice a week tae teach em; they sang teat, but I think I cud hev bangd eider on em at singin wieawt a maister.

BARBARY. Why an they gang on a thisan they'l spend what they hev. Thau ses she wur dond awt ith moarnin, what dud she don twice ea yaa day?

MARY. Aye, ith hefternean she wor ea muslin as thin es a cap boarder, an sae lang they lapd raund chaars an teaables enuff tae ding em owar. Lang coaats is fit for nae raums but sic es Dallam Tawer, whaar ther gawns can traail alang wieawt gittin haad ath guds, er draain th fender hefter em.

BARBARY. It wur a lile hause I racken?

MARY. Th parlour wur lile enuff, but what they cood th draain-raum wur a varra fine yan, an a gay girt en; I staard first time I wur in't tae see sic grand deains; she knackd en sed she wur tae hev a party that ewnin.

BARBARY. A party! what's that preia?

MARY. What, barn! I knew nae mair then thee what she meant, but I fand it wur a paur a fowk com tae lake et cards, an hed tee at eight o'clock. she eshd me if I cud lake; I sed, Aye, et three handed lant, an pops, an pars. She fetchd up a girt gird a laffin, an sed Nane thear knew sic cuntry gams.

Barbary. Thau mud ea sed her maister kent it, en awe his seed, breed, an generation; for sure they er aboon ivvery thing, pride mun hev a foa.

Mary. Ea lile bit afoar I com away, th audest dowter com intae my loft, an sed, O cusen see what my papa hes meaad me a present on, a beautyful wig. Ea wig, sed I, I wur guite gloppend. Leak, sed she, Don't I leak mighty well in't. I knew nit what to say, I sed, I think you want nae wig, ye hev haar enuff. She fleard imme feace an sed, It's quite th fashon, but cuntry peple er sae claunish won can't mak them dacent. But she spak sae fine, I can't tauk like her, en yee'l me belive, soa she siseld awt eth loft saain, Why mudder hes a wig.

Barbary. Is tae leein? or is tae speakin truth? Sflesh! thau's maakin gam Ise sure. Is ther onny gardins eth Lunon, er is it awe hauses?

Mary. Aye, sic a yan as yee nivver saa, barn, for oa maks a gardin stuff, en potates wieawt end, et ivver ye can neaam, en far cheaper then it's at Kendal; raas oa carts, an it's a reet nice spot.

Barbary. What is ther but yaa gardin?

Mary. Aye, monny scores I dar be bawnd, but they oa cum here toth be selt; they coo this spot Common Gardin, an ivvery yan gangs thear tae by; thear is oa maks ea things tae sel. Ea Lunon if yee hev monay, ye may hev awt tae hit onny time ith day, reddy roasted er boild. It's a wondros spot, en yet I was glad tae leaave it.

Barbary. Aye, thau thout a paur Thomas;

thau gat nae huddlin ea Lunon, I racken. Spaek truth, dud tae nivver wish the sel wie him; hee's a bonny young man Ise sure, en they say et Bet, his cusen, is varra fond on him. But cum, what else dud tae see?

Mary. Yaa day me cusen sed Sadlers Wells wor oppend that neet; oh then we mun oa gang, for th play-hause wur shut, she sed. We set off in a coach tae this Sadlers Wells. Thear wur a pawer oth fidling, en men donsd a raaips, hed a teaable en glasses on it, I knanit haw they dud, I wur quite freetend wie em; then ea man donsd on a slack wire, I thout he wod brick his neck. Me cusen laffd an seemd fearfully pleasd; but I thout the wire leakd nae thicker then noggy wife thread; he swang on't an seemd varra careless; I wur reddy toth soond, I thout he wad brick his neck; he went up a stee at steaad agayn nowt; I wur then sure I mud be amang dules. I gat tae say th Lord's Prayer, then I knew nowt cud hort me. Me cusens clapt ther hands, an offen eshd me, Is nit this clever? Is hit nit great? Dud yee ivver see th like ea Westmorland? Nay, thout I, God forbid I sud; we er brout up thear ith fear ea God, an nit ea wonderin at dule tricks. At last donsin was owar, en thear cum sum lile tinny dogs dond ea gawns en petycoats, they donsd an staad up ea ther hinder legs; then com a pig an towd fortuns, this was the connyest seet I saa ea Lunon, pig sed I sud nit be a yeer unwed: think ea that Barbary.

Barbary. Whya like enuff; I think that may cum true.

Mary. I knanit what may happen, but I hae nea thouts on't at this time. I hev sum thouts ea gangin tae Lirple for a month, I hev a cusen thear hes oft eshd me tae cum. I think tae gang ith stage-coach, for Ise weary wie sailing.

Barbary. Whya whar dud thau sail teya?

Mary, Whya I saild monny a time while I wur ea Lunon. Thear is oways boats liggin ith watter for onny yan et el hire em. We went teya a spot coad Greenige ea yan a thor lile boats; I wor ill flayd, for we seemd close toth flead. I saa a terrable fine palace, an a conny park, a heigh hill in't, we went toth top on't, an me cusen sed, Sit dawn ath this form. I dud, en oway it ran toth bottom wie me; I nivver thout but I sud hae been ith back, en I cud nit stop mesel whativver I cud dea; me cusen followed me, an tuck haad omme arm up agayn, en wur varra merry wie me, but I telt him I likd nae sic spoart; en wur glad when we gat heaam agayn et neet. Ya thing I saa et pleasd me weel, that wor swans sittin ith watter; they leakd varra grand indeed.

Barbary. I hev hard a swans. What er they preia, I forgit?

Mary. They er like girt geese, er rader like girt steggs, sittin ath top oth watter; they leak sae grand; en if ye hev onny caak er owt tae giv em,

they'l follow th boat they er sae teaam. Nae yan dar kill em.

BARBARY. What er th king's? What ye saa him, enth wife, enth barns?

MARY. Hee's a varra gud leakin auld man, an shee's a fine leakin woman; shee's like yee I think, she taks a deal ea snuff; dowters is varra fine young quality maak ea wimmen; they hed oa girt heaps on, an sic fedders ea ther heads, an necks shines like stars. But I saa lyons, an queen's ass, an lord mare, an methodist chappel, an Bagnio Wells, en twoa men hangd et Newgate, en forty things beside.

BARBARY. Whya for sure yee'l be priaam cumpany ea lang winter neets. I wod I wor neer yee, yee'l be for Kirby tae yer noant's; I racken yee'l nit gang tae Lirple yet?

MARY. Nae, I cannit find imme hart tae leaav her yet; shee's been a mudder tae me, an she sal want for nout naw I hev it imme paur, for her ane barn is soa taen up wie huddlin et she minds nin of her; hed her fadder thout she wod hev dun es she hes, he wod hev left her mudder mair, en her less. But I fear nout et dow el cum on her en she don't awter sean.

BARBARY. I hear shee's gaain tae wed Fredrick et com wie sum girt sougers to Kirby. Is it true, thinkstea? I daut en she dea shee'l maak a paur weddin on't.

MARY. Shee'l hev him en hee'l hev her, for shee's stark mad on him; awe her kin hes taukd tae her. She says hev him she will en she ligs in a sendry kaw boose ivvery neet; nay, shee'l gang ea beggin wie him.

BARBARY. Like enuff she will, for it's my thout hee's an arrant dannet.

MARY. I nivver ea oa my time kent yan oa thor luv matches ivver dea weel: thear sud be sum thout as well as luv. What can yan dea wie a hause-full ea barns, an nowt but luv tae gang tae market wie; will it by bread er flesh? nay, ittel groo varra coad when it's dond ea poverty. Luv parrd wie a lile tae stock a farm, en by twoa er three guds, dus varra weel.

BARBARY. Whya, for her ane seak, I wish she wod dea weel

MARY. Lord, barn, shee's gittin in wie sic a gang as el nivver dea her gud, en indeed shee's quite ea bait hersel.

BARBARY. Dud tae see the cusen Cicely while thau wor ea Lunon?

MARY. Aye, monny a time. She keeps a girt yale-hause, welly beeth Tawer, en shee's groon sic a girt fat tulse es yee nivver saa; but they due fearful weel. I sud step in tae see yaur nebbors en ant er they will be vexed, en think me porshon hes meaad me praud.

BARBARY. Dunnet stay lang, gud lass. I'll hev tee reddy sean; I nowt but bread tae toaast; kettle

dus boil. Hang the for a mammelt! leak at this lairly tom-cat haw he hes hitten a bit raund ivvery bun; for sure me maister maks sae mitch wark wie him es en he wor a lile barn.

MARY. Lord bless us! hee's a fearful girt cat, he wod flay yan wor yan tae meet him in a wood, I nivver saa his marrow; but I racken he leevs weel maaks him groo ea this lids.

BARBARY. Aye, hee'l tak caar on his sel. Naw dunnet stay.

MARY. I'll be back en nea time.

END OF DIALOGUE IV.

A SONG.

BY MRS. ANNE WHEELER.

Tune,—"Bobbin Joan."

GUD morrow, gossip Nan,
Haw dus awe at heaam dea?
Haw dus ivvery yan,
Lile Dick en awe dea?
Tom is gaylie weel,
Sends his sarvis teaa;
Sall hes hor her heel,
Er wod hea cum et seea.

Lile Dick hes deet his coat,
Wie follin widdle waddle,
He slird in wie his foat
Intul a dirty poadle.
Spinky hes coav'd a bull,
En I thout tea selt it;
Soo brak awt oth hull
En varra nearly kilt it.

Bett is girt wie barn;
I think they'r awe gane crasy;
She'd better mind her garn,
But she's fearful laasey.

En wha dea think mun haait,
They say simple Sammy;
Troth! I'd be laith to say't,
But it belongs to Jammy.

Awr lass hes taen her tow,
An gane in heaste to don her,
Shee's gaain toth this show,
For nowt et dow el cum on her.
Jennet went toth see't,
En com an telt sic wonders,
She sed nin like them cud deat;
Why, barn, they meaad it thunder.

Sic deains is awt ea rule,
Yee may be varra sartan,
They'r dealin wie the Dule
When they dra up ther cortan.
Wod awr Tom but stay oa neet,
When he gangs wie fish tae Kendal,
Mass! I'd gang en see't,
I'd kna haw they fend all.

I hae gitten a swoap a gin,
Rare hummin liquor,
Troth, I'm on the merry pin,
Cum gud lass be quicker.
Here's to oa awr varra gud healths,
En may we hae plenty on it;
I hate to drink by stealth,
Sfish! I hardly ken my bonnit.

I cannit miss this spot,
But mun coo et seea,
I'd rader gang rawndth Knot,
Then nit say haw deea.
Fare yee weel, dear Ann.
As I am a sinner,
Clock hes strucken yan,
Fleaks toth fry for dinner.

THE KIRBY FEIGHT.*

EIGHTY-EIGHT wor Kirby feight,
When nivver a man was slain;
They yatt their meaat, an drank ther drink,
An sae com merrily heaam agayn.

* After the abdication of James the Second, in the year 1688, a rumour was spread in the north of England, that he was lying off the Yorkshire coast, ready to make a descent with a numerous army from France, in hopes of regaining his lost throne. This report gave the Lord Lieutenant of Westmoreland an opportunity of showing his own and the people's attachment to the new order of things; he accordingly called out the *Posse Comitatus*, comprising all able-bodied men from sixteen to sixty. The order was obeyed with alacrity, and the inhabitants met armed in a field called Miller's Close, near Kendal, from whence they marched to Kirby Lonsdale. This historical fact explains the above popular rhyme, the meaning of which is, at this day, perhaps, not generally understood.

THE APPLEBY SCHOOL-BOY'S SPEECH.

WE wur twoa lile lads et hed tae coe et a smiddy, tae hev our new clogs cakert en snout bandit. Hefter that we clanterd dawnt street, en hed tae gang tae a lile tawn coed Burrels; we set dawn that titter up sud coe tudder up neisht mornin, but it happend that I laid ower lang ea bed. I plaid trouen three heaal days, en then ventert tae gang taet skule. When th maister saa me, he sed, You sir, cum here. I went up sadly freetent. He sed, What for hev yee been sae lang away? I sed, I wod hae cum titter, but th wedder was sae clashy, anth loans sae clarty, et me grond-fadder sed I cud nivver git teaard throut.

THE BRIGSTEER PEAT-LEADER'S SPEECH.

MY deam gat a bad stitchen pain in her side this summer wie forkin hay; she tryd oa ath nebbors cud think on tae mend her, but nin on them cud due her onny gud. She was sae ill, barn, I wod nit hev given a peat for her life; but hevin sum of Rauk's Balsam ith cubbert, et awr lad hed

been tackin on for a brocken showder, an he is now mendan connoly, thinken it mappen mud due her gud, she gat hald et bottle, wieawt mindent direction-paaper, an teuk a girt swig; it went thro ivvery bean in her skin, aye, tea her varra teaa-ends, barn! She was better derectly, en hes aild nowt nivver sen.

END OF THE WESTMORELAND DIALECT.

A COLLECTION

OF

POEMS, SONGS, BALLADS, &c.,

IN THE

CUMBERLAND DIALECT.

THE CUMBERLAND DIALECT.

HARVEST;

OR,

THE BASHFUL SHEPHERD.

A Pastoral.

BY THE REV. JOSIAH RELPH.*

WHEN welcome rain the weary reapers drove
Beneath the shelter of a neighbouring grove,
Robin, a love-sick swain, lagg'd far behind,
Nor seem'd the weight of falling showers to mind;
A distant solitary shade he sought,
And thus disclos'd the troubles of his thought.—

* The following Pieces in the Cumberland Dialect, are extracted from "Relph's Miscellany of Poems," 8vo., Glasgow, 1747. They were edited by his pupil the Rev. Mr. Denton.

The Rev. Josiah Relph was the son of a Cumberland *Statesman*, who, on a paternal inheritance which could not exceed, if it even amounted to, thirty pounds a year, brought up a family of three sons and a daughter, one of whom he educated for a learned profession. Josiah was sent first to Appleby school,—one of the many excellent schools of this country,—then to Glasgow; he afterwards engaged in a grammar school in his

Ay, ay, thur drops may cuil my outside heat;
Thur callar blasts may wear the boilen sweat;
But my het bluid, my heart aw in a bruil,
Nor callar blasts can wear, nor drops can cuil.

native place, and succeeded to the perpetual curacy there; but there is no reason to believe that his income was ever more than fifty pounds.

It appears from his Diary that his stepmother was harsh and unkind to him and to his sister, whom he dearly loved, the father siding with his wife; an injury which he felt the more poignantly from his having either entirely, or very near, made up to him all the expense he had been at in his education. "In a lonely dell," says Mr. Boucher (Hutchinson's Cumberland, vol. ii, p. 415), "by a murmuring stream, under the canopy of heaven, he had provided himself a table and a stool, and a little raised seat or altar of sods; hither, in all his difficulties and distresses, in imitation of his Saviour, he retired and prayed; rising from his knees, he generally committed to paper the meditation on which he had been employed, or the resolves he had then formed. On business and emergencies which he deemed still more momentous, he withdrew into the church, and there walking in the aisles, in that awful solitude, poured out his soul in prayer and praise to his Maker. His sermons were usually meditated in the church-yard, after the evening had closed. The awe which his footsteps excited at that unusual hour is not yet forgotten by the villagers."

He continued his school when his constitution was visibly giving way to that disorder which at length proved mortal, being accelerated by his ascetic mode of living. A few days before his death, he sent for all his pupils, one by one, into his chamber—a more affecting interview it is not possible to conceive. One of them, who is still living, acknowledges that he never thinks of it without awe; it reminds him, he says, of the

Here, here it was (a wae light on the pleace)
'At first I gat a gliff o' Betty's feace.
Blyth on this trod the smurker tripp'd, and theer
At the deail-head unluckily we shear;
Heedless I glim'd, nor cou'd my een command,
Till gash the sickle went into my hand:
Down hell'd the bluid; the shearers aw brast out
In sweels of laughter; Betty luik'd about;
Reed grew my fingers, reeder far my feace:
What cou'd I de in seck a dispert kease!
Away I sleeng'd, to grandy meade my mean.
My grandy (God be wud her now she's geane)
Skilfu' the gushen bluid wi' cockwebs staid,
Then on the sair an healen plaister laid;
The healen plaister eas'd the painful sair,
The arr indeed remains, but naething mair.

last judgment. He was perfectly composed, collected, and serene. His valedictory admonitions were not very long, but they were earnest and pathetic. He addressed each of them in terms somewhat different, adapted to their different tempers and circumstances; but in one charge he was uniform,—lead a good life that your death may be easy, and you everlastingly happy. He died of a consumption before he had completed his thirty-second year. After many years a monument was erected to his memory by Mr. Boucher.

The characters as well as imagery of the Cumbrian Pastorals, were taken from real life; there was hardly a person in the village who could not point out those who had sate for his Cursty and Peggy. The amorous maiden was well known, and died a few years ago at a very advanced age.—*Southey's Later English Poets*, vol. i, p. 418.

Not sae that other wound, that inward smart;
My grandy cou'd not cure a bleedin heart.
I've bworn the bitter torment three lang year,
And aw my life-time mun be fworc'd to bear,
'Less Betty will a kind physician pruive,
For nin but she has skill to medcin luive.
But how shou'd honest Betty give relief?
Betty's a perfet stranger to my grief.
Oft I've resolv'd my ailment to explain;
Oft I've resolv'd indeed—but all in vain:
A springin blush spred fast owr aither cheek,
Down Robin luik'd and deuce a word cou'd speak.
Can I forget that night?—I never can!—
When on the clean-sweep'd hearth the spinnels ran;
The lasses drew their line wi' busy speed;
The lads as busy minded ev'ry thread;
When, sad! the line sae slender Betty drew,
Snap went the thread and down the spinnel flew.
To me it meade—the lads began to glop—
What cou'd I de? I mud, mud take it up;
I tuik it up, and (what gangs pleaguy hard)
E'en reach'd it back without the sweet reward.
O lastin stain! e'en yet it's eith to treace
A guilty conscience in my blushen feace;
I fain wou'd wesh it out but never can.
Still fair it bides like bluid of sackless man.
Nought sae was Wully bashfu'. Wully spied
A pair of scissors at the lass's side;
Thar lowsed—he sleely droped the spinnel down.
And what said Betty?—Betty struive to frown;

Up flew her hand to souse the cowren lad :
But, ah ! I thought it fell not down owr sad.
What follow'd I think mickle to repeat :
My teeth aw watter'd then, and watter yet.
E'en weel is he 'at ever he was bworn !
He's free fraw aw this bitterment and scworn.
What mun I still be fash'd wi' straglen sheep,
Wi' far-fetch'd sighs, and things I said asleep ;
Still shamefully left snafflen by my sell,
And still, still dog'd wi' the damn'd neame o' mell !
Whare's now the pith (this luive, the deuce ga' wi't)
The pith I show'd whene'er we struive, to beat ;
When a lang lwonin through the cworn I meade,
And, bustlin far behind, the leave survey'd.
Dear heart! that pith is geane and comes nae mair
Till Betty's kindness sall the loss repair ;
And she's not like—how sud she ?—to be kind,
Till I have freely spoken out my mind ;
Till I have learn'd to feace the maiden clean,
Oil'd my slow tongue, and edg'd my sheepish een.
A buik theer is—a buik, the neame—shem faw't,
Some thing o' compliments I think they caw't,
'At meakes a clownish lad a clever spark :
O hed I this, this buik wad de my wark !
And I's resolv'd to hav'et whatever't cost.
My flute—for what's my flute if Betty's lost !—
And if sae bonny a lass but be my bride,
I need not any comfort lait beside.
Farewell my flute then yet or Carlile Fair !
When to the stationer's I'll stright repair,

L. of C.

And bauldly for thur compliments enquear :
Care I a fardin—let the 'prentice jeer.
That duine, a handsome letter I'll indite,—
Handsome as ever country lad did write,—
A letter 'at sall tell her aw I feel,
And aw my wants without a blush reveal.
But now the clouds brek off and sineways run,
Out frae his shelter lively luiks the sun,
Brave hearty blasts the droopin barley dry,
The lads are gawn to shear—and sae mun I.

HAY-TIME;

OR,

THE CONSTANT LOVERS.

A Pastoral.

CURSTY AND PEGGY.

WARM shone the sun, the wind as warmly blew,
No longer cool'd by draughts of morning dew,
When in the field a faithful pair appear'd,
A faithful pair full happily endear'd ;
Hasty in rows they raked the meadow's pride,
Then sank, amid the softness, side by side,
To wait the withering force of wind and sun,
And thus their artless tale of love begun.—

CURSTY.

A finer hay-day seer was never seen,
The greenish sops already luik less green,
As weel the greenish sops will suin be dried,
As Sawney's 'bacco spred by th' ingle side.

PEGGY.

And see how finely striped the fields appear,
Striped like the gown 'at I on Sundays wear;
White shows the rye, the big of blaker hue,
The bluimen pezz, green ment wi' reed and blue.

CURSTY.

Let other lads to spworts and pastimes run,
And spoil their Sunday clease and clash their shoon,
If Peggy in the field my partner be,
To work at hay is better spwort to me.

PEGGY.

Let other lasses ride to Rosely Fair,
And mazle up and down the market there,
I envy not their happy treats and them;
Happier my sell if Roger bides at heame.

CURSTY.

It's hard aw day the heavy scy' to swing,
But if my lass a holesome breakfast bring,
E'en mowing-time is better far, I swear,
Then Cursenmas and aw it's dainty chear.

PEGGY.

Far is the Gursin off, top-ful the kits,
But if my Cursty bears the milk by fits,
For gallopin to wakes I ne'er gang wood,
For ev'ry night's a wake or full as good.

CURSTY.

Can thou remember—I remember't weel—
Sin call wee things we claver'd owr yon steel,
Lang willy-wands for hoops I yust to bay,
To meake my canny lass a leady gay.

PEGGY.

Then dadg'd we to the bog owr meadows dree,
To plet a sword and seevy cap for thee;
Set off with seevy cap and seevy sword,
My Cursty luik'd as great as anny lword.

CURSTY.

Beneath a dyke, full menny a langsome day,
We sat and beelded houses fine o' clay;
For dishes, acorn cups stuid dess'd in rows,
And broken pots for dublers mens'd the waws.

PEGGY.

O may we better houses get than thar,
Far larger dishes, dublers brighter far;
And ever mair delighted may we be,
I to meake Cursty fine, and Cursty me.

CURSTY.

Right oft at schuil I've spelder'd owr thy rows;
Full manny a time I've foughten in thy cause;
And when in winter miry ways let in,
I bear thee on my back thro' thick and thin.

PEGGY.

As suin as e'er I learn'd to kest a loup,
Warm mittens wap'd thy fingers warmly up;
And when at heels I spied thy stockings out,
I darn'd them suin, or suin set on a clout.

CURSTY.

O how I lik'd to see thee on the fleer;
At spworts, if I was trier to be seer,
I reach'd the fancy ruddily to thee,
For nin danc'd hawf sae weel in Cursty's eye.

PEGGY.

O how I swet when, for the costly prize,
Thou grup'd some lusty lad of greater size;
But when I saw him scrawlen on the plain,
My heart aw flacker'd for't, I was sae fain.

CURSTY.

See, owr the field the whurlin sunshine whiews,
The shadow fast the sunshine fair pursues;
From Crusty thus oft Peggy seem'd to hast,
As fair she fled, he after her as fast.

PEGGY.

Ay, laddy, seem'd indeed, for truth to tell,
Oft wittingly I stummerd, oft I fell;
Pretendin some unlucky wramp or strean,
For Cursty's kind guid-natur'd heart to mean.

CURSTY.

Sweet is this kiss as smell of dwallowed hay,
Or the fresh prumrose on the first of May;
Sweet to the teaste as pears or apples moam,
Nay, sweeter than the sweetest honeycomb.

PEGGY.

But let us rise, the sun's owr Carrack fell;
And luik! whae's yon 'at's walking to the well?
Up, Cursty, up; for God's sake let me gang,
For fear the maister put us in a sang.

THE NINETEENTH IDYLLIUM OF THEOCRITUS.

AE time as Cupy, sweet-tuith'd fairy,
A hive, owr ventersome, wad herry,
A bee was nettled at the wrang,
And gave his hand a dispert stang.

It stoundit sare, and sare it swell'd,
He puft and stampt, and flang and yell'd;
Then 'way full drive to mammy scowr't,
And held her't up to blow't and cur't:
Wondren sae feckless-like a varment
Cud have sae fearfu' mikle harm in't.
  She smurk'd;—and pra' tha', says his mudder,
Is not lile Cupy seck anudder?
Just seck anudder varment's he,
A feckless-like but fearfu' bee.

THE EIGHTH ODE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

IT'S wrang indeed now, Jenny, white,
  To spoil a lad sae rare:
The gams 'at yence were his delyte
  Peer Jacky minds nae mair.

Nae mair he cracks the leave o' th' green,
  The cliverest far abuin,
But lakes at wait-not-whats wuthin
  Aw Sunday efternuin.

Nae mair i' th' nights thro' woods he leads
  To treace the wandrin brock,
But sits i' th' nuik, and nought else heeds
  But Jenny and her rock.

Thus Harculus, 'at, ballats say,
  Made parlish monsters stoop,
Flang his great mikle club away,
  And tuik a spinnel up.

ST. AGNES' FAST;

OR,

THE AMOUROUS MAIDEN.

A Pastoral.

HOW lang I've fasted, and 'tis hardly four;
  This day I doubt 'ill ne'er be gitten owr,
And theer as lang a night, aleis! beside:
I lall thought fasts seck fearful things to bide.
  Fie, Roger, fie! a sairy lass to wrang,
And let her aw this trouble undergang.
What gars thee stay?—indeed it's badly duine.
Come, come thy ways—thou mud as weel come suin,
For come thou mun, aw mothers wise agree;
And mothers wise can never seer aw lee.
  As I was powen pezz to scawd ae night,
O' ane wi' neen it was my luck to light;
This fain I underneath my bouster lied,
And gat as fast as e'er I cou'd to bed;

I dreamt—the pleasent dreem I's ne'er forgit:
And, ah! this cruel Roger comes not yet.
A pippin frae an apple fair I cut,
And clwose at ween my thoom and finger put;
Then cried, whore wons my luive, come tell me true;
And even forret stright away it flew,
It flew as Roger's house it wad hev hit:
And, ah! this cruel Roger comes not yet.
I laited last aw Hallow-even lang
For growen nuts the busses neak'd amang;
Wi' twea at last I met; to aither nut
I gave a neame, and beith i' th' ingle put,
Right bonnily he burnt nor flinch'd a bit:
And, ah! this cruel Roger comes not yet.
Turnips, ae Saturday, I pared, and yell
A paring seav'd my sweetheart's neame to tell;
Slap fell it on the fleer, aw ran to view,
And cawt it like a C, but cawt not true,
For nought, I's seer, but R the scrawl wad fit:
And, ah! this cruel Roger comes not yet.
A fortune-teller leately com about,
And my twea guid King-Gweorges I powt out;
Baith, baith (and was not that a pity) went,
And yet I cannot caw them badly spent;
She sign'd a bonny lad and a large kit:
And, ah! this cruel Roger comes not yet.
When t'other night the bride was put to bed,
And we wad try whea's turn was neest to wed;
Oft owr the shouder flung the stockin fell,
But not yen hat the mark except my sell,

I on her feace directly meade it bit:
And, ah! this cruel Roger comes not yet.
But what need I fash me any mare,
He'll be obleeg'd, avoid it ne'er sae sare,
To come at last; it's own'd it seems to be,
And weel I waite what's own'd yen cannot flee.
Or sud he never come, and thur fulfil,
Sud cruel Roger pruive sae cruel still,
I mun not like a fuil gang fast aw day,
And kest my sell just wittenly away.
She said, and softly slipping 'cross the floor,
With easy fingers op'd the silent door;
Thrice to her head she rais'd the luncheon brown,
Thrice lick'd her lips, and three times laid it down;
Purpos'd, at length, the very worst to pruive:
'Twas easier, sure, to die of ought than luive.

THE SEVENTH ODE OF THE SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.

THE snow hes left the fells and fled,
Their tops i' green the trees hev cled,
The grund wi' sindry flowers is sown,
And to their stint the becks are fawn;
Nor fear the Nymphs and Graces mair
To dance it in the meadows bare.

The year, 'at slips sae fast away,
Whispers we mun not think to stay:
The spring suin thows the winter frost;
To meet the spring does simmer post;
Frae simmer autumn cleeks the hauld,
And back at yence is winter cauld.
Yit muins off-hand meake up their loss;
But suin as we the watter cross,
To Tullus great, Æneas guid,
We're dust and shadows wuthout bluid.
And whae, Torquatus, can be sworn
'At thame abuin 'ill grant to-mworn?
Leeve than; wha't's war't i' murry chear
Frae thankless heirs is gitten clear.
When death, my freind, yence ligs you fast,
And Minos just your duim has past,
Your reace, and wit, and worth, 'ill mak
But a peer shift to bring you back.
Diana—she's a goddess tee—
Gets not Hippolytus set free;
And Theseus aw that strength o' thine
Can never brek Pirithous' chyne.

END OF RELPH'S POEMS.

PASTORALS, &c.

BY EWAN CLARK.*

SEYMON AND SAMMY.

A Pastoral.

SEYMON.

WHAT ailsta, Jammy, thou's sae soon a-fit?
Day wulln't peep thur twea lang hoaf-hours yet;
Ise pincht to ken my thoum afore my eyne,
And not ae lavrock yet has left the green.

JAMMY.

The self-same question, Seym, I to thee make;
For, to my thinking, Seymon's wide awake.

SEYMON.

True, Jammy, true, owr true is what thou says;
I've not yence winkt thur seeven lang neets and days.
My Nan's the cru'lest lass that e'er was bworn,
To o' my sighs she answers nought but scworn;

* From his Miscellaneous Poems, 8vo, Whitehaven, 1779.

'Twas this day week we rhaakt the meadow's
preyde,—
And sen that day thur eyne have wokent weyde,—
The sun sheynt het, we o' wi' ae consent,
To flee its fworce, to the deyke gutter went;
Each lad tuik her he lik'd upon his knee,
Ninne stood unmarrow'd save my Nan and me.
I set my tongue to luive, and said, "Sweet Nan!
When o' the laave are down why sud we stan?
Come to thy Seym—thy Seymkin's only preyde!—
If nought thou grant me aeways grace my seyde."
"Wa whoo-te-whoo!" she cried, and scowpt away,
"I wad as soon come to our cur-dog Tray."
My varra bluid ran cald within my breest,
Thus to be lickent to a dum brute beast;
The lads gaapt wide, the lasses gloppt about,
I sigh'd and luikt full sheepishly nae doubt.
'Twas but yestreen—a waefu' day, God kens!—
We loaded hay down in the wide Lang-tens;
The wark was pleasant, and shwort seemt the day,
For Nan was loader and I forkt the hay,
And could have forkt a month without a mheal;
Luiking at Nan my pith would never fail.
A cannier loaded car thou never saw;
Ninne loads like Nan—ninne, ninne amang them o'.
When o' was duine, I cruep to the car seyde,
And gleymin up, wi' beath my arms spread weyde,
"Come luive," quo I, "I'll waanly take thee down."
"Stand off, thou gowk," she answer'd with a frown

Then with a spang luopt down amang the hay.
I clowt my lugs; what could I dee or say.
Waes me! Oh, Jammy, hard's peer Seymon's kease!
Wad that I nee'r had seen her wutchin feace!
Ise o' foan frae my coat six inch or maar;
This weafu' luive pulls down a body sare.

JAMMY.

O simple Seymon! that's thy proper name,
Pluck up thy heart and be a man, for shame;
Leave thur waes-me's, sighs, sobs, and seck like stuff,
For women mind not whinging-wark a snuff.
I'll tell thee how I sarv'd my lassy, man,—
And I luive Rhwose as weel as thou loves Nan,—
We loaded hay tee in yon three-nuickt clwose,
Mysel was forker and the loader Rhwose;
She smurkt sae sweetly, luikt wi' seck a grace,
I got lyle wrought for glymin at her face;
Wi' mickle-a-de the ropes at last were tied,
When "Flower of flowers, my red-cheekt Rwose," I cried,
"Skurrle, skurrle thee down—I'll kep thee—come thy ways—
I'll luik behint me—never mind thy claes."
"Nay, Jammy, nay," she cried, "I'll come mysell."
She came, but streit into my arms she fell;
I coddelt her clwose, and gave her many a smack,
For full five minutes not a word she spak;

When she gat loose she luikt like ane reed-mad,
Up went her rake wi' "Tak thee that, my lad!"
Twice maar she rais'd it, "Aye, and that, and that!"
Waanely it fell, I hardlins felt each bat;
For o' her frowning, I could plainly see
A luively smile sit lurkin in her ee.
At neet I met her by her own sweet sell,
And then——but lovers munnet o' things tell.

SEYMON.

Oh, Jammy, thou's deep vers'd in womankind,
Kens o' their feekment, feikment ways I find;
Wad thou but 'vise me how to make Nan mine,
At Roslay Fair I'll treat wi' bluid-reed wine.

JAMMY.

I'll freely do't, and hope 'twill mend thy state,
Ise griev'd to hear thee whinging at this rate.
When neest Nan frumps and frowns, and flisks and
kicks,
Tell her thou sees through o' her shallow tricks,
And sen she leads thee seck a wild-goose chace,
Thou'lt owr the burn off hand to blinkin Bess.
And seem to gang; thou'lt hear her in a crack
Cry "Mayslin gowk! I nobbit juokt—come back!"

SEYMON.

Thanks, Jammy, thanks, I find thy council's reet;
When Nan I've strwockt she's pulsht me like a peet.

I'll now grow wise, I've been a fool owr lang,
I'll change my nwote and sing a diff'rent sang.
Whish! yon's their Tray, Nan's ganging to the kye;
I'll follow, and my new-fanglt courtship try.

ROGER MADE HAPPY.

A Pastoral.

ONE summer morn, at early peep of day,
Ere yet the birds had left the dewy spray,
A faithful couple sought the darksome grove,
And thus, alternate, told their artless love.

ROGER.

Mun I still sigh, and luik with a sad feace?
Will Susan never pity my peer kease?
Mun I still grean, and hing my heartless head,
And luik like yen just risen frae the dead?
Wulta' still wear a heart sae hard, my luive?
Can sighs ne'er soften't, nor compleenins muive?
Alais! my saul is sadly out of tune;
Thy scworn will send me to the kirk-garth suin.

SUSAN.

What have I duine by either word or deed,
To gar thee sigh, luik sad, or hing thy heed?

ROGER.

Ah! mun I tell thee what thou kens owr weel,
The slights I suffer, and the pangs I feel?
Have I not follow'd thee four years or maar,
In hopes thy favour and thy love to share?
Treated at fairs with ale, and shwort keakes tee?—
The keakes thou lik'd, but ah! thou likes not me;
When oft I clapp'd, and strwoak'd thy cheeks sae reed,
Thou fidgt and cried, "Thou's not strwoak me indeed!"
When but last night thou smil'd on slavrin Jack,
I saw, and heard owr weel each hearty swack.
This is the cause that makes—how sud it fail?—
My heart sae heartless, and my cheek sae pale.

SUSAN.

Thou wrangs me, Roger; wrangs thy Susan still;
Jack kiss'd me unawares agein my will.
If I did smile 'twas not the smile of luive,
For ninne but Roger can my heart approve.

ROGER.

Is this a dream to drown peer Roger's care?
If sae, wad I may never woken maar!
Is I awake? It, sure, can never be——

SUSAN.

Thy een are oppen, and, nae doubt, they see.

ROGER.

Nay, then Ise blist! I now believe my ears,
And to the winds kest o' my fuilish fears;
Nae maar of greans, nae maar of greaves I'll tell;
Roger is richer than King George himsell.
Thus let me clasp thee—kiss thee thus to death——

SUSAN.

Stop!—stop, dear Roger!—or thou'lt stop my breath.

ROGER.

Thy lips are sweeter, sweeter far, I vow,
Than honey made frae sweetest flowers that grow:
Honey suin surfeits, maks a body seek,
But I could feast on thur sweet lips a week.

SUSAN.

I'll seave them for thee, then, ninne else shall share:
But O, ne'er leave them for a sweeter pair!

ROGER.

A sweeter pair! that cannot, cannot be,
A sweeter pair were never smack'd by me.
Sooner shall leaves in spring forget to sprout;
Sooner shall cats in Cawdaw dive for trout;
Sooner shall gluttons run away frae meat;
Sooner shall hounds and hares in friendship meet:

Thur may, but it can never come to pass
That I should leave thee for another lass.

SUSAN.

Sooner shall milk drop frae our Crummy's horns;
Sooner shall apples grow on prickly thorns;
Sooner shall urchins bang swuft hares in race;
Or Skiddow-fell come skipping to this place:
Thur things may happen, but it never can
That I should leave thee for another man.

ROGER.

Bless on that tongue!——but luik, my Susan, luik!
Old Esther's chimley has begun to smuik.

A hasty kiss now seal'd their faithful vows,
Roger the scythe, and Susan sought the cows.

COSTARD'S COMPLAINT.

WAES me! what's this that lugs sae at my heart,
And fills my breast with seck a dispert smart?
Can 't be that thing cawt luive? Good folks now tell,
And Ise set down just how I find mysel.

When Ise with Nell my heart keeps such a rout,
It lowps, and lowps, as if it wad lowp out;
Ise apt to think—judge if my thoughts be reet—
It fain wad fling 't sell at sweet Nelly's feet.
But when Ise frae her, oh! it's fearfu' flat,
My hand can hardlins find it gang pit pat;
It's o' sae sare, it mun for sartin bleed;
It seems as heavy as a steane o' leed.
My neighbours jeer me, and cry, "See, cocks-dogs!
Costard's reed heels are glourin owr his clogs!"
It's but owr true, and I mun beide their flouts,
For I've nae heart to darn or clap on clouts.
Sleep has forsworn me, as thur een can tell,
Or if I sleep I dream of nought but Nell.
A keam's grown quite a stranger to my heed,
My cheeks luik white that us'd to luik sae reed,
Clwose but my een and you wad swear Ise deed;
If this be luive nae spwort in't can I spy;
Good Lword deliver us frae luive! say I.
I used to sing my sang, and crack my joke,
And shake my sides at murth like other folk,
But Ise sare chang'd frae what I used to be;
Luik i' my feace, and you may fairly see
Ise nowther like to live nor like to dee.
If Ise not eas'd, and soon, of this ill pain,
I'll burn my sonnets and ne'er sing again.

THE FAITHFUL PAIR.

A Pastoral.

ONE summer's evening, when the sun was set,
Young Dick and Dolly by appointment met,
Beneath a hedge they squatted side by side,
When thus Dick spoke, and thus his Doll replied.

DICK.

Let lwords and ladies pruss the downy seat,
And on fine carpets set their mincin feet,
I grudge them not their cushions soft—not I,
This ground seems softer when sweet Dolly's by.

DOLLY.

Let other lasses shine in silken gowns,
And fix fause hair upo' their cockin crowns,
Seck fashions I'll ne'er follow while Ise whick,
Lang as plain grogram and thur locks please Dick.

DICK.

Till I kent thee I never kent true bliss,
Never, dear Doll, I swear by this sweet kiss;
To fairs and spworts and murry-nights I've geane,
But like sweet Doll I never yet saw yen.

DOLLY.

Thouf Ise but young—just sweet sixteen, no more—
I might have had sweethearts at least a scwore;
But ninne amang them o' could please my ee
Till Dick I saw: right soon I fancied thee.

DICK.

Blist Whusen Tuesday!—best day in the year—
I, on that day furst saw my Dolly dear.
My twea shwort keakes were war'd weel worth the while,
For Dolly took them—took them with a smile.

DOLLY.

Thar keaks, thar silent keaks, did maar for thee
Than a week's wooing frae some tongues wad dee.
The teane I eat, the other carefu' laid
Beneath my bouster; when I went to bed
I turn'd north, south, I turn'd me east and west,
And thus I cried ere I crap to my nest,
"May luiky dreams laake round my head this night,
And show my true-luive to my langing sight."
I dream'd—cocksfish! as sere as Ise here whick—
The leeve-lang night of nought but thee, my Dick;
And when I wokent—keaks have powerfu' charms—
I fand the bed-claes clwose rowd in my arms.

DICK.

And m'happen thout 'twas me?

DOLLY.

Nay, that I'll keep;
But never lass, sere, had a sweeter sleep.

DICK.

The case is a clear case; I plainly see
That Dick's ordain'd for Doll and Doll for me.
Why sud we santer? if my Doll thinks fit,
The nwote this varra mworning shall be writ,
And gien on Sunday to the parish-clerk:
There ne'er comes luck of dilly-dallying wark.
Why silent, luive? and why that blushing cheek?
I hope 'tis right plain English that I speak.

DOLLY.

Plain as a pike-staff.—But what need I say?
Ise ready; and have been this mony a day.

A BALLAD.*

SUNG AT THE CUMBERLAND ANNIVERSARY MEETING, LONDON, APRIL 14, 1785.

I kest off my clogs, hung th' kelt cwoat on a pin,
And trudg'd up to Lunnon thro' thick and thro' thin,
And hearing the fiddlers—guid fwoks—I've meade free
To thrust mysel in, your divarshon to see.
Derry down, &c.

Odswinge! this is brave! canny Cummerland, oh!
In aw my bworn days sec a seeght I ne'er saw;
Sec honest-like feaces, sec freedom, and then
Sae feyne,—to be seer ye're aw parliament-men.
Derry down, &c.

Since I's here, if you will lend your lugs to my sang,
I'll tell you how aw things in Cummerland gang;
How we *live*—I mean *starve*—for, God bliss the king!
His ministers—darr them!—are nit quite the thing.
Derry down, &c.

Thur taxes! thur taxes! Lord help us, amen!
Out of every twel-pence I doubt they'll tek ten.
We're tax'd when we're bworn, and we're tax'd when we dee;
Now countrymen these are hard laws, d'ye see.
Derry down, &c.

* Taken from Hutchinson's History of Cumberland.

My honest plain neighbor, Jwohn Stoddart, declares
That the tax upon horses and tax upon mares
Is cutting and cruel; nay, some of us vow,
Instead of a horse we'll e'en saddle a cow.
Derry down, &c.

The tax upon maut—*argo*, tax upon drink—
Wad mek yen red mad only on it to think.
Then the measure's sae smaw!—between me and you,
We may drink till we're brussen before we're hawf fou.
Derry down, &c.

And windows—ey, there I can feelingly speak—
I paid three wheyte shillins this varra last week
For paper-patch'd leets, that my scholars meeght see
To spelder their words, and ply A B C.
Derry down, &c.

But dead or alive, I my taxes will pay
To enjoy every year the delights o' this day.
Success to you aw! and, if it be fair,
I'll meet ye neist year, and for twenty years mair!
Derry down, &c.

END OF EWAN CLARK'S POEMS.

COPY OF A LETTER*

BY

A YOUNG SHEPHERD TO HIS FRIEND IN BORROWDALE,

Describing his Voyage from Whitehaven to Dublin; the wonderful sights he saw there; and the hardships he had to encounter.

I send te thisan, to tell thee amackily what dreedful fine things I saw ith' rwoad tuv an at yon Dublin, and t' hardships I've bidden. I set forrat

* The following piece was written by Mr. Isaac Ritson, of Eamont Bridge. As a specimen of the Cumberland Dialect, it has not, says Jollie, been exceeded—perhaps never equalled. This, however, is not its only merit, it abounds throughout with genuine humour, sarcastic, yet innocent, and hid under the natural veil of rustic simplicity. The author, a young man of more than ordinary talent, was the son of Isaac and Elizabeth Ritson, and was born in the year 1761; he received a classical education under the Rev. Mr. Blain; at the early age of sixteen he commenced his career as a teacher or schoolmaster, at Carlisle, and afterwards at Penrith, but with little success; he then made a journey into Scotland with the intention of studying medicine at Edinburgh, after residing there two years he went to London, professedly with a view of completing his medical education by an attendance at the Hospitals and on Lectures.

o' Midsummer day, and gat to Whitehebben, a girt sea-side town, whare sea-nags eats cwoals out o' rack hurrys, like as barrels dus yal drink. I think sea-nags is nut varry wild, for tha winter them i' girt fwoalds wi' out yats; an as I was luiken about to gang to Ireland, I saw twea duzzen o' fellows myakin a sea-nag tedder styake ov iron; I ast yan o' them if I cud git riden to Dublin? an a man in a three-nuickt hat, 'at knackt like rotten sticks, telt me I mud gang wid him, for a thing they caw tide, like t' post oth land, was gangin, an waddent stay o' nea body niver. Then four men in a lile sea-nag, a fwoal I think, 'at tha caw't a bwoat, heltert our nag an led it out oth fwoald, then our nag slipt t' helter an ran away; but tha hang up a deal ov wind-clyaths like blinder-brydals, wi' hundreds a

In London, as well as at Edinburgh, he supported himself by his literary exertions; he published a translation of Homer's Hymn to Venus, which, though but indifferently executed, was not ill received: in his poetical effusions there was an original wildness, his mind was strongly tinctured with the sombrous magnificence of his native county, so that his poetry, like Gray's, was sometimes overloaded with what Dr. Johnson calls a cumbrous splendour. Some specimens of his Muse will be found in Hutchinson's History of Cumberland, vol. i., p. 335. He wrote the Preface to Clarke's Survey of the Lakes, and for a short period the medical articles in the Monthly Review; but many of his best works are lost, particularly a masterly translation of Hesiod's Theogony. After a short but irregular life in London, he died, after a few weeks' illness, at Islington, in 1789, and in the twenty-seventh year of his age.—Boucher.

ryapes for rines. Land ran away an left us; an our nag had eaten so many cwoals it was cowdy, an cantert up wi' tya end an down wi' tudder. I turnt as seek as a peet, an spewt aw 'at iver was imma. Oh wunds! I was bad, I thout I sud ha deet; I spewt aw cullers. Neest day efter we set forrat, an island met us, tha cawt it Man; I wad fain a seen't cumd hard tull us, but it slipt away by and left us; but sum mare land met us neest day efter, but it was varra shy, but we followt it up becose they sed Dublin was on't. I perswadet t' man ith three-nuikt hat to ourgit it if he brast his nag, and he telt a fellow to twine tail on't, as tha dua swine or bulls when tha carry them to bait at Kessick an tha wiln't gang on; then we gat to Dublin presently. But I hed like tull a forgitten to tell thee, sick girt black fish we saw; tha snourt when tha cum out oth girt dub like thunner, and tha swallow land-nags as hens dus bigg; mappen eat sea-nags when tha dee. It was a nice breet mwornin when we war i' Dublin Bay, as tha caw't, whar t' sea gangs up towart land as a dog dus to th' heed ov a bull. Twea men i' yan o' their bwoats cum to our nag side; they cawt them Paddeys, yan cuddn't tell thar toke be geese; tha drank heartily ov our water, it stinkt tyu, but we hed nout better to drink, fort girt dubs as sote as brine, it wad puzzen thee if thou tyasted it; we ga them twea fellows ith bwoat a helter, an tha led our nag into Dublin as wild as 'twas. But oh! man, what a fine cuntry thar was

ov tudder side on us; hooses as white as drip, an as rank as mice. Dublin town luikt like a girt foald full o' sheep, 'at yan cud nobbut just see t' heeds on; chymlas luikd like hworns, an kurk steeples and spires, as they caw them, like as menny gyote hworns amang tudder. Sea-nags is as rank i' Dublin beck as if thou was luikin at ten thousand geese in a gutter; tha hevn't foalds for them as we hev iv England, town keeps them warm i' winter, but tha feed them wi' beck sand, as tha dya at Whitehebben wi' cwoals, but nut out o' rack hurries, they've a mouth in at t' side, whar men feeds tem in at wi' girt iron spuins. But oh! man, it was lucky I leet ov a man 'at went to t' scuil wi' me when I was a lile lad; we war deevlish thick, an he sed he wad let me see aw things. If I hed gyan into Dublin be me sell, yan may gang fifty miles a day and nout but hoos for hoos, and like our lwonins for length, yan cannot see t' yearth for pyavment neawhore, nor I sud nivver seen awld England agyan if I hed been be me sell, I dare say, for tha ur the deevil for settin yan wrang if yan ass them. Thare's hooses tha caw public beeldings 'at's sae fine I can't tell thee what tha ur like. The Parlemen-hoos, whore gentlemen gang to bate yan annuder, thare's a vast ov girt styan props oth fwor side on't; thare's a room wi' reed furms in't whore tha feight, I luik it's bluid m'appen; thare was a lyle woman let's see that hoos, about four fuit hee, she was as thick as three awld mears

twined togidder, I wondert 'at she didn't grow heer, leeven in a hoos twenty or thirty fuit hee, but she was as bryad as a haycock. Anenst it, about a styan-throw off Parlemen-hoos, was Collership-hoos, it's a bigger plyace ner tudder. If thou was iver in a plyace whore girt crags hing our ov aw sides o' thee, it wad be like t' square, as tha caw't, ith middle o'th Collership-hooses; fwok 'at I saw thare war t' myast o' them as black as deevils; it sartainly isn't hell, but tha say tha get deed fwoks out o' thar graves; I think it's true, for I saw a vast of deed fwoke byans, an sum lockt up i' glass coffins wi' flesh on, an tha had barns and bits o' flesh persirv'd i' bottles as fwok dus berries; thare was a fellow wid a bunch o' keys 'at oppent locks an duirs as fast as luik, it myad me think ot' Rebelations, whore yan reeds oth keys of deeth and hell: thou mappen understandh that plyace. We war in a plyace tha caws Musium, whore thare's aw things 'at's comical, a thousan things 'at tow niver saw, ner I can caw; thare war muse-deer hworns as bryad as our back-bword, an bits ov ow manner ov hworns; I cannot tell thee what, but thare's t' whorns nyamed i'th Rebelations; an wee'l hev a vast o' toke fra I be yable to cum and see thee.

I was at a plyace tha caw Common Exchange, whore fwok fra aw nuiks o'th warld meet togidder to bye an sell aw things 'at iver thou can nyam, t' midst on't's like at beehive, but stands o' tod ov lang freestan legs, wid a girt round winda i'th crown

on't, and like a wide hoos round about legs, a covers as mikel ground as t' tarn at t' Gowd Arks inn, thou kenst. I saw a plyace tha caw Cassel, whore a man tha caw 'Tennant leevs, he's stuart ov Irelan for our king, t' lword meer of Dublin's his heed servant; an fwok sed he went throo hell to kurk ivry Sunday; I thout it had been sum street lwonin, mappen, 'at thad caw sae, but I fairly saw him stannin like a duir steed, rais'd about twea yeards o' th' yearth, but I think he was chain'd tuth spot becose he dudn't stur, mappen dezd, but it was a durk black lwonin cover'd our wi' black hooses, an I perswadet my fuit to carry me a guid way off seck curositys, for I was amyast freetint to deeth; but it was varra weel I hed strenth to run away. Now thou may be sure I gev my comrad a deevilish lessin for traillin me throo hell, he's flait o' nout, but carry'd me to parish-kurk, it's as big as town for girtness, an as menny fwok at it; thare was hoaf-a-duzzen o' priests at wark, but wee'd nobbut staid a bit when summet tha cawt roworgins began a beelin like a hundred mad bulls, an as menny lile lads i' thar sarks began a screemin murder, I think, for ivry beel was like thunner; my feet then carr't me without perswadin, in a calleevir owr fwok and aw 'at iver was imme way, till I gat intul a great feeld a mile aboot, tha cawd it Steben's Green, I think efter a man on a girt gray nag, 'at was stannan a-top on a lile hoos it midst on't; hee'd his sword drawn, but he durst not git off for

want o' room; I think tha sed hee'd been freetint as I was, but I was sae freetint I hardly knew what I dud or sed: but I saw annuder man a-top ov a lile hoos, i'th midst ov a girt street lwonin, I think tha wer brudders, for their cwoats was like a slyated hoos-side, an tha wer as pale as deeth i'th fyace like me sell; round t' fwoar-cawd feeld was t' finist gravel gyat thou iver stept on, an thar was hundreds an thousans o' fwok stavlan about on't. I began to be as mad as I was at cwolly when it brack t' neck o'th bell-wether, 'at tha waddent help t' man and his nag down when it was amyast dark; I was mad an swet for feer, and durst not say a word, becose there was sae many three-nuikt hat men theer, an lyadies, as tha caw them: I'd better a been i' Borrodale. I hev oft thought sen, if we had yan o' them lyadies amang our bigg she wad sarra to keek t' crows oft bravely. I ast a man 'at I kent, what wast matter wi' sum o'th wummon fwok 'at tha war sae bryad tea way, an he telt me it was a fashion to weer huips; nut a badden nowther if it keep their legs togidder, for thare war sum o' them varra bonny; but I waddent hev yan o' them for a wife an she'd a' Borrodale, wi' out tha wad doff their huips when tha gang to bed, for thar as bryad as enny bed in Borrodale, and thou knows thare wad be nea room but a-top o' them, an what sleep cud yan git a-top ov a whick bed; hang them! thar aw white-heedit like our weet-miller lasses, an tha tawk an yilp like mice. I wunder what tha see 'at fancy seek, but tha've nice lile fuit, maks

me think tha wad pruiv nimmel shipperts ov our brant fells; an we wad lern them to soav and clip, an thair huip-pockets wad be varra sarviceable to put a lam in ov aider side, in a coald mwornin in spring, when thair starvt amyast an gits lile milk. But to be shwort, as our priest sez in his sarment, I hedn't time to think ov ow this when I saw't, for my fuit ran wimma throo amang fwok an owr fwok sae fast, I freetint them, tha thout that oth donnot was imma, tha mud o' thout reet if they'd thout 'at t' donnot had settin me forrat, for if tha keep seck farlies o' purpos to freeten fwoks, thare's nea matter how menny o' them be trodden to deeth; but I'll promise thee I nivir stopt till I gat tull a sea-nag 'at com to England; an I was seek agyan afwore I gat hyam, I cud nouther eat nor drink aw th' time, an if thou saw me now thou cuddent tell me be a frosk 'at had been hung up bith heels i'th sunshine, an dryt to deeth, for I's as thin as lantern leets.

I think thou munnet expect to see me this month, this is three days at hyam, an I've a stomack fit to eat t' horse ehint t' saddle; I git five myals o' day, and a snack when I gang to bed. I whop I's git strang agyan or't be lang an than I'll cum to see thee. This is nobbut like the clock when it gis warnin to strike twelve, to what I'll tell thee when I cum.

My kind lyuiv tu thee, an may gyud luck keep thee fra aw 'at's bad, an dunnet be keen o' gangin abroad for feer th' donnot git thee.

END OF THE LETTER.

POEMS, &c.

BY

JOHN STAGG.*

THE BRIDEWAIN.

The subject of the following poem, with many of the incidents it contains, may, perhaps, to some of our remoter countrymen, appear rather romantic and ludicrous, whilst others may be disposed to object entirely to the verity of such a narrative; but to those who are more intimately acquainted with the rural manners and simple customs of the county of Cumberland, I am confident of their acknowledging every circumstance that has been introduced; nay, even what may appear the fanciful embellishments of this pastoral. It is a fact well known to the inhabitants of this county, that when a youthful couple conceive a disposition to venture on the voyage of matrimony, with perhaps more of the assurances of the blind god, than the blind goddess, or in plain English, with more love than money, the bridegroom generally engages two or three of his companions to assist him in canvassing round ten or a dozen of the adjacent parishes,

* From his Collection of Poems 12mo., Wigton, 1808.

where they invite all, indiscriminately, to assemble on such a day, to assist in solemnizing the nuptials of ——

On the day appointed, which is generally a week or fortnight after the day of invitation, the country people, for many miles round, repair to the house of the young couple, or place where the marriage is to be celebrated, where is witnessed a scene of truly rural festivity; the exercises and various entertainments which aid in beguiling this day of convivial merriment, are what chiefly occupy the subsequent verses.

A' YOU 'at smudge at merry teales,
Or at devarshon sheyle,
Or goff and gurn at tuolliments,
Now lend your lugs a wheyle;
For sec an infair I've been at
As hes but seldom been,
Whar was sec wallopin' an' wark
As varra few hev seen
By neeght or day.

Bit furst I'll tell you how an' why
This parlish bout begun,
An' when an' whar, an' whea they war
'At meade a' this feyne fun.
Furst, you mun ken, a youthfu' pair,
By frugal thrift exceyted,
Wad hev a brydewain, an', of course,
The country roun' inveyted
Agean that day.

At S—b—n—s, i'th' Abbey Holme,
This weddin' it was hauden,
But 'or the teyme arriv'd some friens
An' neybors furst war cawd on;
Wi' them in council grave they fixt
What methods to proceed on,
An' a' the bus'ness there an' than
Was finally agreed on,
Clean thro' that day.

Neist day a dizzen lish young lads,
Wi' naigs weel graith'd an' hearty,
Wi' whup an' spur, thro' stenk an' stoore,
Set off, a jolly party;
Frae town to town leyke weyld they flew,
Or house, whare'er they spied yen,
An iv'ry lad or lass they met,
I'th' house or out, to th' breydewain
They bade that day.

Thro' o'th' Holme parish furst they ruode,
Frae th' Auld Kiln to Kurkbreyde,
To Aikton, Bowness, Banton, Bruff,
An' roun' o'th' country seyde;
An' mony a harlin reace they hed
Owr pasture, hill, an' deale,
An' monnie a cowp an' kaik they gat,
An monnie a tift o' yell,
I'th' rwoad that day.

An' some ruode east, an' some ruode west,
An' some ruode fast an' far,
An' some gat sae mislear'd wi' drink,
They ruode the de'il kens whar.
Now th' auld guid fwokes that staid at heame,
As thropweyfe they war thrang,
An' meat an' drink, an' ither things,
Reight moider'd war amang
Thro' a' that day.

Now a' their bidden owr an' duone,
Reight tir'd they heamward speed,
But some at th' Abbey owr a quart
Theirsells to slocken 'greed;
Then great Job Bruff gat on a thruff
An' rais'd a fearfu' rout,
'At some day suon at S—b—n—s
They'd hev a parlish bout
O'th' breydewain day.

At last this sizlin pack consent,
When dark, towards heame to draw,
Then down to th' Cwoate, for t'other slwote,
They gallop yen an' a';
This neeght, the cheerfu' breyde-pot's drunk,
Wi' dances, sangs, an' murth,
An' mebby some sma' jobs are duone
That bus'ness may ca' furth
Some other day.

But now the lang-expected mworn
  Of murriment arrives,
Wheyle helter-skelter frae a' airts
  I' swarms the country drives,
The lasses in their feyne pearce claes,
  The lads baith trig an' souple;
Owr hill an' knowe, thro' seugh an' sowe,
  Comes tiftan many o' couple,
    Hauf saim'd that day.

Frae Cowgoe, Brumfelt, an Cruokdake,
  Frae Speatry, Bwoal, an' Bowtan,
An' iv'ry parish roun' about,
  The fwoks i' swarms come rowten:
An' monnie a queerfar'd jwoat was there,
  An' monnie an unco't shaver,
Some wantin' mence, some wantin' sense,
  An' some their best behaviour
    Put on that day.

Frae Angerton wheyte to Dubbmill
  Nin mist, as yen may say,
But a' wi' yae consent seem'd met
  To mence this merry day.
Wheyle Allonby turn'd out *en masse*,
  Ding dang, baith man an' woman,
An' parlish pranks 'mang Silloth banks
  They hed as they were comin'
    To th' Cwoate that day.

But it wad need a Homer's head
War I to tak' in han',
To sing or say what fwok that day
War there, or how they wan;
For far an' near, an' God kens whare,
By common invitation,
Wi' young an' auld, and great an' laal,
Seem'd met on this occasion,
Wi' glee that day.

Lang Leeny com wi' woal-ey'd Wull,
Wi' thing o' Causway Head,
Wi' what's they ca' him o' Foulseyke;
Tom Bewly an' Jack Reed,
Wi' jumpin' Jonathan, auld Joe Barnes,
Dumb Jer'my an' lang Beaty;
Wi' thungumbob o' Southerfield,
Hard's Miller an' peed Peaty,
War there that day.

Blackan o' Warton he was there,
An Barwise Lads o'th' Tarns,
Wi' Irish Cursty, Canterin Ned,
An' fratcheous Gweordy Barns;
Wi' stutrin' Isaac, lispin' Frank,
Job Keay, an' Robby Weyse,
An hundred mair wheas neams to tell
Or sing wad sarra tweyce,
Com' on this day.

In shwort to say upon this day,
Frae yae nuik an' anither,
Twea thousand war, frae far an' near,
Assembled here together.
The rwoads war clean, the weather warm,
The lasses a' luik'd preymly,
An' whup for smack, the party pack,
A' aimin' to be teymly
O'th' sod this day.

Wi' bizzy care the blushin' breyde
An' maids theirsells are bussin,
Wheyle some wi' pillion seats an' sonks
To gear their naigs are fussin.
Wi' glentin' spurs an' weel clean'd buits,
Lin' sark, an' neyce cword breeches,
The breydegroom roun' the midden pant,
Proud as a peacock stretches,
Reeght crouse that day.

Now heevy skeevy off they set
To th' kurk, a merry crew,
Some gravely pac'd up th' turnpike rwoad,
Wheyle some like leeghtnin' flew;
Neer ak, they a' gat there i' teyme,
The priest was ready waitin',
The wed'ners just took gluts a-piece
Wheyle he his buik was laitin',
Frae th' kist that day.

His lesson fund an' a' set reeght,
To wark they gat wi' speed;
You tak' this woman for your weyfe:
The breydegroom grumph'd Agreed.
An' you, young woman, promise here
To honour an' obey
Your spouse in a' he may require:
The breyde said, mantan, N-yea,
Wee'l see some day.

Clwose buckl'd now, the parson paid,
Furth frae tha kurk they waddle,
An' thick an' threefaul', han' owr head,
Each lowps out owr his saddle.
The lasses lap up 'hint their lads,
Some stridlin' an' some seydeways;
An' some there war that wish'd their lot
Had been what Ann's, the breyde, was,
Ay, oft that day.

A' hors'd agean, streeght up th' town geate,
Leyke weyld-fire off they flee,
An' nowther puol nor peet-stack flinch,
They're off wi' seck a bree.
'Twas a fair start, it's a preyme reace;
Winge you! how fast they gang;
But yonder's Jerry Skelton lad,
He's fawn off wid a whang,
For seer this day.

Brown o'th' Moss-seyde how he does reyde,
Wi' lang-neck'd spurs he's rivan;
An' yonder's Glaister, o'th' Black Deyke,
Leyke that o' donnet drivan;
As for yon Peape if he escape
A neck-breck it's uncommon,
But Weyse grey meare, had she been here,
She wad been bang'd by nea man
A't's here to-day.

But now they're fairly out o' seeght,
An' wheyte doun Coava lonnin,
Come we mun fettle up oursells,
It's teyme we sud be donnin;
I waddent leyke to be owr lang,
Come Jwosep, Izbel, hie ye,
You'll suin be buss'd, an' nin behin',
I faickins, sal gang bye ye
O'th' rwoad this day.

Now th' weddiners are at th' far end,
An' a' thro' ither cruonin',
Wheyle th' fiddlers they're at wark i'th' leathe,
An' thrang they're the fiddle tuning;
Tom Trimmel, Tommy Baxter, Stagg,
Nay, hauf-a-scowre they've led in,
An' they're a' rozzlin' up their bows
To streyke up Cuddy's Weddin'
Wi' glee this day.

The breyde now on a coppy-stuol
  Sits down i'th' fauld a' whithrin,
With pewter dibler on her lap
  On which her towgher's gethrin';
The fwoak, leyke pez in a keale-pot,
  Are yen thro' t'other minglin',
An' crowns an' hauf-crowns, thick as hail,
  Are i' the dibler jinglin',
Reeght fast that day.

Nit yen, that's owther mence or sheame,
  Wad be that snaflin ninny,
As to haud back their gift, nay some
  Wad whuther in a guinea.
I'th' meanteyme the fiddlers changg'd and play'd
  As hard as they cou'd peg,
Till th' offering it was feckly duon,
  When back to th' barn to sweg
They bows'd that day.

Now loundrin' shives o' cheese an' breed
  Are down their gizzrin's whang'd,
An' some there war cud scarcely speak
  Their thropples were sae pang'd;
Bit twea or three let-down's o' yell
  Soon set their hawses free,
When thus with pith restword yence mair,
  They took anudder spree,
Till cramm'd that day.

Indeed there was some feckless fwoak,
'At luikt to be owr neyce,
'At nobbit nibblen peyk't and eat
Just like as monny meyce;
Bit then there was some yetherin' dogs,
'At owr the leave laid th' capsteane,
For some they said eat lumps as big
As Sammy Liank's lapsteane,
I'th' barn that day.

They're keyte's weel trigg'd wi' solid geer,
They now began to guzzle,
Wheyle yell in jugs an' cans was brought
An' held to iv'ry muzzle;
They drank in piggins, peynts, or quarts,
Or ought 'at com' to han',
An' some they helt it down sae fast
They suin cud hardly stan'
Tharsells that day.

At last some lish young souple lads
Their naigs frae th' buoses brought,
An' off they set to try a reace,
The prize was neist to nought,
A rig-reape, braugham, pair o' heams,
Or something o' that swort;
Nae matter, trifle as it was,
It made them famish spwort
O'th' sands that day.

Some for a pair of mittans loup;
  Some wurstled for a belt;
Some play'd at pennice-steans for brass;
  An' some amaist gat fel't;
Hitch-step-an'-loup some tried for spwort,
  Wi' monny a sair exertion;
Ithers for bits o' 'bacco gurn'd,
  An' sec leyke daft devarshon
    Put owr that day.

Now some o'th' menceful mak o' fwoak
  As suon as things war settled,
When they'd yence hed a decent snack
  To set off heamewards fettled;
Bit monny a yen there was that staid,—
  Auld sly-buits that war deeper,—
An' Philip Mesher cried hout, Stop!
  Guid drink was never cheaper
    Than't's here to-day.

Full monny a reeght good teyper com',
  As th' country seyde cud brag on;
Nay, there was some that at a win
  Cud tuom down a yeal flaggon.
Wi' casks weel season'd frae a' nuiks
  Thur bachanalions gether'd;
An' some there war 'at clash't their keytes
  Till they war fairly yether'd
    Wi' drink that day.

Some crack o' brandy, some o' rum,
An' some o' weyne far sought,
That drink o' my opinion's best
'At we can get for nought;
That day i' this seame thought wi' me
I witnessed monny a seyper,
For bleth'rin' Lanty Rutson gat
As full as onny peyper,
Suon on that day.

Wi' fiddlin', dancin', cracks an' yell,
The day slipt swuftly owr,
An' monny a scwore 'or darknin' gat
As drunk as they cud glowr;
When great Tom Carr, that man o' war,
Com' stackrin' on to th' fleer,
He slapt his ham', an' cried, "Od dam,
I'll box wi' onny here
'At dare this day."

Then Watty Farguson, provwok'd
To hear this haufthick rattle,
Fetch'd him a fluet under th' lug,
An' sae began their battle;
Clash tuot they fell, wi' thumps pell-mell,
Wheyle a' was hurdum-durdum;
An' some amang the skemmels fell,
An ithers nearly smuir'd them
I'th' fray that neeght.

Then up lap Lowrie o' the Lees,
An' leyke a madman ranted,
A lang flail souple full'd his neif
That owr fwoak's heads he flaunted;
He yoller'd out for Cursty Bell,
Whea last Yule eve had vex'd him,
But was sae daft he could not see
Puor Kit tho' he sat next him
I'th' leathe that neeght.

Kit gat a braugham in his han',
Wi' veng'ance whurl'd it at him,
The collar leeghted roun' his neck,
An' to the fleer it pat him.
Loud sweels o' laughter dirl'd their lugs,
The fwoak war a' sae fain;
An' wheyle he sprawl'd wi' reage an' sheame,
Some cried out he was slain
Cauld deed that neeght.

Twea gurnin' gibbies in a nuik
Sat fratchin' yen anudder,
An' nought wad sarra them but they
Wad hev a match together;
A single roun' for hauf-a-crown
The question was to pruive,
But t'yen objected to the bet,
An' said he box'd for luive
Or nought that neeght.

Then off their duds thar duosters doft,
An' tirl'd to their bare buffs,
Beath teyke-leyke tuolian roun' the barn,
An' dealen clumsy cluffs;
But Sir John Barleycorn sae sway'd
Their slaps they a' flew 'slant,
Till a—e owr head they cowp'd at last,
Lang stretch'd i'th' midden pant,
Weel sows'd that neeght.

Just leyke as when some druove o' kye
Brek back and a—ewards hurry,
Sae here thar govisons leyke font
Wad yen anudder lurry;
Stark'd mother neak'd they skelp'd about,
An' some gat deev'lish knockan;
But th' silly Blackburd o' Well Rash,
Puor man, his leg gat broken
Some way that neeght.

The fiddlers bang'd up on their legs,
Some fought, some swear, some holloed;
The lasses, skurlin, clamb up th' mews,
An' some slee hanniels follow'd.
Bit suon as a' this stoore was laid,
An' a' was whisht an' whiat,
Bounce down they lap, the spwort renew,
Anudder spell to try at
Their reels that neeght.

Lang sair they kevvel'd, danc'd and sang,
An' parlish dusts they hed,
Till it began to grow nar th' teyme
'At fwoak sud gang to bed;
The breydemaids, a' wi' fuslin care,
The breyde, hauf-yieldin', doft,
An' the blythe pair, in a han' clap,
War guessend up i' th' loft,
Reeght snug that neeght.

The couple now i' th' blankets stow'd,
A swort o' th' revellan bruocies,
Unsatisfied, wi' a' consent,
Went lethran down to Lucy's;
Just leyke louse nowt they bang'd up stairs,
Th' lang room it bum'd an' thunner'd,
An' some yen'd thought t've brought down't house
About them waddent skunner'd,
Wi' noise that neeght.

Here th' better mak o' them that com'
Wi' country-dances vapour'd;
Bit them that dought not try sec sprees
Wi' jigs an' three-reels capor'd;
Mull'd yell an' punch flew roun' leyke steyfe,
The fiddler's a' gat fuddled;
An' monny a lad their sweethearts hed
I' nuiks an' corners huddled
Unseen that neeght.

Auld Deacon, wi' his puffs an' speyce,
  Was there; wi' him Dog Mary
Wi' snaps an' gingerbread galwore,
  Tho' neyce fwoak ca'd them slairy;
Bit plenty nought o'th' secret knew,
  An' fast their brass was wairin';
An' th' lads reeght-keyn'd the lasses treat,
  Wi' monny a teasty fairin'
    I' dauds that day.

At last 'twas gitten wheyte fuor days,
  The lavrocks shrill war whuslin',
Wheyle yen by yen, wheyte daiz'd an' deylt,
  O'th rwoard t'wards heame are wrustlin';
Bit some wad yet hev t'other quart
  Befwore o'th' geate they'd venture,
Sae ramm'd away to Richard Rigg's
  An' leyke mad owsen enter
    Owr drunk that day.

Here a' was yae confusion thro',
  Loud crackin', fratchin', swearin',
An' some o'th' hallan or th' mell deers,
  Their geylefat guts war clearin'.
Wheyle 'bacco-reek beath but an' ben,
  Had full'd leyke a kiln logie,
An' some that scarce could haud their legs
  War dancin' th' Reels o' Bogie,
    Stark mad that neeght.

Some heads an' thraws war stretch'd i'th' nuik,
An' loud as brawns war snowran ;
Others wi' bluid an' glore a' clamm'd,
War leyke stick'd rattens glowran.
The fiddlers they i'th' parlour fought,
An' yen anudder pelted,
Tom Trimmel, leyke Mendoza fierce,
Poor Tommy Baxter welted
Reeght sair that neeght.

Wheyte tir'd at last wi' drink an' noise,
Hauf wauken an' hauf sleepin',
I heamwards fettled off mysell,
Just as the sun was peepin'.
Full monny a teyme I've thought sen syne,
On that seame bidden weddin' ;
An' heaven, in prayer, to bless that pair,
Have begg'd, in bwoard an' bed in,
E'er sen that day.

THE RETURN.

FAST the patt'ring hail was fa'ing
And the sowping rain as thick,
Loud and snell the whurlwind blowing,
Wheyle the neeght was dark as pick.

When upon her strea couch liggan,
  Susan steep'd her waukreyfe een,
And about her crazy biggin
  Rwoard the hollow whurlblast keen.

In each arm a bairn lay sleepin',
  I' their luiks lank famine sat,
And their een seem'd blear'd wi' weepin'
  For the things they seldom gat.

On her lwonly bed she toss'd her,
  Darkin till the tempest ceas'd ;
But, puor lass, nae change of posture
  Calm'd the conflict of her breast.

In her feace a heart sair anguish'd
  Meight a stranger's eye survey ;
Six dree years had Susan languish'd
  Sen her Walter went away.

He, far owr the stormy ocean,
  Was on India's distant shore,
Courtin' fortune and promotion
  E'en amid the battle's rwoar.

Sair agean his inclination
  Watty left his heame and ease,
Weyfe, bairns, and ilk keyn'd relation,
  To traverse the dangerous seas.

Widow-leyke, his absence mournin',
Monny a sleepless night she past,
Prayin' ay his seafe returnin',
As she lythed the lengthnin' blast.

Blwoated grew her een and squalid
That befwore wi' lustre fill'd,
Wan her lip, her cheek how pallid
That vermillion once excell'd.

Yence the rwose and lily blend it
In fair Susan's breydal feace,
But fwoak said, whea erst had ken'd it,
Sadly alter'd was the cease.

She whea leate sae douse and jolly,
Need hae turn'd her feace frae nean,
Suon thro' grief and melancholy
Turns to parfect skin and beane.

Cruel fate, thy mandate alter,
Oft she murmur'd in despair,
Give me, give me back my Walter,
Give me him, I ask nae mair

Here, disconsolate and weary,
Are my days of sorrow past,
An' my neeghts forlorn and eerie,
That ilk yen I wish my last.

But a spring of whope yet cheers me,
And our wee yen's yammerin' noise,
Mair than ought to leyfe endears me,
Bwodin still some future joys.

Yes, my luive, tho' sair I mourn him,
Fate shall shield frae circling harms,
And keyn'd providence return him
To these lang-expecting arms.

Hark, the whurlblast loudly blusters,
Dreary howling owr my head,
A' with rage the tempest musters
On my crazy clay-built shed.

Wintry blasts, that bluster owr me,
Waft my sighs to Walter's ears;
Gales auspicious quick restwore me
Him, whea's smeyles can dry my tears.

Fancy, whether wadst thou lead me,
Say what phantoms to impart,
Visionary shades owrspread me
To amuse my love-lorn heart.

There, my Walter's feace I view now
'Mid the leeghtnen's transient glare;
Pleasing form, I'll thee pursue now,—
But 'tis geane, and I despair.

Hark! what shriek was that 'at mingled
  Wi' the liftan tempest howl?
On my ears leyke fate it jingled,
  Piercing to my varra soul.

Was it not my true love ca'ing?
  Was't not leyke his weel-kenn'd tone?
Say, puor heart, where art thou fa'ing?
  Fancy, say where art thou gone?

Heavier now the tempest musters,
  Down in plennets teems the rain,
Louder, ay, the whurlblast blusters
  Sweepin' owr the spacious plain.

Susan, fill'd wi' apprehension
  At the dismal dang'rous rwoar,
Suon is fix'd in mute attention
  Wi' loud knockins at her door.

"Susan, rise!" a voice loud bawling
  Said, "unbar the envious door!"
"Whea commands?" she scream'd, then falling
  Senseless, streek'd her on the fluor.

Wi' a rounge the yieldin' hinges
  Frae the partin' stoothens flee,
In the storm-struck stranger swinges,
  Walter enters—yes, 'twas he!

Swift to Susan's aid he hies him,
Greapin' roun' the weel-kenn'd bower,
Leeght the leeghtnin's flash supplies him,
Her he spies upon the fluor;

In his arms he gently rears her,
Softly lifts her droopin' head,
Anxious owr the room he bears her,
And recleyn'd her on her bed.

But his tongue was pinch'd to falter
"Wake, my fair one, wake and see;
"Wake, and cheer thy long-lost Walter,
"Seafe return'd to luive and thee."

Lang she sleeps not, strugglin' nature,
Suon suspended, leyfe restwores;
On his habit, form, and stature
Wi' impatient weyldness pores.

Frae his arms in deep confusion
Till her ingle swift she flies,
Thoughtful this was a' illusion
That bewitch'd her ears and eyes;

Prodlin' up the smotherin' embers,
Swift the sweelin' hether flies,
She nae trace of him remembers,
Alter'd sair by his disguise.

Sowp'd wi' rain, wi' glore bespatter'd,
Frowzy beard and visage wan,
Teated locks and garments tatter'd,
Mair he seem'd of ghaist than man.

" Ah," cried he, " can time sae alter
" Fwoaks as thus to be forgot:
" Fair yen, I'm thy faithful Walter;
" Canst thou, Susan, know me not?"

When his weel-kenn'd voice she listens,
A' her doubts are suon supprest,
In her een keen transpwort glistens,
And she sunk upon his breast.

Here awheyle with ardour glowing
Stuode the lover and his weyfe,
Beath their hearts wi' joy owrflowing,
Suon he kiss'd her into leyfe.

" Yes," she said, " thou lang-lost stranger,
" Thou art still my husband dear;
" Seafe, I whope, return'd frae danger,
" And nae mair to leave me here.

" What, tho' thou'rt wi' muck bespatter'd;
" What, tho' thou'rt in weafu' pleyght,
" Matted locks and vestments tatter'd,
" Still thou art my saul's deleyte.

" Here, my luive, let us together,
" Thro' leyfe's mazy windins weade,
" Each assisting yen anither
" Oft may leeght our common leade."

When thus Walter, lowly bendin'
On his knees, wi' hands uprais'd:
" Heav'n, the virtuous still defendin',
" Ever be thy guidness prais'd.

" Here fulfill'd is a' I need for;
" Here are a' my sorrows lost;
" And the gear I sair have tried for
" Sweetens frae the pains it cost.

" Know, my luive, tho' foul and tatter'd
" In my present garb and graith;
" Tho' with muck and mire bespatter'd,
" I've enough to bless us baith.

" Fortune, to my plans propitious,
" Has bestow'd me rowth o' wealth;
" Heaven, to virtue still auspicious,
" Thro' a' has ay preserv'd my health.

" Tweyce ten thousand pounds await me,—
" We sal yet see happier days,—
" Yet nae rank sal e'er elate me,
" Providence commands my praise.

" 'Midst the battle's devastation
" Fell my captain stunn'd with blows ;
" I succeeded to his station,
" By this chance my fortune rose.

" Wealth in heaps now seem'd to press me ;
" Honours wait me day and night ;
" Fortune seem'd resolv'd to bless me,
" In amends for former spite.

" Thus with riches in abundance
" Suon I quitted India's shore,
" And, securin' that redundance,
" Sought agean my native shore.

" But of a' the joys I've teasted,
" Or mun ee'r expect to teaste
" In teyme to come, or teyme far weasted,
" This, this moment joys me meast.

" Suon as London pwort we enter'd,
" Off I set without delay ;
" Thro' the storms and tempests ventur'd :
" Luive nae patience had for stay.

" Cheer thee, then, my Susan, cheer thee,
" Pleasure yet thy cheek shall cheer ;
" Think thy Wat will ay be near thee ;
" Think thy luive will ay be near."

A NEW YEAR'S EPISTLE.

JWOHN o' West-en, auld friend, how fen' ye?
Wull this new year for better ken ye;
Or, leyke me, rather mar than men' ye
By its addition?
In sec a case we've nought, depend ye,
But fworc'd submission.

But faith to glump ye I'd be sweer,
I wish ye luck o' this new year;
May frien'ly cracks and Curs'nmas cheer
Relax your care;
Wi' health, lang leyfe, an' rowth o' gear
For ever mair.

Tho' guidness wi' this new year gift ye,
Another eken to your fifty,
As tho' by stap an' stap 'twad lift ye
Clean owr the deyke;
Yet let nae snafflin' cares e'er drift ye
To pleen an' peyke.

Shaeme fa' thur pingin' gowks that grummel
At weasten teyme, an' munge an' mummel
'Cause they, leyke millions mair, mun crummel
In death's dark dungeon;
It's nonsense o' sec stuff to jummel,
An guff-leyke mungan.

Hout man! what signifies repeynin'
Owr grankin', snifteran', twistin', tweynin',
If down leyfe's hill we be decleynin'
We cannot slack;
Than gang on decent without wheynin'
Or hingin' back.

Leyfe, mak' the best on't's, nowght owr pleesin',
As every day some fash comes teasin',
An' oft eneugh the wheels want greesin'
To keep them ga'un;
Then brouce about nor tek sec preesin'
To nate our awn.

They're puor ill-natur'd souls that cry,
This warl' is destitute of joy;
We ken they lee, an' if they try
Sec thoughts are banisht:
Our lot of leyfe's not far a-jy
If reeghtly mannisht.

But if we wullent be content
Wi' th' blessings sec as heav'n has sent,
But obstinately wad prevent
Wise fate's decree;
Sec fwoak mun just pursue the bent
I' their own bree.

As for me, neybor, as lang leevan,
I'll ay be wheyte reseygnt to heaven,
An' thankfu' tak' the guid things given
For fear o' forfeit:
Lest, for the swarth, I, past retrievan,
The substance torfeit.

What, if the hand of fate unkind
Has us'd us fremtly, need we peyne?
Tho' you've lost your seeght an' me meyne.
We cannot mend it:
Let us be glad the powers deveyne
Nae war extendit.

Let us—sen leyfe is but a span—
Still be as canty as we can;
Rememb'ring heav'n has order'd man
To practice patience,
An' not to murmur 'neath his han'
Leyke feckless gations.

Methinks I hear you cry, "Hout, stop!
"An' let sec feckless preachments drop;
"Thou meynds we weel o' some foul fop
"I'th' pulpit rantan."
Wey, than, we'el frae this subject pop
An' cease this cantin'.

Yet, man, it's lang sen we, togither,
Hev hed a crack wi' yen anither,
An now I'm nowther leath nor lither,
If ye've a meynde,
To reang first tea part an' than t'other
Of auld lang syne.

Ay speyte of wreen ill-natures says,
For seer we yence hed happy days,
An' plizzer smeyl'd on aw our ways
Thro' house an' bow'r,
Tho' now the heart-inspirin' blaze
Is feckly owr.

Of a' the scenes in leyfe's lang round,
Sweet youth! leyke thee nin can be found,
With plizzer thou dost meast abound,—
Threyce happy teymes—
Wi' joys wheyte parfit, fair, an' sound,
Unclogg'd by creymes.

Or when of luive, the kittlin' dart
Furst whithers i'th' unconscious heart,
Wi' a' the pleasin' painfu' smart,
Sec passions awn,
An' raptures dirl thro' every part
Befwore unknown.

Than doubly sweet the lavrock sang;
Wi' smeylin' sweets the cowslips sprang;
An' a' the grove, wi' gladsome chang,
Their joy confest:
An' happiness, the heale day lang,
Glow'd in each breast.

Oft on that season I reflect,
That, when possess'd, I did neglect,
For which mysell I now correct,
Tho' owr an' past;
But which I ever mun respect,
Aye, to my last.

Oftteymes I think, by mem'ry led,
What curious arguments we've hed,
Or crack'd away till gawn to bed
Was wheyte forgitten,
An' a' the lave, by sleep owrsped,
War round us sitten.

Someteymes i'th' winter-neeghts, when dark,
We'd into th' Ladies' Di'rys yark,
There, wi' charade or rebus stark,
We'd hev a bout,
An' monny a teyme we'd puzzlin' wark
To find them out.

Someteymes we'd politics in han'—
The king, the laws, the reeghts o' man,
The parish clash, the empire's ban',
Just as it chanc'd;
Each art an' science now an' than
By turns advanc'd.

For subjects we but seldom sought,
They gaily oft war leile or nought,
Ne'er ak, they ay amusement brought,
An' that was plenty;
We freely spak' whate'er we thought
Without being stenty.

But shaugh! what if thar teymes be geane
An' distance part us, need we greane?
We're nowther on us left owr leane,
What need o' grievin'?
We now an' then can meet agean
Wheyle we're beath leevin'.

Ay, lad, be seer, whene'er I can,
I'll come an' see you now an' than,
To hear an' see how matters stan'
Mang th' Brough-seyde fwoaks;
Or what new clish-ma-claver's gaun,
Or jeybes or jwoaks.

For still't mun rather ease my meynde—
'At is but owr dispos'd to tweyne—
To ruminate on auld lang seyne,—
That happy season,—
For which thro' th' leave o' leyfe we peyne,
An' guid's our reason.

Yes, man! there's plizzer in receytin'
Concerns 'at yence war sae inveytin';
An' even now I feel deleyght in,
By fair reflection,
The varra things which here I'm wreytin'
Frae recollection.

Fell memory, leyke a mirror true,
Each youthful pasteyme hauds to view,
An' we wi' eagerness pursue
The font delusion,
Rangin' the pleasin' lab'rynth thro'
In weyld extrusion.

The weel-kent haunts I visit keen,
Or, sauntrin', pace the paddled green,
War monny a festive bout has been
An' jocund turn.
Ah, man! the days that we hev seen
Mun ne'er return.

Thro' th' lwonly kurk-garth as I stray,
Surroundin' heaps o' kindred clay
In dumb monition seem to say,
Wi' ghaist-leyke ca',—
" Stop, neybor, an' awheyle survey
The end of a'."

Here my yence gay companions sleep;
Or anters in yon mouldering heap
Some luivelier female form I weep,
An' lang may mourn;
Or wi' the breyny tribute steep
A parent's urn.

But, fancy, quit this mournfu' scene,
Sec objects nobbit beat in spleen,
An' nae occasion sud be gien
To melancholy:
Leyfe's joys are far owr-few, I ween,
T' excuse this folly.

No! let's be happy wheyle we may,
As leyfe's bit leyke a winter day,
An' hour on hour flees fast away
To reel of t'rest on't;
Let us, sen we've nut lang to stay,
Be meakin't best on't.

If fortune keyndly sal supply
A' our desires, let us enjoy
Her welcome gifts, nor thrust a-jy
The gracious deed;
Lest unassisted we apply
In pinchin' need.

But if beneath misfortune's han'
We plunge, an' feel her smartin' wan',
Let us wi' fortitude withstan'
The lash extended;
As a' things come by heaven's comman',
An' whea can mend it.

Still be your lot that happy state,
Unkent by a' th' extremes of fate,
Bit peace an' plenty on you wait
Clean thro' your leyfe;
An' may nae skeath, at onny rate,
Mislear your weyfe.

Lang be your heart an' happins heale;
Ne'er may your constitution geale;
Bit swoaps o' drink an' guid lythe keale
Cheer up each day,
As lang as th' beck down Seggin Deale
Sal wind it's way.

Bit now, my friend, guid evening te ye,
It's turning leate, sae peace be wi' ye;
I've nowght, except my prayers, to gie ye,
Ye ken me true;
I'll some day suon pauk owr an' see ye,
Till then adieu.

Wigton, Jan. 1, 1805.

AULD LANG SEYNE.

WHEILST some the soldier's deeds emblaze,
An' tauk of sieges and compaigns;
Or some the weily statesman praise
Whea hauds of government the reins;
Or others reang the rheymer's verse,
An' ca' the jinglin' sentence feyne;
Be meyne the bus'ness to rehearse
The parlish turns of auld lang seyne.

Threyce-happy days of past deleight,
'At sliving teyme whurls fast away,
When plizzer smeyl'd on ev'ry neight,
An' spworts beguil'd the leeve-lang day:
'Twas than, 'or wardly fash I knew,
Or luive or loss had gar'd me peyne,
That oft, weel pleas'd, I wad review
The gladsome page of auld lang seyne.

Yence, on a clashy winter neight,
  Wheyte maiz'd wi' loungin' on i'th' nuok,
A palmer'd out as chance wad heft,
  An' till a neybor's house a tuok;
The man was gaily up i' years,
  An' wearin' fast to leyfe's decleyne,
An' monny a faimish teale cud tell
  O' upturns duin i' auld lang seyne.

When veyle moss-troopers, bworder bred,
  To reeve and pillage flock to arms,
By war than that-a-donnet led,
  Bouz'd into Cumberland i' swarms:
Our kye, our owsen, off they druive;
  Our gear, our graith, our naigs, our sweyne;
An' monny a lass, her luckless luive,
  Was left to wail for auld lang seyne.

Yence on a teyme a hangrell gang
  Com' with a bensil owr the sea,
Wheyle flocks an' herds they gar'd them spang,
  An' pot a' the country in a bree;
Up a dark lonnin fast they ruode,
  Thinking to shelter their deseyne,
Whoaping their fit hauld to meak guid,
  As monny a teyme they'd duone lang seyne.

Kemp Dobbie, as they canteran com',
  Furst spyt them; but, quo' he, "Ne'er ak,
Divent be flait o' them, lad Tom,
  But let's cour down i' this deyke-back."

Sae said, an' humly cowrs they sat,
  Up brouc'd the taistrels in a leyne
Till reeght fornenst them, up they gat
  An' rwor'd, "Now, lads, for auld lang seyne."

Back, helter-skelter, panic-struck,
  T'wards heame they kevvel'd, yen and a',
Nor ventur'd yen an a—ewards luik
  For fear he'd in the gilders fa'.
Thus single twa abuon a scwore
  Druive sleely frae their cwoarse deseyne;
An' yet, tho' disbelief may glow'r,
  This really com' to pass lang seyne.

Thus, thro' the langsome winter neights,
  O' curious teales sec rowth he'd tell,
O' Brownies, gheasts, and flaysome seeghts,
  Enough to flay the auld en's sell:
As how when witches here war reyfe,
  Reeght sonsy fwoak they gar't to peyne;
An' Mitchell Scot's strange fearfu' leyfe,
  He telt, reeght gleesomely, lang seyne.

Scot yence got Criffell on his back,
  Some pedder-leyke, as stwories tell;
But whow! his girtins gev a crack,
  An' down his boozy burden fell.
Auld Nick and Scot yence kempt, they say,
  Whea best a reape frae saun cud tweyne,
Clouts begg'd some caff; quo' Mitchell, "Nay."
  Sae bang'd the de'il at that lang seyne.

Wi' clish-ma-clatter, cracks, and jwokes,
My friend and me the evenings past,
Unenvying finger-fed feyne fwoaks,
Unmeyndfu' o' the whustlin' blast:
Wi' sweet content what needit mair?
For nought need we our gizrins tweyne;
The auld man's common simple prayer
Was ay, "God be wi' auld lang seyne."

Someteymes he'd tauk in wondrous rheymes
About t' Rebellion, and how the Scots
Com' owr, and what sec parlish teymes
They hed to hide their butter-pots;
A' maks o' gear i' sacks they huod;
To th' fells they druive beath bease and sweyne.
Man! it wad chill thy varra bluid
To hear o'th' warks o' auld lang seyne.

Yet tho' sec bruolliments galwore
Oft snaip'd the whyet of our days,
Yet, God be thank'd, this awfu' stowre
Suin ceas'd, wi' a' its feary phraise.
Then smeylin' peace yence mair restword
Content or joy to every meynde,
An' rowth an' plenty crown'd each bwoard;
Nae mair we fret for auld lang seyne.

Oh, weels me! on thar happy teymes
When a' was freedom, friendship, joys,
'Or paughty preyde or neameless creymes
War kent our comforts to destroy;

Nae thoughts of rank engag'd the soul,
  But equals seem'd the squire and heynd;
The laird and dar'ker, cheek by chowle,
  Wad sit and crack of auld lang seyne.

'Twas than, that nin, however great,
  Abuin his neybor thought his sell,
Bit lads and lasses wont to meet
  Wi' merry changs their teales to tell;
Frae house to house the rock-gairds went
  I'th' winter neights when t' muin did sheyne,
When luivesome sangs and blythe content
  Begueyl'd the hours of auld lang seyne.

Lang streek'd out owr the clean hearth-steane,
  The lads their sicker stations tuik,
Wheyle to beet on the elden; yen,
  As th' auld guid man, sat up i'th' nuik.
When Curs'nmas com' what stivan wark,
  Wi' sweet minch'd-pyes and hackins feyne,
An' upshots constantly by dark,
  Frae Yuole to Cannelmas lang seyne.

Bit suin as smeyling spring appear'd,
  The farmer leaves the ingle seyde,
His naigs are graith'd, his plows are geer'd,
  For ither winters to proveyde;
Blythe as a lavrock owr the rig'
  He lilts thro' monny a langsome leyne,
An' southy crops o' beans an' bigg
  Neest year mek up for auld lang seyne.

Owr a' the joys the seasons bring,
  Nin, bonny hay-teyme! comes leyke thee,
Weel pleas'd we lythe the lasses sing,
  The lads drive on wi' hearty glee,
Rashly they scale the scattran swathe,
  Wi' zig-zag fling the reakers tweyne,
An' seylin sweats their haffets bathe:
  Sec wark was meyne, weel pleas'd, lang seyne.

But hay-teyme owr an' harvest com',
  Shek reype an' ready to be shworne,
See how the kempan shearers bum,
  An' rive an' bin' an' stook their cworn;
At darknin' canty heam they turn,
  Whar a douce supper pangs them feyne;
Or, if they're duin a rivan curn,
  Meks up for pinchery lang seyne.

Last, best of a', comes on Carle Fair,
  Frae every 'art the young fwoak druive,
The lads weel donn'd, the lasses fair,
  Joy in their een, their bwosoms luive;
Wi' lowpin', dancin', and deray,
  Wi' neyce shwort ceaks, sweet punch, an' weyne,
An' sec leyke things they spent the day:
  There's nae spworts now leyke auld lang seyne.

Thus, vearst in legendary teale,
  This auldfar'd chronicle cud tell
Things that yaens varra lugs wad geale,
  Of what to this an' that befell;

Bit hirplan fast on leyfe's downhill,
  His prejudice wad sair incleyne
To think the prizzent nought but ill,
  An' nought at dow but auld lang seyne.

Frae sympathy, as strange as true,
  E'en I his nwotions seem'd to catch,
For far-geane teymes when I review,
  I'm with the prizzent leyke to fratch.
Yes, there's a secret plizzer springs
  Frae retrospect that soothes the meynde;
Reflection back to fancy brings
  The joyous hours of auld lang seyne.

Fareweel ye moments of deleyght;
  Adieu ye scenes I lang may mourn,
Nae mair ye cheer my anxious seight,
  Impossible ye shall return.
Leyfe's darknin' low'rs, the sun of youth
  On wint'ry yeage mun cease to sheyne;
And stoutest hearts confess this truth—
  The prizzent's nought leyke auld lang seyne.

But whether 'tis the partial eye,
  With glass inverted, shows the scene,
The guid things past resolve to spy,
  An' blast the prizzent wid our spleen,
I know not;—this alone I know,
  Our past misfortunes we'd propeyne
T' oblivion, wheilst our prizzent woe
  Maks dear the joys of auld lang seyne.

For, as I range the weel-kenn'd haunts
  Of past amusements, youthfu' bliss,
Wi' impulse strange my bwosom pants
  For what yence was, for what now is;
Each step I tread some far-fled hour
  Of past endearment brings to meynde;
Each callar shade an' silent bower
  Ca' back the joys of auld lang seyne.

Then doubly-sweet the blackbird sang,
  Wi' tenfold beauties smeyl'd the grove,
Creation round ya chorus rang,
  'Twas plizzer's tuone inspir'd by luive;
But when auld yeage, wi' slivin' han',
  Sal roun' the heart insiduous tweyne,
'Tis than we see, an' only than,
  The prizzent's nought leyke auld lang seyne.

TOM KNOTT.

TOM KNOTT, leyke monny mair in leyfe,
  Was pester'd with an ill-gien weyfe,
Frae mworn till neeght her mill-clack tongue
Dirl'd in his lugs, and loudly rung
The clangour of her squeel-peype thrwoat,
Tho' ey 'twas tuon'd in mischief's nwote;

Whate'er he did, whate'er transacted,
Or whether ill or weel he acted,
Was a' as yen, for nowght was reeght,
An' Tib misca'd him day and neeght,
Which meade him wish his spouse uncivil,
Full monny a teyme was at the devil;
Bit this he ay keep'd to his sell,
An' tho' aggriev'd durst never tell,
Because he knew reeght weel sud he
Set up his gob, directly she
Wad kick up hell's deleyght i'th' house,
Which meade him mum as onny mouse,
An', snuol-leyke, yield a fworc'd submission,
To what he deem'd a de'il's condition;
Bit tho' to keep a whyat leyfe,
Tom teamly knockl'd till his wife,
Yet, now and then, he'd raise a durdum
Sae loud 'at hauf o'th' town meeght heard him;
Bit this was oft at the Blue Bell,
When met wid haufthicks leyke his sell,
Owr some o' Nanny Newton's yell;
Tom then wad tell a parlish teale,
Wad rive and rwore and raise a rumpus,
Ay someteymes swear by jing to thump us.
For, frae experience, oft we see
When fwoaks yence teaste of liberty
'At hev befwore oppression fun',
Still to some daft extreme mun run,
And slaves, the meast oppress'd, still wou'd
Be th' greatest tyrants if they cou'd:

Thus he, a sackless when at heame,
Nowght of guidman but just the neame,
Wad, when he reach'd a public-house,
Unkenn'd to Tib, turn deev'lish cruose,
An' domineer owr fwoaks, as vain
As if the town was a' his ain.
It chanc'd, ae Hallowe'en, that Tom,
Wi' Harry, Jack, an' Seymie, com',
An' monny jafflers leyke his sell,
To slwote awheyle at th' auld Blue Bell.
Ae whart fast after t'other follow'd,
They smuik'd, they drank, they sang, they hollo'd,
An' lang befwore the midneeght hour
War a' as drunk as they cud glwore.
Loud noise, by some caw'd disputation,
For want of better conversation,
Employ'd this open throppl'd crew,
An' nonsense frae a' quarters flew,
An' things were said, as reason ended,
Unmeaning and as unintended.
Tom umbrage took at Winkin' Wat,
Whea something said, he knew not what,
Ne'er ak, it matter'd not a fardin;
Tom goister'd, Watty begg'd his pardin;
It was a' yen—"No, dam thy snout!
Ise here; if thou's a man, turn out!
Thou's monny teyme run th' rig o' me
For leyle or nought; bit now let's see
What mak' o' stuff thou is when tried.
Thou needn't gleyme, I'll yark thy hide!

I'll larn thee to cock-mantle will I!
An' teach thee better manners, Billy!"
The room was full of noise an' racket,
Tom doff'd his neck'loth, hat, an' jacket,
An' leyke a madman stamp'd the fleer,
When—wicked luck!—the entry deer
Just at that instant gev a creek,
In bang'd Tom's weyfe, she cuddent speak,
Rage tied her tongue, or else she would;
Tom petrified with horror stood;
A besom-shank her hand furst met,
Wi' which she, leyke a vengeance, set
Upon his reddy bare-mead back,
An' dealt him monny a wordie smack
Owr seydes an' shoulders, craig an' crown,
Until the bluid ran spurtlan down;
At last her yammer outgeat fan',
An' thus the rantipow began:—
"Thou nasty guid-for-neathing dog!
Here is thou drunk as onny hog,
Wheyle th' bairns—a bonny speech indeed—
Mun sit without a beyte of bread.
O thou's a menceless urlin ista,
Weel thou desarves thy pakes at dista.
An' you,—'od wheyte leeght on you a'!—
A set o' dow-for-noughts, to draw
Fwoak's men away to th' public-houses,
An' here to haud your midneeght bouses.
O, leytle stops me, bit I'd jaup
This whart o' yell about your scope!"

Sae said, she cleck'd wi' baith her neeves
The glass an' stoup, an' on the thieves
Them shower'd; at Seymie's chafts she clash'd
The whart, the glass at Jack she dash'd;
An' when nae mair to throw she had
She clapp'd her han's an' skirl'd for mad.
Tom saw the storm was louder getheran,
An' flait o' gittan tudder letheran,
Thought it as prudent to retire
As stan' an' feace a second fire,
Sae thro' the snow stark-neak'd he pot,
Widout yence speeran for his shot;
Tib, leyke a fury, cursan efter,
An' he, tho' swift, had ne bouk left her,
For beath gat nearly heame togither,
As speyte sped yen an' freeght the ither.
Here was a fearfu' altercation,
Wi' ill-far'd neames, noise an' vexation;
Tho' Tom, peer man, nit mickle said,
But slipp'd off whiately to bed,
Yet Tib you meight hev heard a mile hence,
Till sleep had stuok'd her gob in silence.
Oh, man! oh, man! what pity 'tis,
That what we whop our heeghest bliss
Sud disappoint us; nay, what's worse,
Sae oft turns out a real curse:
It shows man's want o' fworeseeght truly,
In not consideran matters duely,
And gives him monny ill-far'd cowps,
Whea, gowk-leyke, luiks not 'or he loups.

But shaugh! what signifies reflection,
To streyfe let's never add dejection.
Tom had eneugh o' this at heame
When th' meagrims tuok his stingy deame;
But what o' that? he now an' than
Cud be a middlin' happy man;
Which shows that human disposition
Is seldom fix'd in yae condition.
Tho' leately Tom hed sec a bruoly
An' hey-bey wi' his weyfe, unhuoly,
When, to avoid her clamourous jaw,
He skelp'd stark-neak'd amang the snow,
Yet scarce a month was owr or mair,
When Tom, returnin' frae the fair,
Met his three crwonies on the rwoad,
An' he, a silly sackless pwoad,
God kens, smaw invitation sarra'd,
When thus wi' teypors sae weel marrow'd,
To gang an' pree anudder bicker
Of Nanny Newton's nappy liquor.
In bang'd our neybors helter-skelter,
For each was at a slwote a smelter,
An' he 'at fworemost cud advance
Ay thought he hed a double chance;
Yence set, whart follow'd whart as fast
As if each yen hed been their last,
An' a' the foursome gat as merry
As tho' they'd drunken sack or cherry:
Teyme they begeyl'd wi' clish-ma-clatters,
An' crack'd on monny diff'rent matters,

Someteymes on trade, someteymes on war,
Someteymes on countries God kens whar,
When Seymie, that auld-fashion'd hannie
Whea was as slee as onny Daniel,
Declar'd to him 'twas parlish strange
That yell sud work sae mickle change
In fwoaks, especially, says he,
As we've beheld, frien' Tom, in thee,
For generally, we mun allow,
In brwolliments thou art nae cow,
Nay, for a pinch wad risk thy leyfe,
Bit when a rumpus wi' thy weyfe
Breks out, 'tis then a chang'd affair,
Thou has not hauf-a-word to spare;
Why, man, she kelk'd thee leyke a log,
An' chess'd thee leyke a cwoley dog,
An' than sic ill-far'd neames she ca'd tha,
Thou wad be vex'd, Tom, I'll upho'd tha.
Damme! I'd try to mend this matter,
An' breydle her infernal clatter.
Tho' Tom a buzzard was at heame
Was not at every pleace the seame,
His stomach ne'er cud brook adveyce,
Especially in points sae neyce,
His weyfe the subject—feigh upon her!—
But then you see it touch'd his honour.
Ay, there's the thing, that rais'd the racket,
Agean off flew cwoat, sark, and jacket,
Widout a why or wherefore speeran,
He rwose leyke onny deevil sweeran;

His thumps at random dealt pell-mell,
Beneath his strokes a' threesome fell;
A' three he beat, threyce risk'd his leyfe,
Weant heame—was paick'd agean by th' weyfe.

ROSLEY FAIR.

OF Isthmean and Olympian games
Let ancient rheymers sing,
Their wrustlers and their boxers neames
In noisy numbers sing;
Or Egypt, when the annual Nile
Its common bounds owrran.
Sec auld far'd claver's not worth wheyle
Fwoaks leyke o' us to scan
I'th' prizzent day.

Twea thousand years are owr an' mair
Sen a' this nonsense vanish'd,
An' to th' de'il, by christian care,
Their pagan pliskits banish'd;
Wheylst modern teymes, by change refeyn'd,
For wisdom mair reputed,
For spworts t' oblivion lang conseyn'd
Hev merrier instituted
In latter days.

For what avail'd their ramish routs,
Wi' Sampson-leyke exertions,
Their broken nappers, seylan snouts,
Cud thar be ca'd devarshions ?
Not Athens, tho' for sense renown'd,
Nor Thebes cud e'er compare
For pasteymes sec as may be found
Each year at Rosley Fair
O'th' second day.

Here mirth and merchandise are mix'd,
There love with tumult rages,
Here fraud an' ignorance are fix'd,
An' sense with craft engages ;
Sly villainy hauds out her han'
Your pocket nuoks to reyfle ;
An' clouds are rais'd o' stour an' san',
Eneugh auld Nick to steyfle,
O'th' hill this day.

See frae a' quarters, east and west,
I' drwoves th' country coman,
Wheyle flocks o' naigs an' kye are press'd
By flocks o' men an' women ;
Buss'd i' their best the blythesome troop
Bang forrat helter-skelter,
Wheyle monny 'mang the mingled group
O'th' geat war fit to swelter
Wi' heat that day.

Here pedlars frae a' pairts repair,
  Beath Yorkshire beytes and Scotch fwoak;
An' Paddeys wi' their feyne lin' ware,
  Tho' a' deseyn'd to botch fwoak;
Cheat 'at cheat can's the common rule,
  Fwoaks a' cheat yen anither,
For he 'at's nowther kneave or fuol,
  Godseake! what brought him hither
To th' fair this day.

See, mounted on an auld grey meare
  Led forth in pompous preyde,
Auld Baxter fiddlin' thro' the fair,
  Wi' th' bealiffs by his seyde;
This is as mickle as to say,
  The treyst is fairly started,
Now you may up an' cheat away,
  For nae man shall be thwarted
'At's here this day.

Now for a brek—'od seake, stan' clear!
  Nor luok for future evils,
A' Bewcastle's broken lowse——see there,
  They're ga'n leyke stark-mad deevils;
Wi' whup an' spur they rive away,
  An' drive down a' befwore them,
An' heaps on heaps are whurl'd away
  Or leam'd;—the vengeance rwoar them,
For brutes this day.

Here ample rows o' tents are stretch'd,
The gurse-green common bigg'd on,
An' baggin, ready cuok'd, is fetch'd
Frae Peerith, Carle, an' Wigton;
Wi' rowth o' spirits, weynes, an' yell,
In bottles an' in barrels,
That will, ere neeght, if reeght's my teale,
Ferment a power o' quarrels
An' streyfe this day.

See Sawney, wi' his auld din'd yad,
Just cum'd frae Ecclefechan,
Gallin the gimmer wi' a gad,
Tho' leyke a porpoise peighan;
He warrants her soun' win' a' lim'
As onny o' the hill,
Tho' feint a yen wad creedit him,
That's owther seeght or skill,
A word that day.

Patrick O'Flagan, wi' his cloth,
Comes on amang the rest,
And tells his dealers with an oath,
'Tis better than the best:—
"This yard, which cost me half-a-crown,
"For eighteen-pence I offer;
"By Jasus, man, I'm quite torn down,
"Which forces me to proffer
"So cheap to-day."

Here's Yorkshire impudence, d'ye see,
  Advancin' for a brek,
Just as'in' threyce as much as he,
  Kens he'll consent to tek:—
" Here, maister, buy a coit cloith here,
  " Ye's have it chep, believe me,
" 'Tis of the foinest 'ool, I swear;
  " Mon, think ye I'd deceive ye?—
" Not I this day."

Luok, whar i'th' nuok o' yonder tent
  Yon crew are slyly smugglin',
I warrant ye now thar gang are bent
  To tek fwoak in by jugglin';
Some cut-purse dow-for-noughts, nae doubt,
  That deevilments hev skill in,
An' some 'at com' weel leaden out
  May gang widout a shillin'
Off heame this day.

Whisht! what's yon noise amang yon crowd,
  Yon rantin' an' huzzain',
Whar trumpets skirl an' drums beat loud,
  An' organs sweet are pleyin':—
" Here, walk in, gentlemen, and see,"
  Exclaims a hobthrust fellow,
" The king and royal family,
  " Auld Nick and Punchinello,
" In style this day.

" Here's eagle, ostrich, and macaw,
" Wi' the fam'd horse o' knowledge,
" Who more sagacity can show
" Than twenty fools from college;
" A thousand tricks by cards he'd tell,
" Each one esteem'd a wonder,
" And all the pack he knows so well
" I never knew him blunder
" By neeght or day.

" See the huge elephant advance,
" Of men he'd carry tharty,
" A thousand leyke him sent to France
" Wad crush proud Bonaparty;
" Here's the fierce tiger from Bengal,
" Th' opossum from Savannah,
" The royal lion and jackal,
" The lynx and fierce hyæna,
" Alive this day.

" Do walk in, gentlemen, walk in,
" The price is only threepence—
" We're just a going to begin—
" You two step in for fi'pence.
" You ne'er have seen, in all your days,
" So fine a show as this is,
" Go where we will it gains the praise
" Of gentlemen and misses
" On every day."

Come, Jwhon, I think we'll shift our stan',
An' see what's yonder bawlin' ;
Winge ! lad, it's a quack doctor-man,
His drugs and nostrums callin' :—
" Here are the pills that cure all ills,
" An' sleype off ev'ry evil,
" The cramp, the stich, the pox, the itch,
" Nay, that wad kill the deevil
" If here to-day."

Sec hurdum-durdum, dust, an' din,
Wi' showman an' physician,
Yen'd think that they meeght Babel fin',
Class'd for a new edition.
The noise o' boxers an' o' bulls,
O' drums an' dibblers jinglin',
O' cauves an' carles wi' clatter'd skulls,
Are leyke confusion minglin'
Reeght loud this day.

But let us step into th' Camp House
An' see their dancin' sprees,
There we may cruok our hams an' bouse
A wee bit at our ease ;
There we our various cracks may ha'd
On ilka thing 'at passes,
An' watch the water castin' lad,
O' some our bonny lasses,
Unseen this day.

Wi' merry lilts the fiddler's chang,
The lads an' lasses bicker,
The drink o' acid teasts sae strang
'Twad mek an auld naig nicker.
Some sit an' rub their shins reeght sad,
Full sair wi' sindry knocks,
Ithers wi' kevlin' hey go mad,
Sweat leyke as monny brocks,
I'th' room this day.

Here, lan'leady, some mair shwort ceaks,
An' meng us up thar glasses;
Fiddlers screw up your strings, for, faiks!
We'll lilt up "Sowerby Lasses."
An hey for our town lads! stan' back,
An' let's have room to rally,
We'll thump away till a' be black,—
Weel fidg'd my sonsy Sally,
Thou's meyne this day.

Here a' seems happiness throughout,
Lang be your plizzers lastin';
The punch and cider laves about,
An' few are here black fastin'.
Ilk lad now hugs the lass he leykes,
Wheyle some hev hauf-a-dizzen,
Unless some wreen ill-natur'd teykes,
'At car'n't if th' lasses wizzen
At th' fair this day.

But we'll agean our matty shift
An' stroll about together,
We'll not give ya pleace a' our gift
An' hain nought for anither;
A thousand farlies yet unseen
We'll fin' at diff'rent pleaces,
I' scwores o' tents we hevn't been,
Nor seen hauf th' bonny feaces
'At's here this day.

Let's tek a scwover thro' th' horse fair,
An' hear some coupar jargon,
We'll see them cheat an' lythe them lee
Owr monny a gallows bargain;
For Bewcastle aye bears the bell
For jobbers, scamps, and dealers,
And, low be't spoken, some fwoaks tell
They erst hev been horse stealers
In there away.

Luok, leyke mad bulls they bang about,
Wi' shouts their thropples rivan,
Wheyle whup for smack the rabble rout
Are yen owr t'other drivan;
Perdition seems to mark their gaite
Wi' rage and wilfu' murder.
Some seafer bit we'll try to laite,
An' pauk on rather further
Frae skaith this day.

Wheyte roun' the hill we'll tak' a range
An' view whatever passes,
The varying objects as they change,
Feyne wares and bonny lasses.
If e'er variety can please
What pleace is there in nature,
Where't can be fund wi' greater ease,
Or where it can be greater,
Than here to-day.

Wi' monny mair see Meggy Houpe
Wi' her bit sarkin' linen,
'At keep'd her feckly thro' th' how doup
Wate weel reeght constant spinnin';
Thro' monny a lang cauld winter neeght
I'th' nuok has she sat drillin'
Her pund leyne gairn, an' now she's reeght
If it bring forty shillin'
This Rosley day.

Here's baby-laikins, rowth o' speyce,
On sta's an' ra's extended,
Wi' nibelties as guode as neyce
In strange confusion blended;
Wi' bozlam wares, shoon scwores o' pairs,
An' whillimere's rare cheeses,
Clogs splinter new, bass-bottom'd chairs,
An' lea stanes for new leases,
I' heaps this day.

See swingin' owr the foggy swaird,
Begrac'd wi' angel features,
Wi' bra's weel buskit, rigg'd, an' squar'd,
A wheen deleytefu' creatures:
But beware o' the fause-feac'd fair,
That seek but your undoin',
Thar blythsome blenks are but t' ensnare
An' tempt to certain ruin
Puor gowks this day.

Ye heedless hauflins that mayhap
To fa' into their clutches,
Tent ye, or you may nurse a clap
For a' their gaudy mutches;
An' sud ye, aeblins, be sae daft,
Ye'd luok but silly slouches,
Wi' not a plack o' kilter left
But heame wi' empty pouches
To slounge this day.

Hark! where th' inveytin' drum o' Mars
Athwart the fair loud rattles,
It 'minds me aye o' wounds an' scars,
O' bruolliments an' battles;
But Sarjin Keyte wad fain persuade
It's but the call of honour,
Where certain fortune shall be made
By those who wait upon her
Off-han' this day.

I leyke the king, I leyke the state,
The kurk, and constitution,
An' on their foes, baith soon and late,
Wish downfa' an' confusion;
But may nae frien' o' mine, by cheats,
Turn out that maizlin ninny,
To barter a' a Briton's reeghts,
For nonsense an' a guinea,
Wi' Keyte this day.

But here's a row worth a' the rest,
Come, we'll attend this tuoly;
Ifaith! we've fund a famous nest
'At mek a battlin' bruoly;
Here crazy, lazy, blin', an' leame,
Engage for general trial,
An' heevy-skeevy, fire an' flame,
They yoke in battle royal
Pell-mell this day.

A sodger, wid a wooden leg,
A keynd o' snafflin' noddy,
Had begg'd a bure, her neame was Meg,
A winsome weel-far'd body;
A darky glaum'd her by the hips,
The sodger band leyke thunder,
But still the blin' man held his grip
As tho' he ne'er wad sunder
Frae her that day.

Then up ruose Cæsar in a wrath,
An', sweyan owr his crutches,
Swear he wad lib the fiddler's graith
If he com' in his clutches;
But his inconstant marrow Meg,
As for a bang he bummel'd,
Lows'd in a treyce his timmer leg,
An' down the warrior tummel'd
Lang streek'd that day.

Now sprawlin' on the brade o's back,
Wi' rage the vet'ran ranted,
An' roun' laid monny a loundrin' whack,
But aye effect they wanted,
For as they keepd ayond his reach
His bats fell fause not fairly,
Wheylst they kept batt'ring him *en breach*,
Which vext the wight reeght sairly,
Wate weel that day.

Roun' on his bum, his central bit,
As on a pivot wheelin',
The hero whurl'd him wi' his fit,
Fast roun' his duibs aye dealin';
At length owrwhelm'd wi' filth an' sods
Frae thar ferocious tartars,
He sank beneath superior odds,
An' grean'd aloud for quarters
An' leyfe this day.

Now a' seems outrage owr the hill,
  Dread conflict an' confusion,
The watchword's blown,—be kill'd or kill;
  The day's wark's near conclusion;
We'd best be fettlin' off wi' speed
  Wheyle we've hale beanes for carrying,
For fear some hawbuck tek't i' his heade
  To brake us weel for tarrying
Sae lang this day.

END OF JOHN STAGG'S POEMS.

POEMS.

BY

MARK LONSDALE.

TH' UPSHOT.*

IT'S hey for th' lads of our town eyne!
I trow they're like nea ither,—
Theer' Wulliam Brough, an' Jwoney Heyne,
An' Kursty' Kit for anither;
Theer' Geordy Waugh, a teeran haund
At berry'an bigg or shearan;
But Ritson' Joe can cap them aw
For jinkan an' careeran.

* The following piece, taken from Jollie's "Sketch of Cumberland Manners and Customs," 8vo., Carlisle, 1811, was written by Mr. Mark Lonsdale, and intended by him to have been published in Hutchinson's "History of Cumberland," but it arrived too late for insertion. It gives a true and natural description of the manners of the district of which it treats; it is a plain "unvarnished story," but on that account preferable, as affording a specimen of the humour and customs of the Cumberland peasantry which, in this "age of refinement," are fast going to decay, though the same general characteristics are yet extant. Information is the first object of the poem, and next to that, entertainment, but without attempting to gratify either the antiquarian or the satirist; for the virtues, foibles, merits, and eccentricities of men and things are as

Thur Worton lads an' twea' three mair—
  Theer might be six or seeven—
Tawk't of an Upshot lang an' sair
  To keep up Fassen's-even.
Yea Sunday mworn, i' Bell' backseyde,
  They geddert up a gay few,
But fand it cauld to stawn i'th' fauld,
  Sea tawk't things owr i'th' hay-mew.

"That barn," says Heyne, "i' Palmer' toft
  "'Ll dea reet weel to keave in."
"Od dal!" says Joe, "theer' Wulson' loft,
  "An' that's the thing till a sheavin'."
"Aw's speak to th' fiddler than," says Kit,
  "O' Brammery we may leyte, mun."
"Wa' shittle cum shaugh!" quo' Gwordy Waugh,
  "A Stegg to fiddle as teyte, mun."

freely and, it is hoped, as harmlessly introduced as if the relator were sitting by a Cumberland fireside, where every neighbour has his story and his laugh in turn. Jollie, the editor, accuses Anderson, the Cumbrian Bard, of borrowing in a clandestine manner many of his best characters and ideas from this piece.

This free sketch, *ad vivium*, of a Cumberland Upshot, taken about the year 1780, and descriptive of the manners and dialect of Great Orton, a village four miles west of Carlisle, is intended to form the ground of the picture; hence the images and phraseology made use of are not to be considered as general throughout the country, for a number of local variations may be met with in different neighbourhoods, which the curious observer will scarcely be able to reconcile with each other, and some of which are exemplified in the course of the Poem.

" Your deame," says Joe, "mun beake uz breed."—
Says Jwoney Heyne, " Aw telt 'er ;
" Theer' a whillimer-cheese abune' bed-heed,
" An' dall ! but it's a pelter."
" But than," says Brough, " theer' yell to get."—
Says Gwordy, " Aw was thinkan
" An' Marget Peet sud brew to-neet,
" It'll sune be fit for drinkan."

" Wa than," says Job, " aw's warn us reet,
" Theer' nought 'at's ought to settle ;
" Sea whoop ! lads, hey for Fuursday neeght !
" An' git yer pumps i' fettle."
They went to kurk off-hawn, ye see,
To lwose nea teyme about it,
An' theer Wull Brough stude on a throughh,
An' 'midst o'th' kurk fwoke shoutit.

Now as 'twas frost and fair throw' leet,
As' lads agreet it sud be,
Frae far an' neer a' Fuursday neeght
Fwoke com' as fast as cud be.
Theer was Brough-side lads, an' Theursby chaps,
An' Bowness fishers vaiperan.—
Huh ! seerly thar 'at go sea far
Was gayly keen o' caiperan.—

Theer was Tom Kurkbride an' Clogger Kit,
An' Boucher Wulson' Jwoney,
An' Walker' fwoke o'th' lonnin fitt,
An' leytle Markey Lonney ;

Young Nixon com' wa' Sarah Gate,
  But leyle content he'd wud her,
For Elsey Graham ran gowlan heame,
  An' swure she wad tell his muther.

An' theer was Jwonn, at Laird a' Peel's,
  Wa' Laird Knokuppert' Mary,
Her cleaths aw trailt amang her heels,—
  A perfe't flig-me-gairy.
Dan Ceape o' Caudbeck pult her tails,—
  "R-r-r-r! bow wow! cwoaly, byte 'em!"
Then criet, for sham! to mack ther gamm,
  For he duddn't lyk't.—'Od white him!

Theer was Lundin Grace,—old Cowthart' heir,
  'At dee't theer at Kurk ander,—
She tawk't a'varst, but knapp't sea sair
  'At ninn cud understand her.
Brough got his airms about her neck;
  She cried, "Excuthe me, mithther."
"Whoo-hoo!" quo' Wull, "th' lass is a fuul!"
  Aw nobbit aim't t'll a kist her.

Theer was tarrier Gash, an' tyelleyer How,
  An' Seymy Hunt the sinker—
For dancin' he was nought at dow,
  But a prime han' for a drinker;
An' gunner Bell caw't in by chance,
  The cock o' Scealby lowpers;
Wi' brandy Matt an' gallopan Watt,
  Twea rattlan bworder cowpers.

Sea monny fwoke this Upshot brang,
An' crewd at last sea greet was,
'At Carill Fair was ne'er sea thrang
As Worton murry-neet was,
By neens at yence they fell to wark,
Wa Jenny dang the weaver,
Wheyle Worton lads waz lowpan mad,
An' shoutit "Yoicks to cleaver!"

Tom Leytle, wud a fearfu' bree,
Gat hoald o' Dinah Glaister—
She danc't a famish jig, an' he
Was Thursby dancin' maister;
But just as Leytle gev a spang
Leyke a feyne squoaveran callan,
Loft beurds they brack, an' theer ha stack
A striddlin' cock'd o' th' hallan.

Lang Cowper Watt sea whang't about
He made Nan Boustead dizzy,
An' than set up a roughsome shout,
"Seye! seye! to the drokk'n hizzy!"
Says gunner Bell to brandy Matt,
"Dammey! but hey's in oarder!
"Play up, auld chiell, a rantin' reel.—
"Whoop! haiy for Watt o' the bworder!"

Leyle tyelleyer How was shwort o' th' hough,
An' danc't wa Sarah Bewley;
He straive to buss her twice.—"Wa shaugh!"
Quo' she, an' cluff'd him, truly.

Than tyelleyer he began to chow,
And hurs'lt up his shou'der.
Wid a hullabaloo they cry't "Shoou! shoou!"
And heame set he in a powder.

Wa jaws o' yell some durty beutts
Pat loft sune in a slatter;
Wheyle ithers wi' ther clumsy clouts
Meade aw the glass windows clatter:
An wheyle they skew't and tew't, and swat,
Wa monny a weeary seydle,
Down stairs was met a roysteran set
'At com' nit ta be eydle.

Theer was glee'an' Jenn an' Jenny Reed,
Aw' knag, an' clash, an' saunter;
An' Calep Hodge, o' Mworton-heed,
A famish hand at lanter;
Theer was Jacob Hill, o' Worton-green,
Anuther gay good laiker,
But he'd ga to France as teyte as dance,
Acause of his being a Whaiker.

Laird Sheppart co' frae Thrustenfeel,
An' need wad faw to cairdin'.
Says Blaylick' son, o' Hosskat-hill,
"Wucks! let us teck this laird in."
Furst deal about he gat speadd yass,
An' crew an' yammer't sair than;
But picks was trump an' he tuke grump,
An' sed he wad laik nea mair than.

But' weddit fwoke rare laughin' hedd
I'th' bow'r wi' yan anither,
For five or six gat into the bed
An' sat hamm-samm togither;
They mixt their legs a'nonder't cleaths
As weel as they war yeable,
An' at popps an' pairs laikt long an' sair,
Wi' th' ass-buurd for a teable.

Jenn Stalker shar't whate'er she gat
Wa Jack o' Gwordy Skinners,
'Twas as gud to him as a nuikkelt cat,
For Jenn was always winners;
Leyll Arthey Todd crap till her back,
An' she brast out a squeelin',
"Be whiett fule—ar dea what ta' wull!—
"Thou kittles ma when aw's deelan."

Oal Peat' wife laikt wa Nan-Rob-Jack,
Because she was his goddy,
She bummelt on, an' iv a crack
Lost nineteen-penze at noddy;
Gudman steud wrauwlan at her lug,
An' coa't her many a garrick.
Says she "They cheat." "'Ods luid!" quo' Peat,
"Thou's meade a bonny darrak!"

I'th' chimlay-nuik some gay gud hawns,
An' gayley ill to slokk'n,
Fell tea wa poddingers an' cans,
An' few't weel to git drunkk'n.

Bowtheeker' weyfe began to glunch:
Says Theeker, "Aw defy tha;
"Oal clish-ma-clash, thou's nought but fash!
"Ga heame an' ta bed,—'od dye tha!"

They crack'd away leyke boutrey guns
O' thing they teuk delyte in,
An' fell to tawk about ther sons,
An' whilk was' best at feyghtin'.
"Our Wulliam, faith," quo' clogger Kitt,
"Sall bang aw Theursby quarter,
"For at yea batt he fellt ma flat.—
"'Ods daggs! he'll be a darter."

By ten o'clock, ye'r seen o'that,
Aw th' house was in a pudder,
An' nit a body theer but swat
Wi' yea thing or anuther.
Bunce went a pistol off i'th' foald,
An' in co' Bessy, bumman;—
"Hey for us yet!" quo' Kursty Kitt,
"Whorray! here' th' maskers cumman."

Oal Bessey swurlt an' skew't about,
Whell fwoke to th' skemmels brattl't,
An' lasses whilly-liltit out
As they hed been betrattl't;
But th' maister in amang them lap
Just leyke a deevel ranty,
An' brought man Jack, wi' Busy Gapp,
An' Neddy Tarn an' Lanty.

Reeght unkat figures did they cut,
And ay they skipp'd an' chantit,
Their spangs an' vapours pass'd for wut,
An' that was aw they wantit.
Jack out wa monny a menseless word,
But lasses bude his mockin',
An' whate'er he spak' criet "Never ak,
"Sea lang as he is but jwoakin'."

To ken the maskers monny a yenn
Triet ivver langer th' harder,
Fwoke harkt an' guesst an' guesst agean,
But nin was nivver th' narder.
Whell the maister' maskin'-feace fell off;
Than, skewin' up their beavers,
Wull Brough an' Joe cry't, "Keek! holloa!
"Wuns! hey for Banton weavers!"

Quo' Gwordy Robson, "Shee! shee! shee!
"Hizz Langbrough lads can bang them."
"Wa nay," quo' Strang' weyfe, "that's a lee,
"For theer' our Wull amang them."
What matter,—when sword dance com' on
They lockt an' meade a bummel,
For Wulliam Strang—girt gammerstang!—
Ran foul o' Jacob Trummel.

But when they cott off Hector' heed
Miss Greace began a fantin;
La'ye! quo' th' leave, as seer as deed,
She ne'er was bworn a' Banton!

The leevin' surs ! she towpt her owr
'Or yen cud say, 'od bless her !
And Hector sware as he laid o'th' fluur,
Dall him, but he wad kiss her !

Sword dancers had nea suner dune
Nor yen criet out, "'Ods wonters!
" Wad tay wad give us s'unkets sune,
" We're aw as haw as hunters."
Quo' Ritson, " Weel sed, greedy gut!
" But nin o' this miff-maff mun,
" For aw's weel seer, Hob Thross'll ne'er
" Ha' thee to chowk wa kaff, mun."

But the cheese an' breed at last com' in
Aw reddy shiv't an' cutt'n,
Theer was whangs an' shives, thick an' thin,
I' weights an' riddles putt'n :
Ther cheese was teugh as kezzlup-skin,
An' wuntry wairch it teastet;
But rivin' deed was meade o'th' breed,
For that was through ither yeastet.

At' teyme when nought but teeth was gawn,
An' aw by th' chafts was tether't,
Wull Brough an' Ritson tuke in hawn
To see 'at shot was gether't :
Upstairs an' down fwoke thrimmelt out
Ther sixpenzes to th' dibbler ;
An' dancers pat i' Brammery's hat
Pennies a-piece for th' fiddler.

Now aw this fish-fash held t'em leate,
An' leyle hours was advancin',
Sea sum o'th' oal fwoke set to geate,
An' the youngans fell to dancin' ;
Oal Brammery sune began to fag,
At tymes his memory lwoasin,
Yet ne'er a tune was owr an' dune
But Jonathan caw't for 'hwoazin !

Oal clocker Jwonn wad dance a gig,
Oal Simpson' lass was handy,
He arguet sair for " Shilly-my-gig,"
An' she for " Dribbles o' Brandy."
Says Mantin' Rob o' Brough town eyne,
" Auld faughlin' deed ye keep now !
" What gars ye ba-awk gude teyme wi' ta-auk;
" Wa th' fiddler's fa-awn asleep, you."

Now as that, for seer, was Brammery' kease,
Nea better gam' desiran,
They brunt his wig an' greym't his feace,
An' waiken't him wa flyeran.
He'd dreamt 'at he was " Huntin' Fox,"
An' sea wi' snuffs an' sneevels
Rair't out, " See howw ! yeow ! yeow ! yeow !—
" Na—a dall ya ! lads, ye'r deevels.

Than furth to th' deer oal Brammery went,
Right goddartly an' ginger,
Sea Ritson play't t'em lang unkent,
An' Heyne sang " Cwoally Winjer ;"

Brough lass laikt at neevy-nack,
Bow lads gat aw to wustlan,
An' Ritchey danc'd "Jack o' th' Green,"
Whell Whaiker Hill was whustlan.

But Banton lads grew parfe't guffs,
An' Theursby lasses mazelins,
An' Peat' lass, wud her yellow muffs,
Stude kaaikin' like a gezzlin'.
Some silly fule blew th' cawn'lls out,
Wheyle fwoke for day-breck waitit,
An' lads i'th dark meade rampin' wark
'Or clwoaks an' clogs was laitit.

Young Martha Todd was haister't sair
By rammish Wully Barr'as,
They lost thersell an' hour an' mair
An' than kest up i'th' carr's;
Leyle Arthey went to lait them out—
Nin thought 'at he'd a heart for't—
He prick'lt his shins i' Wulson' whins,
An' swuur 'at some sud smart for't.

Now this ye'll say, was rackle deed,
They'd been as weel without it;—
But Mary Meer an' Jwosep Reed
Can tell ye mair about it.
T' ane was a bonny modest lass,
A canny lad was t'other,
An' nea mair mischief com' to pass
Nor weddin' yen anither.

I'th' turf-whole nuik, as drunk as muck,
  Peer Brammery was liggan,
An' clocker blebb'd for life an' pluck
  Coald water in a piggin;
Oal Wulson dwoaz't as nought had been,
  An' clwose by th' hudd sat gruntan;
Wheyle Mary Cairn, to Wulson' bairn,
  Was singan "Bee-bo-buntin'."

When' lyave had aw teann off to bed,
  Some twea' three clearan drinkers
Drew in a fworm, an' swure an' sed,
  "Dall thame 'at steek't their winkers!"
They drank aw th' yell up every sup,
  Wi' nowther haike nor quarrel,
An' at fair feer days they went ter ways,
  Wi' th' spiddick pult out o' th' barrel.

Jwonn Heyne set off to Worton Rigg,
  A randy'd cowey seekin';
Job Ritson fell to deeghtan bigg,
  An' Gwordy Waugh to theekin;
But Wulson' lad an' Kursty Kitt
  Went efter th' hounds togither:—
Sea this was Worton murry-neet
  An' hey for seck anither!

EXPLANATORY NOTES TO THE UPSHOT.

Hey for the Lads of our Town, &c. A common phrase of exultation or superiority amongst young men who pretend to more spirit than the fellows of our town.

Wulliam Brough. All the proper names made use of are or were to be found among the villages near to where the scene is laid; yet no direct personal application is meant, as they are adapted and applied at random, a very few instances excepted where the license is warranted by common custom.

Kursty Kitt. Christopher's son Kitt, or Christopher. Various modes of distinction are used by the country people in speaking of one another. In several towns there are found so many of the same surname, that they are obliged either to use combinations of the family christian names, or to adopt some bye-title appropriate to the person spoken of, in order to prevent mistakes; these are rung into a variety of changes according to the humours or contingencies of the place; and Orton, Burgh-on-Sands, Beaumont, and their several neighbourhoods, furnish a very curious collection of them. A few instances will more clearly illustrate this system of nicknames:—

Nan-Rob-Jack (John Hodgson), viz. Ann's son Robert's son John; otherwise, John the son of Robert the son of Ann.

Nan-Rob-Robin (Robert Hodgson), brother to Nan-Rob-Jack.

Nan-Rob-Robin-Robin (Robert Hodgson), son to the last mentioned.

Laird o'Foald (Laird Hodgson), a person of landed property whose house stood within a foald or farm yard.

Bill o'Foald (William Hodgson), son to the preceding.

Paddigal Wulliam (William Hodgson), from the family having formerly lived at a place called Parkgill, corrupted in the pronunciation to Parrickgill or Paddigal. Some deriva-

tions make it Paddock-hole, a swampy hole or ditch overrun with frogs.

Dub Wully, or Buikk Wully (William Hodgson). *Dub*, from a piece of standing water near his premises; and *Buikk Wully* (Book William), from his commencing bookseller in Carlisle.

Crossey (—— Hodgson), whose house stood across the town-gate or roadway in a particular manner.

Crossey Dick (Richard Hodgson), his son.

These bye-titles are so far from giving offence that the parties themselves admit them on all occasions, and sometimes even use them in writing. There are other nicknames, however, which either imply some harmless hobby-horsical propensity, or serve to stigmatize dangerous or culpable characters; these being given and circulated as whim or provocation may happen to point out, are of course seldom cordially acknowledged by those to whom they are applied: for instance,—

Brock Gwordy was a famous badger-hunter.

Our Wulliam. A young man who conceited himself wonderfully clever in all manly exercises, and whose father was incessantly boasting of him with the egotism of *Our Wulliam*.

'Bunnance o'Luive. A horse-dealer much addicted to that phrase, it being usual with him to take money with *'bunnance o'luive;* recommend a bargain with *'bunnance o'luive;* or defend a lawsuit with *'bunnance o'luive;* that is with abundance of love, or a hearty goodwill.

Durty Gully. A butcher, a very honest fellow, but apt to be slovenly on market-days.

Tipp Wully. A reputed sheep-stealer who had been tried at the assizes for stealing a ram.

Jack-a-leggs. One who had in a quarrel stabbed another with a clasp knife called a *jack-a-leggs*.

A teeran haund. One who carries all before him, as it were; a strong hardy fellow.

Wulson' Loft. That is, up-stairs at farmer Wilson's.

Any person in the neighbourhood who can supply a dancing room with a boarded floor, readily lends it for the occasion free of expense, together with every corner above and below for the accommodation of the drinkers and card-players. The loft, a first-floor of a Cumberland farm-house, is likewise the attic, with only the bare rafters and thatch for a ceiling, and divided from the kitchen below simply by the joists covered with oak boards, not so nicely fitted together as to obstruct either the sight or hearing, and oftentimes so thin that a night's dancing effects a free and complete intercourse in many places with those below The loft mostly includes the whole length of the house from one gable to the other, whereas, the down stairs is divided into kitchen and bower or bedchamber.

Brammery. Jonathan Brammery was long noted as an itinerant fiddler about that "country side," not so much for his skill in tormenting catgut (for he was a sad scraper) as for a peculiar knack he had of making himself the butt of the company wherever he came, and furnishing a continual subject for fun and waggery in his person and manners, both of which were awkward in the extreme. He considered himself very dexterous in a kind of duetto between his voice and his instrument, which he called "Hunting the Fox," and in which he ran over the various incidents of the chace with a natural snuffle and an affectation of mimicry, vocal and instrumental, that made his performance irresistibly laughable. Jonathan was an inoffensive fellow in the main, but it was almost impossible to be in his company for an hour without being induced to play off some trick or other at his expense.

LOVE IN CUMBERLAND.

Tune,—"Cuddle me, Cuddy."

WA, Jwohn, what'n mannishment's 'tis
'At tou's gawn to dee for a hizzy!
Aw hard o' this torrable fiss,
An' aw's cum't to advise tha',—'at is ee.

Mun, thou'll nobbet lwose tee gud neame
Wi' gowlin an' whingin sea mickle;
Cockswunters! min beyde about heame,
An' let her e'en ga to auld Nickle.

Thy plew-geer's aw liggin how-strow,
An' somebody's stown thee thy couter;
Oh faiks! thou's duin little 'at dow
To fash theesel ivver about her.

Your Seymey has broken car stang,
An' mendit it wid a clog-coaker;
Pump-tree's geane aw wheyt wrang,
An' they've sent for auld Tom Stawker.

Young filly's dung oure the lang stee,
An' leam'd peer Andrew the theeker;
Thee mudder wad suffer't for tee,
An haw hadn't happ'n't to cleek her.

Thou's spoilt for aw manner o' wark:
  Thou nobbet sits peghan an' pleenan.
Odswucke, man! doff that durty sark,
  An' pretha gi'e way git a clean an!

An' then gow to Carel wi' me,—
  Let her gang to Knock-cross wid her scwornin',—
Sec clanken at market we'll see,
  A'll up'od ta' forgit her 'or mwornin'!

END OF MARK LONSDALE'S POEMS.

BALLADS, &c.

BY

ROBERT ANDERSON.

ROBERT ANDERSON was born in the Parish of St. Mary, Carlisle, February 1st, 1770: he was the youngest of nine children, and, at an early age, was placed in a charity school supported by the Dean and Chapter of Carlisle. After receiving the first rudiments of learning from the Mistress, he was transferred to the care of a "long, lean pretender to knowledge," whose figure, he remarks, reminded him of the Mad Knight of La Mancha; and who, from an ardent devotion to the *rod*—not the scholastic but the piscatory—spent so much of his time in angling, to which he was perhaps impelled also by necessity, that his pupils were most shamefully neglected. Anderson was his chosen companion in these expeditions, in which he served a twofold purpose;—first, to carry the "speckled trout or small flounder;" and secondly, if dissapointed in the produce of the rod, to gather "coltsfoot, bittany, ground-ivy, and various herbs," which his master was forced by poverty to use as substitutes for tea. It was these summer excursions, Anderson says, that first gave to his youthful mind an attachment to rural scenery, and which grew with him to manhood, "the dearest wish of his heart having ever been to creep into retirement, where, in peace, he might strike the weak strings of his harp, a few years before life's closing scene." He further remarks that he first imbibed his love of song from a cheerful industrious old woman, born in the Highlands of Scotland, for

whom he used to run errands, and at whose fireside he spent many a winter evening, "delighted beyond measure with the wild Scottish ballads which she taught him while labouring at her wheel."

His parents finding that he made but little progress in his learning, next sent him to the Quaker's school under Mr. Isaac Ritson, of whom Anderson speaks with unqualified admiration, but who, in a few weeks left the city, when he was placed under his "last and best tutor" Mr. Walter Scott, a man esteemed by all ranks in the town and neighbourhood. Under him, Anderson, at the particular request of his parents, made a considerable progress in arithmetic, though his own choice would have led him to the study of grammar, of which he professes never to have attained any exact knowledge. About the expiration of his tenth year he quitted school, that he might, by his labour, assist in supporting his aged and infirm father: his mother had died a short time previous. His first employment was under a brother, a calico printer, and having been from his infancy fond of drawing, he was afterwards apprenticed to a pattern-drawer. The last five years of his apprenticeship he had engaged to serve in London, the thought of which was pleasing as it promised fair to lead to improvement; but while there, he discovered that he had "pledged his word to serve a deceitful wretch, whom necessity compelled another, as well as himself, to arrest for wages, earned by long study and close application. The distress occasioned by the villainy of his employer beggared all description. He was for some months confined to a wretched garret, from which he seldom durst venture; and, but for the kindness shown by a sister, his life must have been forfeited to want and misery." He was afterwards so fortunate as to obtain employment under a master who proved as kind as his former one was the reverse.

In 1794 he visited Vauxhall Gardens for the first time, and feeling disgusted with many of the songs he there heard, he, on the next morning, wrote the following:—"Lucy Gray of

Allendale," "I sigh for the Girl I adore," "The lovely brown Maid," and "Ellen and I." "Lucy Gray" was his first attempt at poetical composition, and was suggested by hearing a Northumbrian rustic relate the story of the "Unfortunate Lovers." These songs, with several others, he afterwards offered to his friend Mr. Hook, a composer of celebrity; they were set to music by him, and his first poetic effusion was sung by Master Phelps at Vauxhall, in 1794, with great applause. The others also obtained the approbation of the public to the great joy of the author.

Anderson employed many of his leisure hours in the cultivation of music, frequently composing the airs for his own songs: he was an excellent player on the German flute. He may be said also to have excelled in minute writing:—in his Memoir he says "By candle light, and without the aid of glasses, I wrote the Lord's Prayer, Creed, Ten Commandments, a short psalm, and my name, on the size of a sixpence, which was given to a worthy friend, Mr. Palmer, of Drury Lane Theatre. I also wrote the Lord's Prayer twelve times, on the same size, now in the possession of a lady whose kindness was beyond all expectation, Mrs. Howard, of Corby Castle. It was then my intention to write the whole of the New Testament, which, with ease, I could have produced on a sheet of paper, twenty-two inches square; but finding this would engross the hours of leisure for some years, I declined the undertaking."

His father, whom he regularly supported, about this time paid him an unexpected visit, having walked, though in his 76th year, from Carlisle to London, a distance of 301 miles, in six days. Although tears of joy streamed down the face of each on meeting, yet it was with great difficulty he was prevailed on to remain in London a fortnight, for he could not bear the noise and bustle. "I feel it impossible," says Anderson, "to write of him without shedding a tear; for the greatest happiness I enjoy now, in life's decline, is the reflection of having fulfilled my duty to him, whom I saw laid in his grave in autumn, 1807.

Would to God all who have it in their power would act in a similar manner to a helpless parent."

In October, 1796, at the request of his father, who stated himself to be unhappily situated, he left the Metropolis, and accepted an offer of employment from the firm of Lamb, Scott, and Co., of Carlisle. In 1798, he published a volume of Poems, dedicating it to J. C. Curwen, Esq., M. P., for which, however, he received little more than dear-bought praise, in consequence of the non-payment of several subscriptions. In Dec. 1801, he published a ballad in the Cumbrian dialect, "Betty Brown," and the commendation with which it was received, particularly from a learned friend, Mr. Thomas Sanderson, encouraged him to further attempts in the same species of poetry; till at length a sufficient number was produced to form a volume, which, at the request of Mr. Sanderson who furnished the notes to it, he published under the title of "Cumberland Ballads," but this volume, like its predecessor, barely defrayed the expenses attendant upon the publication, owing to much of the subscription-money being lost. The work, however, becoming popular, the edition was soon exhausted, and subsequent ones were issued by Mr. Hetherton, of Wigton, who had purchased the copyright.

Prior to the second edition, Anderson departed from Carlisle at the earnest intreaty of a friend, having the promise of a more lucrative situation in the neighbourhood of Belfast. On reaching Dumfries, he states that his wish was so great to pay the tributary tear at the tomb of Robert Burns, that this alone induced him to prefer a pedestrian journey through Scotland to a short sail from Maryport. He paid a visit also to Mrs. Burns, and wrote a few lines on the occasion, but "finding it impossible to do justice to his feelings the effusion was never shown." During his journey the "Mountain Boy" and "The Vale of Elva" were written, the first of which he published on his arrival in Belfast. Owing to the pressure of the times and the want of spirit in the proprietors, the print-works were closed in less

than two years. In that period he had published much in the Belfast Newspaper, which led him into the society of many literary characters. He wrote, and was about to publish, an "Adieu to Erin," when he met with an unexpected engagement at Carnmoney, six miles from Belfast; and, during his residence at this place, his truly christian hospitality shone forth in a most exemplary manner, in relieving, from his own scanty purse, the distresses of the many wretched and helpless beings by whom he found himself surrounded. In aid of the same object, charity balls were also frequently held and subscriptions liberally entered into; on which occasions he was uniformly appointed collector, but notwithstanding his continual anxiety to serve his brethren in a strange country, he frequently experienced the basest acts of ingratitude, and his life, indeed, was frequently placed in jeopardy by those whom he had never offended.

Calico-printing in Ireland having now been for some time on the decline, he found it necessary to leave Belfast, and returning to his native city, Carlisle, had every reason to be gratified with the reception he experienced from all his friends and acquaintances, who shortly afterwards advised him to publish his works in order to make some provision for his latter days. "Diffidence," he says, "would have prevented me from making such an attempt had not necessity forced me to it. A committee was appointed, who have used every exertion to ensure my happiness in the winter of life; and the same anxiety has been shown by many in various parts of the kingdom." Two volumes were accordingly published at Carlisle, in 1820; prefaced by an "Essay on the Character and Manners of the Peasantry of Cumberland," from the pen of his friend Mr. Thomas Sanderson, and a Memoir written by himself, from which this sketch is principally obtained. For the last twelve months of his life he was supported from a monthly subscription entered into by many of his friends and admirers, chiefly inhabitants of Carlisle, at which place he died on the 27th

of September, 1833, in the 63rd year of his age, and was interred in the burial ground of the Cathedral Church. A monument of statuary marble, in the basso-relievo style, has since been erected to his memory in the Cathedral, having the following inscription under a medallion likeness of the bard.

ERECTED,
By public subscription,
To the memory of
ROBERT ANDERSON,
The Cumberland Bard,
Died in Carlisle, 26th Sept. 1833,
Aged 63 years.

The surplus of the subscription fund was expended on a stone memorial over the spot where he was interred.

Numerous of his Ballads and Songs are scattered abroad in MS. among his friends. His nephew possesses an Opera entitled "The Chief of Skye," containing many passages of great beauty: it was shown by the author to the late Mr. Kean, who expressed a very high opinion of it. Of Anderson's style of writing, his friend Sanderson remarks "His Cumberland Ballads display uncommon merit, and may be considered as the most perfect specimens of pastoral writing that have yet appeared. The author has taken a wider view of rural life than any of his predecessors, and has been more happy in describing the peculiar cast of thought and expression by which individual manners are distinguished. In delineating the characters of his peasants he has closely adhered to nature and truth, never raising them above their condition in life by too much refinement, and never depressing them below it by too much vulgarity. He holds them up often to laughter, but never to contempt. He has the happy talent of catching the ludicrous in every thing that comes before him, and of expressing it in that felicity which gives it in its full force to the reader."

NICHOL THE NEWSMONGER.

Tune,—"The night before Larry was stretch'd."

COME, Nichol, and gi'e us thy cracks,
I seed te gang down to the smiddy,
I've fodder'd the naigs and the nowt,
And wanted to see thee, 'at did e.
Ay, Andrew, lad! draw in a stuil,
And gi'e us a shek o' thy daddle;
I got aw the news far and nar,
Sae set off as fast's e could waddle.

In France they've but sworrowfu' teymes,
For Bonnyprat's nit as he sud be;
America's nobbet sae sae;
And England nit quite as she mud be;
Sad wark there's amang blacks and wheytes,*
Sec tellin' plain teales to their feaces,
Wi' murders, and wars, and aw that,—
But, ho'd! I forget where the pleace is.

Our parson he gat drunk as muck,
Then ledder'd aw t' lads roun' about him,
They said he was nobbet hawf reet,
And fwok mud as weel be widout him;

* Alluding to the insurrection of the Blacks.

The yell's to be fourpence a whart—
Odswinge! lad, there will be rare drinkin;
Billy Pitt's mad as onie March hare,
And niver was reet fwok are thinkin'.

A weddin' we'll hev 'or it's lang
Wi' Bet Brag and lal Tommy Tagwally;
Jack Bunton's far off to the sea—
It'll e'en be the deeth of our Sally;
The clogger has bowt a new wig;
Dawston singers come here agean Sunday;
Lord Nelson's ta'en three Spanish fleets;
And the dancin'-schuil opens on Monday.

Carel badgers are monstrous sad fwok,
The silly peer de'ils how they wring up;
Lal bairns ha'e got pox frae the kye;*
And fact'ries, leyke mushrooms, they spring up,
If they sud keep their feet for awheyle,
And gover'ment nobbet pruive civil,
They'll build up as hee as the muin,
For Carel's a match for the deevil.

The king's meade a bit of a speech,
And gentlefwok say it's a topper;
An alderman deet tudder neet
Efter eatin' a turkey to supper;
Our squire's to be parli'ment-man—
Mess, lad, but he'll keep them aw busy!
Whea thinks te's come heame i' the cwoach
Frae Lunnon, but grater-feac'd Lizzy.

* Cowpox.

The cock-feghts are ninth o' neist month,
I've twee nit aw England can bang them;
In Ireland they're aw up in arms,
It's whop'd there's nee Frenchmen amang them;
A boggle's been seen wi' twee heeds—
Lord help us!—ayont Wully' carras,
Wi' girt saucer een and a tail—
They dui say 'twas auld Jobby Barras.

The muin was at full this neet weet;
The weather is turn'd monstrous daggy;
I' th' loft, just at seeben last neet,
Lal Stephen sweethearted lang Aggy—
There'll be bonny wark bye and bye,
The truth'll be out there's nae fear on't,
But I niver says nought, nay nit I,
For fear hawf the parish sud hear on't.

Our Tib at the cwose-house hes been,
She tells us they're aw monstrous murry;
At Carel the brig's tummel'd down,
And they tek the fwok owre in a whurry;
I carried our whye to the bull;
They've ta'en seeben spies up at Dover;
My fadder compleens of his hip;
And the Gran' Turk has enter'd Hanover.

Daft Peg's got hersel, man, wi' bairn,
And silly pilgarlic's the fadder;
Lal Sim's geane and swapp'd the black cowt;
And cwoley has wurriet the wedder;

My mudder has got frostet heels;
And peace is the talk o' the nation,
For paper says varra neist week
There's to be a grand humiliation.*

Aunt Meable has lost her best sark,
And Cleutie is bleam'd varra mickle;
Nought's seafe out o' duirs now-a-days,
Frae a millstone e'en down to a sickle.
The clock it streykes eight, I mun heame,
Or I's git a deuce of a fratchin:
When neist we've a few hours to spare
We'll fin' out what mischief's a hatchin'.

THE IMPATIENT LASSIE.

Tune,—"Low down in the broom."

DEUCE tek the clock! click-clackin' sae
Ay in a body's ear;
It tells and tells the teyme is past
When Jwohnny sud been here.
Deuce tek the wheel! 'twill nit rin roun,
Nae mair to-neet I'll spin,
But count each minute wid a seegh
Till Jwohnny he steals in.

* Illumination.

How neyce the spunky fire it burns
For twee to sit beseyde,
And theer's the seat where Jwohnny sits—
And I forget to cheyde;
My fadder, tui, how sweet he snwores,
My mudder's fast asleep—
He promis'd oft, but, oh! I fear
His word he wunnet keep.

What can it be keeps him frae me?
The ways are nit sae lang,
And sleet and snow are nought at aw
If yen were fain to gang:
Some udder lass, wi' bonnier feace,
Has catch'd his wicked ee,
And I'll be pointed at at kurk—
Nay, suiner let me dee!

O durst we lasses nobbet gang
And sweetheart them we leyke,
I'd run to thee, my Jwohnny, lad,
Nor stop at bog or deyke:
But custom's sec a silly thing—
Thur men mun hae their way,
And monie a bonny lassie sit
And wish frae day to day.

I yence hed sweethearts monie a yen
They'd weade thro' muck and mire,
And when our fwok wer deed asleep
Com' tremlin' up to t' fire.

At Carel market lads wad stare,
And talk, and follow me;
Wi' feyne shwort keakes, ay frae the fair,
Baith pockets cramm'd wad be.

O dear! what changes women pruive
In less than seeben year,
I walk the lonnins, owre the muir,
But de'il a chap comes near!
And Jwohnny I nee mair can trust,
He's just like aw the lave;
I fin' this sairy heart 'll brust!
I'll suin lig i' my grave!

But, whisht!—I hear my Jwohnny's fit—
Aye, that's his varra clog!
He steeks the faul yeat softly tui—
Oh, hang that cwoley dog!
Now hey for seeghs and suggar words,
Wi' kisses nit a few—
This warl's a parfe't paradeyse
When lovers they pruive true!

WATTY.

Tune,—"The lads o' Dunce."

IF you ax where I come frae, I say the fell seyde,
Where fadder and mudder and honest fwok beyde;
And my sweetheart—O bliss her!—she thought nin leyke me,
For when we shuik han's the tears gush'd frae her ee.
Says I, I mun e'en get a spot if I can,
But whativer beteyde me, I'll think o' thee, Nan.

Spoken.] Nan was a parfe't beauty, wi' twee cheeks leyke codlin' blossoms: the varra seet on her meade my mouth aw watter. "Fares-te-weel, Watty," says she; "tou's a wag amang t' lasses, and I'll see thee nae mair." "Nay, dunnet gowl, Nan," says I,

For, mappen, er lang I's be maister mysel.
Sae we buss'd, and I tuik a last luik at the fell.

On I whussel'd and wonder'd, my bundle I flung
Owre my shou'der, when cwoley he efter me sprung,
And howl'd—silly fellow!—and fawn'd at my fit,
As if to say, "Watty, we munnet part yet."
At Carel I stuid wi' a strae i' my mouth,
And they tuik me, nae doubt, for a promisin' youth.

Spoken.] The weyves com' roun' me in clusters. "What weage dus te ax, canny lad?" says yen. "Wey, three pun and a crown;—wunnet beate a hair o' my beard." "What can te dui?" says anudder. "Dui, wey I can pleugh, sow, mow, sheer, thresh, deyke, milk, kurn, muck a byre, sing a psolm, men' car-

gear, dance a whornpeype, nick a naig's tail, hunt a brock, or feght iver a yen o' my weight in aw Croglin parish."

Auld Margery Jackson suin caw't me her man;
But that day, I may say't, aw my sorrows began.

Furst, cwoley—peer fellow!—they hang'd i' the street,
And skinn'd—God forgi'e them!—for shun to their feet!
I cried, and they caw'd me a peer hawfwitted clown,
And banter'd and follow'd me aw up and down.
Neist, my deame she e'en starv'd me, that niver liv'd weel;
Her hard words and luiks wou'd ha'e freeten'd the de'il;—

Spoken.] She hed a lang beard for aw t' warl leyke a billy-goat, wi' a kil-dried frosty feace; and then the smawest leg o' mutton in aw Carel market sarrad the cat, me, and hur for a week. The bairns meade sec gam' on us, and thunder'd at the rapper as if to waken a corp: when I open'd the duir they threw stour i' my een, and caw'd me daft Watty.

Sae I pack'd up my duds when my quarter was out,
And, wi' weage i' my pocket, I saunter'd about.

Suin my reet-han' breek pocket they pick'd in a fray,
And wi' fifteen wheyte shillin's they slipp'd clean away,
Forby my twee letters frae mudder and Nan,
Where they said Carel lasses wad Watty trapan.
But 'twou'd tek a lang day just to tell what I saw,
How I sceap'd frae the gallows, the sowdgers and aw.

Spoken.] Aa, there was some fworgery chaps had me just sign my neame. "Nay," says I, "you've gotten a wrang pig by t' lug, for I canna write." Then a fellow leyke a lobster, aw leac'd and feather'd, ax'd me. "Watty, wull te 'list? thou's owther be a general or a gomoral." "Nay, I wunnet—that's plain—I's content wi' a cwoat o' mudder's spinnin'."

Now, wi' twee groats and tuppence, I'll e'en toddle heame;
But ne'er be a sowdger wheyle Watty's my neame.

How my mudder 'll gowl, and my fadder 'll stare,
When I tell them peer cwoley they'll niver see mair;
Then they'll bring me a stuil;—as for Nan she'll be fain,
When I kiss her—God bless her!—agean and agean.
The barn, and the byre, and the auld hollow tree,
Will just seem leyke cronies yen's fidgin to see.

Spoken.] The sheep 'll nit ken Watty's voice now! The peat-stack we us'd to lake roun' 'll be brunt ere this! As for Nan she'll be owther married or broken-hearted! But sud aw be weel at Croglin, we'll ha'e feastin', fiddlin', dancin', drinkin', singin', and smuikin',—aye, till aw's blue about us.

Amang aw our neybours sec wonders I'll tell,
But niver mair leave my auld frien's or the fell.

THE ILL-GIEN WEYFE; AN OWRE TRUE PICTURE O' MONIE.

Tune,—"My wife has ta'en the gee."

A TOILSOME leyfe for thurty years
I patiently hev spent,
As onie yen o' onie rank
I' this weyde warl e'er kent,
For when at heame or when away
Nae peace ther' is for me,
I's pestert wid an *ill-gien weyfe*
That niver lets me be;
Ay teazin', ne'er ceasin',
Leyke an angry sea;
Nae kurk-bell e'er hed sec a tongue,
And oft it deefens me.

When furst I saw her mealy feace
'Twas painted up sae feyne,
I thowt her e'en fit for a queen—
She wan this heart o' meyne;
But sin that hour—that sworry hour!—
We ne'er cud yence agree,
And oft I curse the luckless day
I pawn'd my liberty;
Care and sorrow then to-morrow
Ay the seame mun be.—
O had I coffin'd been that day
I lost my liberty!

When young I wish'd for weyfe and weeans,
  But now the thowt I scworn:
Thank heav'n, a bairn o' owther sex
  To me she ne'er has bworn!
Leyke fuils we wish our youth away,
  When happy we mud be.
Aw ye whee're pleagued wi' scauldin' weyves
  I wish ye suin set free:
Grin, grinnin'!—din, dinnin'!—
  Toil and misery!—
Better feed the kurk-yard wurms
  Than leeve sec slaves as we.

I's past aw wark, it's hard to want,
  And auld and peer am I:
But happiness, i' this veyle warl,
  Nae gear cud iver buy.
O wer' I on some owre sea land,
  Nae woman nar to see,
At preyde and grande'r I wad smeyle,
  And thanks to heav'n wad gi'e.
O woman!—foe to man—
  A blessin' thou sud be,
But wae to him that wears thy chain,
  Peer wretch unblest, leyke me.

When wintry blasts blow loud and keen
  I's fain to slink frae heame,
And rader feace the angry storm
  Than hur I hate to neame:

Wheyle she wi' sland'rous cronies met
  Sits hatchin' monie a lee :—
The seet wad flay auld Nick away,
  Or vex a saint to see.
Puff, puffin,'—snuff, snuffin,'—
  Ne'er frae mischief free :
How waak is lwordly boastin' man
  On sec to cast an ee !

If to a neybor's house I steal
  To crack awheyle at neet,
She hurries ti me leyke a de'il,
  And flays the fwok to see't.
Whate'er I dui, whate'er I say,
  Wi' hur a fau't mun be !
I freet and freet baith neet and day,
  But seldom clwose an ee :
Wake, wakin' !—shak', shakin' !—
  Then she teks the gee ;
He's happy that leevs aw his leane
  Compar'd wi' chaps leyke me.

To stop the niver-ceasin' storm
  I brong her cousin here,
She aw but brak' the wee thing's heart,
  And cost her monie a tear.
If chance a frien' pops in his heed,
  Off to the duir she'll flee,
She snarls leyke onie angry cat,
  And sair I's vex'd to see.

Now fratchin', neist scratchin',
  Oft wi' bleaken'd ee:
I pray auld Nick hed sec a deame,
  I trow he vex'd wad be.

How blithe man meets the keenest ills
  I' this shwort voyage o' leyfe,
And thinks nae palace leyke his heame
  Blest wid a keyndly weyfe:
But sure the greatest curse hard fate
  To onie man can gi'e,
Is sec a filthy slut as meyne
  That ne'er yence comforts me.
Lads jeerin', lasses sneerin',
  Cuckold some caw me;
I scrat an auld grey achin' pow,
  But darn't say they lee.

They're happy that hev teydey weyves
  To keep peer bodies clean,
But meyne's a freetfu' lump o' filth,
  Her marra ne'er was seen:
Ilk dud she wears upon her back
  Is poison to the ee;
Her smock's leyke auld Nick's nuttin bag—
  The de'il a word I lee.
Dour and durty!—house aw clarty!—
  See her set at tea;
Her feace defies baith seape and san'
  To mek't just fit to see.

A beyte o' meat I munnet eat
  Seave what I cuik mysel' ;
Ae patch or clout she'll nit stick on,
  Sae heame's just leyke a hell.
By day or neet, if out o' seet
  Seafe frae this canker'd she,
I pray and pray, wi' aw my heart,
  Deeth suin tek hur or me.
Fleyte, fleytin' !—feght, feghtin !—
  How hur luik I dree :
Come, tyrant, rid me o' this curse,
  Dui tek hur—I'll thank thee !

TOM LINTON.

Tune—"Come under my plaidie."

TOM LINTON was bworn till a brave canny fortune,
  His auld fadder screap'd aw the gear up he cud,
But Tom—country booby—luik'd owre hee abuin him,
  And mix'd wi' the bad nor e'er heeded the gud ;
At the town he'd whore, gammle, play hell, and the deevil,
  He wad hev his caper nor car'd how it com' ;
Then he mud hev his greyhounds, guns, setters, and hunter ;
And King o' the Cockers they aw cursen'd Tom.

I think I just see how the lads wad flock roun' him,
And, oh! they were fain to shek Tom by the han',
Then he'd tell how he fit wi' the barbers and bullies,
And drank wi' the waiter till nowther cud stan';
His watch he wad show, and his list o' the horses,
And pou out a guinea and offer to lay,
Till our peer country lads grew uneasy and lazy,
And Tom cud ha'e coax'd hawf the parish away.

Then he drank wi' the squire, and laugh'd wid his worship,
And talk'd o' the duke and the deevil kens whee;
He gat aw the new-fangl'd oaths i' the nation,
And mock'd a peer beggar-man wantin' an ee;
His fields they were mor'gag'd; about it was whisper'd,
A farmer was robb'd nit owre far frae his house;
At last aw was selt his auld fadder had toil'd for,
And silly Tom Linton left nit worth a sous.

His fortune aw spent—what, he'd hae the laird's dowter!
But she pack'd him off wid a flea in his ear;
Neist thing, an auld comrade—for money Tom borrow'd—
E'en pat him in prison and bad him lig theer;
At last he gat out, efter lang he had suffer'd
And sair had repented the sad life he'd led,
Widout shun till his feet, in a sowdger's auld jacket,
He works on the turnpeyke reet hard for his bread.

Now folly seen intui, ragg'd, peer, and down-hearted,
He toils and he freets, and keen wants daily press;
If cronies reyde by, wey, alas! they've forgot him:—
For whee can remember auld friends in distress?
O pity! what pity! that in ev'ry county
Sae mony Tom Lintons may always be found:
Deuce tek aw girt nwotions and whurligig fashions,
Contentment's a kingdom, aye, aw the warl round.

ROB LOWRIE.

Tune,—"Auld Rob Morris."

I'VE seen thirty summers strow flowers i' the glen,
But anudder blithe summer I'll ne'er see again:
I've hed monie wooers, frae clown to the beau,
But I've lost Rob Lowrie the flower o' them aw.

The furst was Joe Coupland, when I was fifteen;
The neist was Wull Wawby, and then com' Gib Green,
And Jwohn o' Kurkan'rews, and sly Dicky Slee,
But bonny Rob Lowrie was dearest to me.

'Twas last Durdar reaces he rid the black cowt,
And, widout onie whuppin', he bang't t'em leyke owt;
And then when they russel'd, the lads how he felt:
And off heame we canter't wi' breydle and belt.

At neets when we daunder't alang Cauda seyde
He'd promise and promise, to mek me his breyde;
And then our twee neames he wad carve on the steyle—
Lord help the peer lasses men seek to beguile!

I luik owre the pasture—nae Rob's to be seen,
Then sit down, heart-broken, and tears blin' my een;
My mudder she fratches frae mwornin' till neet,
And lasses keep flyrin' wheniver we meet.

When singin', Rob Lowrie was ay i' my sang,
Now thoughts o' Rob Lowrie ha'e turn'd me quite wrang;
He's weel-shep'd and lusty, he stan's six feet twee,
Theer's health in his fair feace and luive in his ee.

But whee's this comes whustlin' sae sweet owre the hill?
He brings me a pwosey—it's e'en Gwordie Gill!
He's lish and he's canny, wi' reed curly hair—
The de'il tek Rob Lowrie! I'll heed him nae mair.

THE BLECKELL MURRY-NEET.

AA, lad, sec a murry-neet we've hed at Bleckell,
The sound o' the fiddle yet rings i' my ear;
Aw reet clipt and heel'd were the lads and the lasses,
And monie a clever lish huzzy was theer.

The bettermer swort sat snug i' the parlour;
I' th' pantry the sweethearters cutter'd sae soft;
The dancers they kick'd up a stour i' the kitchen;
At lanter the caird-lakers sat i' the loft.

The clogger o' Dawston's a famish top hero,
And bangs aw the player-fwok twenty to yen,
He stamp'd wid his fit, and he shouted and roy-
ster'd,
Till the sweet it ran off at his varra chin en';
Then he held up ae han' leyke the spout of a tea-pot,
And danc'd "Cross the Buckle," and "Leather-
te-patch;"
When they cried "Bonny Bell," he lap up to the
ceilin',
And ay crack'd his thoums for a bit of a fratch.

The Hivverby lads at fair drinkin' are seypers;
At cockin' the Dawstoners niver wer' bet;
The Buckabank chaps are reet famish sweethearters,
Their kisses just soun' leyke the sneck of a yeat;
The lasses o' Bleckell are sae monie angels;
The Cummersdale beauties ay glory in fun—
God help the peer fellow that glymes at them dancin',
He'll steal away heartless as sure as a gun.

The 'bacco was strang, and the yell it was lythey,
And monie a yen bottom'd a whart leyke a kurn;
Daft Fred, i' the nuik, leyke a hawf-rwoasted deevil,
Telt sly smutty stwories and meade them aw
gurn;

Then yen sung "Tom Linton," anudder "Dick Watters,"
The auld farmers bragg'd o' their fillies and fwoals,
Wi' jeybin' and jwokin', and hotchin' and laughin',
Till some thought it teyme to set off to the cwoals.

But, ho'd! I forgat—when the clock strack eleebem,
The dubbler was brong in wi' wheyte breed and brown;
The gully was sharp, the girt cheese was a topper,
And lumps big as lapstons our lads gobbl'd down.
"Ay," the douse dapper lan'leady cried, "eat and welcome,
"I' God's neame step forret—nay, dunnet be bleate."
Our guts aw weel pang'd, we buck'd up for blin' Jenny,
And neist paid the shot on a girt pewder plate.

Now full to the thropple, wi' heed-warks and heart-aches,
Some crap to the clock-kease instead o' the duir;
Then sleepin' and snworin' tuik pleace o' their rwoarin',
And teane abuin tudder e'en laid on the fluir.
The last o' December lang, lang, we'll remember,
At five i' the mworn, eighteen hundred and twee:
Here's health and success to the brave Jwohnny Dawston,
And monie sec meetin's may we live to see!

THE VILLAGE GANG.

Tune,—"Jenny dang the Weaver."

THERE'S sec a gang in our town,
The deevil cannot wrang them,
And cud yen gat t'em put i' prent,
Aw England cuddent bang them.
Our dogs e'en beyte aw decent fwok,
Our varra naigs they kick them,
And if they nobbet ax their way
Our lads set on and lick them.

Furst wi' Dick Wiggem we'll begin,
The teyney greasy wobster,
He's got a gob frae lug to lug,
And neb leyke onie lobster;
Dick' weyfe, they say, was Branton bred,—
Her mudder was a howdey,—
And when peer Dick's thrang on the luim
She's off to Jwohnny Gowdey.

But as for Jwohnny, silly man,
He threeps about the nation,
And talks o' stocks and Charley Fox,
And meks a blusteration;
He reads the paper yence a week—
The auld fwok geape and wonder—
Were Jwohnny king we'd aw be rich,
And France mud e'en knock under.

Lang Peel, the laird, 's a dispert chap,
  His weyfe's a famish fratcher,
She brays the lasses, starves the lads,
  Nae bandylan can match her;
We aw ken how they gat their gear—
  But that's a fearfu' stwory—
And sud he hing on Carel sands
  Nit yen wad e'er be sworry.

Beane-breker Jwohn we weel may neame,—
  He's tir'd o' wark, confound him!—
By manglin' limbs and streenin' joints
  He's meade aw cripples roun' him;
Mair hurt he's duin than onie yen
  That iver sceap'd a helter.
When sec leyke guffs leame decent fwok
  It's teyme some laws sud alter.

The schuilmaster's a conjuror,
  For when our lads are drinkin',
Aw macks o' tricks he'll dui wi' cairds,
  And tell fwok what they're thinkin';
He'll glow'r at maps and spell hard words
  For hours and hours together,
And in the muin he kens what's duin—
  Nay, he can coin the weather!

Then theer's the blacksmith wi' ae ee,
  And his hawf-witted mudder,
'Twad mek a deed man laugh to see
  Them glyme at yen anudder;

A three-quart piggen full o' keale
He'll sup—the greedy sinner—
Then eat a cow'd-lword leyke his head,
Aye, onie day at dinner.

Jack Marr, the hirplin piper's son,
Can bang them aw at leein',
He'll brek a lock, or steal a cock,
Wi' onie yen in bein';
He eats guid meat, and drinks strang drink,
And gangs weel graith'd o' Sunday,
And weel he may, a bonny fray
Com' out last Whissen-Monday.

The doctor he's a parfe't pleague,
And hawf the parish puzzens;
The lawyer sets fwok by the lugs,
And cheats them neist by duzzens;
The parson swears a bonny stick
Amang our sackless asses;
The squire has ruin'd scwores and scwores
O' canny country lasses.

Theer's twenty mair, coarse as neck beef,
If yen hed teyme to neame them;—
Left-handed Sim, slape-finger'd Sam,
Nae law cud iver teame them;
Theer's blue-nebb'd Watt and ewe-chin'd Dick,
Weel wordy o' the gallows:—
O happy is the country seyde
That's free frae sec leyke fellows.

GRIZZY.

Tune,—"My auld guidman."

THE witch weyfe begg'd in our backseyde,
But went unsarra'd away i' th' pet:—
Our Ester kurn'd at e'er she kurn'd,
But butter the deuce a crum' cou'd get;
The pez-stack fell and crush'd my fadder;
My mudder cowp'd owre and leam'd hersel';
Neist—war and war—what did we see,
But Jenny' pet lam' drown'd i' the well.

Auld Grizzy the witch, as some fwok say,
Meks paddock-rud ointment for sair een,
And cures the tuith-wark wi' a charm
Of hard words, neane ken what they mean;
She milks the kye—the urchin's bleam'd;
She bleets the cworn wi' her bad ee;
When cross'd by lasses they pruive wi' bairn,
And if she grummel they're seafe o' twee.

I yence sweethearted Madge o' th' mill—
And whea sae thick as she and I—
Auld Whang he promis'd twee-score pun,
A weel theek'd house and bit of a stye;
Ae neet we met at our croft head,
But Grizzy was daund'ring aw her leane,
And scarce a week o' days were owre,
Till Madge to kurk Wull Weer had teane.

When deef Dick Maudlin last his weyfe,
And said 'twas weel it was nae war;
When Jerry' black filly pick'd the fwoal;
And hawf-blin' Calep fell owre the scar;
When manten Margeet brunt her rock;
When smuggler Mat was lost i' the snaw;
When wheezlin Wully was set in the stocks—
Auld Grizzy aye gat the weyte of aw.

Her feace is like the stump of a yek,
She stoops and stowters, sheks and walks,
Blear-e'ed and tuithless, wi' a beard,
She coughs and granes, and mumps and talks;
She lives in a shill-house, burns dried sticks,
And there hes dealin's wi' the de'il:—
O war she whietly in her grave,
For where she bides few can dui weel.

THE TWEE AULD MEN.

MATTHEW.

WHAT, Gabriel, come swat thy ways down on the sattle;
I lang for a bit of a crack;—
Thy gran'son I sent owre the geate for some 'bacco,
The varment 'll never come back.

Nay, keep on thy hat, we heed nought about manners;
What news about your en' o' the town?
They say the king's badly—thur times gang but oddly—
The warl just seems turn'd upseyde down:
Ay, what alterations and out-o'-way fashions
Sin lal todlin callans were we.

GABRIEL.

O, Matthew, they've cutten the yeks and the eshes
That grew owre anent the kurk waw:
How oft dud we lake just like wild things amang them,
But suin we, like them, mun lig law.
The schuil-house is fawn where we beath larn'd our letters,
For thee tou cud figure and write;
I mind what a monstrous hard task and a lickin'
Tou gat when tou fit wi' Tom Wheyte:
Wherever yen ranges, the chops and the changes
Oft mek a tear gush frae my ee.

MATTHEW.

Then, Gabey, thou minds when we brak Dinah' worchet—
Stown apples bairns aw think are sweet—
Deuce tek this bad 'bacco! de'il bin, it'll draw nin,
Yen mud as weel smuik a wet peat.

What, yonder's Rob Donaldson got a lang letter,
And some say it talks of a peace;
But that 'll nit happen i' thy time or my time,
Widout we can git a new lease.
Here, lass, bring some yell in—drinkin's nae failin',
Let's moisten our clay ere we dee.

GABRIEL.

Ay, Matt! what they buried auld Glaister last Monday—
Peer Jwosep, we went to ae schuil—
He married deef Marget, the Gammelsby beauty,
A silly proud cat-witted fuil.
Ae son pruiv'd a taistrel, and brak up at Lunnon,
But Jwosep he gat aw to pay;
Anudder, they said, turn'd out nit quite owre honest,
Sae gat off to Botany Bay.
O, man! this frost pinches, and kills fwok by inches,
It's e'en meade a cripple o' me.

MATTHEW.

Ay, Gabey, it's lang sin thou married Ann Lawson;
Tou minds when we off like the win'
Frae kurk to the yell-house? what, I was weel mounted,
And left them all twea mile behin'.
Then there was young Gabey—our weyfe was his goddy,
A brave murry cursnin we had,
We kent nought o' tea or sec puzzen i' thar days,
But drank tweyce-brew'd yell till hawf mad;

There was Kitt and Ned Neilson, and Dan and Wat Wilson,
They've aw geane and left thee and me.

GABRIEL.

There's ae thing, guid Matthew, I've lang thought of axin',
And that tou mun grant if tou can,—
When I's stiff and cauld see me decently coffin'd,
And laid down aseyde my weyfe Ann;
My peer gran'son Jwosep, he thrives and he grows up,
O luik till him when I's low laid,
Mind he gaes to the kurk, and sticks weel till his larnin',
And get him a bit of a trade:
The neybors will bless thee, it wunnut distress thee,
And happy auld Gabriel can dee.

MATTHEW.

Keep up thy heart, Gabey, nae guid comes of grievin',
Aye laugh at the warl if thou'd thrive.
I've buried three weyves, and mun e'en hev anudder,
I's quite young and rash—*eighty-five:*
Then sec a hard drinker, a wustler, a feghter,
A cocker I've been i' my time;
And as for a darrak, in barn or in meadow,
Whea match'd me when just i' my prime?
I ne'er thought o' whinin', or gowlin', or pinin'—
We're wise when we cheerfu' can be.

GABRIEL.

Nay but, neybor Matthew, when ninety lang winters
Ha'e bent yen and powdered the pow,
We grane i' the nuik wi' few frien's or acquaintance,
And just fin' we cannot tell how.
For me, I's sair fash'd wi' a cough and the gravel,
And ae single tuith i' my head;
Then sin' my peer bairn they tuik off for a sowdger,
I've wish'd I were nobbet weel deed;
The house uncle ga'e me the squire's e'en ta'en frae me:—
There's nought but the warkhouse for me!

MATTHEW.

My fadder—God rust him!—wi' pinchin' and pleenin',
Screap'd up aw the gear he cud get;
I've been a sad deevil, and spent gowd i' gowpens,
But still ha'e a hantel left yet:
Come gi'e's thy hand, Gabey, tou's welcome as may be
My purse and my ambrie to share,
We'll talk of auld times, eat, drink, and be merry,
Thy gran'son sall get what we spare.
Then leet thy pipe, Gabey, tou's welcome as may be,
They's ne'er mek a beggar o' thee.

CANNY CUMMERLAN'.

Tune,—"The humours of Glen."

'TWAS ae neet last week, wid our wark efter supper,
We went owre the geate cousin Isbel to see,
Theer were Sibby frae Curthet, and lal Betty Byers,
Deef Debby, forby Bella Bunton and me;
We'd scarce begun spinnin' when Sib a sang lilted,
She'd brong her frae Carel by their sarvant man,
'Twas aw about Cummerlan' fwok and feyne pleaces,
And, if I can think on't ye's hear how it ran.

Yer buik-larn'd wise gentry that's seen monie countries,
May preach and palaver, and brag as they will,
O' mountains, lakes, valleys, woods, watters, and meadows,
But canny auld Cummerlan' caps them aw still.
It's true we've nae palaces sheynin' amang us,
Nor marble tall towers to catch the weak eye,
But we've monie feyne cassels, where fit our brave fadders
When Cummerlan' cud onie county defy.

Furst Graystock we'll nwotish, the seat o' girt Norfolk,
A neame still to freemen and Englishmen dear:
Ye Cummerlan' fwok may your sons and your gran'-sons
Sec rare honest statesmen for iver revere!

Corruption's a sink that'll puzzen the country
And lead us to slav'ry, to me it seems plain;
But he that hes courage to stem the black torrent,
True Britons sud pray for agean and agean.

Whea that hes climb'd Skiddaw hes seen sec a prospec',
Where fells frown owre fells and in majesty vie?
Whea that hes seen Keswick can count hawf its beauties,
May e'en try to count hawf the stars i' the sky;
Theer's Ullswater, Bassenthwaite, Wastwater, Derwent,
That thousands on thousands ha'e travell'd to view:
The langer they gaze still the mair they may wonder,
And ay as they wonder may fin' summet new.

We've Corby for rocks, caves, and walks sae delightfu',
That Eden a paradeyse loudly proclaims;—
O that sec leyke pleaces hed ay sec leyke awners,
Then mud monie girt fwok be proud o' their neames!—
We've Netherby tui, the grand pride o' the border,
And haws out o' number, nae county can bang;
Wi' rivers romantic as Tay, Tweed, or Yarrow;
And green woodbine bowers weel wordy a sang.

We help yen anudder; we welcome the stranger;
Oursel's and our country we'll iver defend;
We pay bits o' taxes as weel as we're yable;
And pray, leyke true Britons, the war hed an end.
Then Cummerlan' lads and ye lish rwosy lasses,
If some caw ye clownish ye needn't think sheame;
Be merry and wise, enjoy innocent pleasures,
And ay seek for health and contentment at heame.

THE CLAY-DAUBIN'.

Tune,—"Andrew Carr,"

WE went owre to Deavie' clay-daubin',*
And faith a rare caper we had,
Wi' eatin', and drinkin,' and dancin',
And rwoarin' and singin' like mad.

* In the eastern and northern parts of Cumberland, the walls of houses are in general composed of clay, and their erection seldom occupies more than a day. When a young rustic marries, he selects a spot on which to build his cottage, generally bordering on some moor which supplies turf and peat for fuel; he then makes known his intentions to his neighbours, who, on an appointed day, punctually muster on the spot, each individual bringing a spade and a day's provisions along with him. To prevent confusion each person is assigned a particular piece of work: some dig the clay, some fetch it in wheelbarrows, some water it and mix it with straw, and some place it to form the walls; the girls, a great many of whom attend on the occasion,

We'd crackin', and jwokin', and braggin',
And fratchin', and feightin', and aw;
Sec glorious fun and divarsion
Was ne'er seen in castle or haw.

Sing hey for a snug clay biggin,
And lasses that like a bit spwort;
Wi' friends and plenty to gi'e them,
We'll laugh at King Gweorge and his court.

The waws wer' aw finish'd er dark'nin';
Now greypes, shouls, and barrows thrown by,
Auld Deavie spak up wid a hursle,
"Od rabbit it! lads, ye'll be dry.

"See, deame, if we've got a swope whusky—
"I's sworry the rum-bottle's duin—
"We'll starken our keytes, I'll upho'd us!
"Come, Adams, rasp up a lal tune."

When Bill kittl'd up "Chips and shavin's,"
Auld Philip pou'd out Matty Meer,
Then nattl'd his heels like a youngen,
And caper'd about the clay fleer;

are employed in fetching the water with which the clay is softened, from some neighbouring ditch or pond. When the walls are raised to their proper height, the company have plenty to eat and drink; after which the lads and lasses, with faces incrusted with clay and dirt, finish the day's work with a dance upon the clay floor of the newly-erected cottage.

He deeted his gob and he buss'd her,
As lish as a lad o' sixteen.
Cries Wull, "Od, dy! fadder's i' fettle,
"His marrow 'll niver be seen!"

Reet sair did we miss Jemmy Coupland—
Bad crops, silly man, meade him feale;
Last Sunday fworenuin, efter sarvice,
I' the kurk-garth the clerk caw'd his seale.*

* The kurk-garth, or church-yard, on a Sunday morning, is to the country people of Cumberland what the Exchange is to the merchants of London. In the church-yard all general information is made known to the inhabitants of the parish: the kurk-fwoke, or congregation, therefore, usually stop about the church-door, after the service is over, to hear these notices, which are mostly given by the parish clerk, elevated upon a thruff or flat tombstone, sometimes from a written paper, and sometimes taken verbally from the mouth of the party concerned. This latter mode, in the tone and dialect of an old formal psalm-singer, produces often a very curious effect, as is exemplified in the following notice, actually delivered a few years ago at the door of Stanwix church, near Carlisle:—

CLERK. Hoa-a-z-yes! This is to give nwotice, that there is to be, on Wednesday neist, at—(When?)

MAN. Twelve.

CLERK. Twelve of the clock precisely,—(Whar?)

MAN. Linstock.

CLERK. At Linstock, near Rickar-by, a sale of—(What?)

MAN. Esh for car-stangs.

CLERK. A sale of esh wood for car-stangs; and if anybody wants to ken aught mair about it, they mun apply to—(Wheay?)

MAN. Thomas Dobson.

Peer Jemmy !—of aw his bit oddments
A shottle the bealies ha'e ta'en,
And now he's reet fain of a darrak,
For pan, dish, or spuin he hes neane.

Wi' scons, leather-hungry, and whusky,
Auld Aggy cried, " Meake way for me !
" Ye men fwok, eat, drink, and be murry,
" While we i' the bower get tea."

The whillymer eat teugh and teasty,
Aw cramm'd fou o' grey pez and seeds ;
They row'd it up teane agean tudder—
Nae dainties the hungry man needs.

Now in com' the women fwok buncing—
Widout t'em there's niver nee fun ;
Wi' whusky aw weeted their wizzens,
But suin a sad hay-bay begun :

For Jock, the young laird, was new wedded ;
His auld sweetheart Jenny luik'd wae ;
While some were aw titterin' and flyrin',
The lads rubb'd her down wi' pez-strae.*

CLERK. Thomas Dobson, clerk of Stanwix ; that is mister.—(Anything mair ?)

MAN. Nay, that's aw.

CLERK. Wa then, God save the king ! How fend ye, Mister Ritson ? how fend ye ?

* A Cumbrian girl, when her lover proves unfaithful to her,

Rob Lowson tuik part wi' peer Jenny,
And brong snift'ring Gwordie a cluff;
I' th' scuffle they leam'd Lowson' mudder;
And fain they'd ha'e stripp'd into buff.

Neist Peter caw'd Gibby a rebel;
And aw rwoar'd out that was wheyte wrang.
Cried Deavie, "Sheake han's, and nae mair on't—
"I's sing ye a bit of a sang."

He lilted "The King and the Tinker,"
And Wully strack up "Robin Hood;"
Dick Mingins tried "Hooly and Fairly,"
And Martha the "Bab's o' the Wood."

They push'd round a glass like a noggin,
And bottom'd the greybeard complete;
Then crack'd till the muin glowr'd amang them,
And wish'd yen anudder guid neet.

is, by way of consolation, rubbed with pease-straw by the neighbouring lads; and when a Cumbrian youth loses his sweetheart by her marriage with a rival, the same sort of comfort is administered to him by the lasses of the village.

KITT CRAFFET.

Tune,—"Come under my plaidie."

ISAAC CROSSET, o' Shawk, a feyne heed-sten hes cutten,
And just setten't up owr anent the kurk en',
A chubby-feac'd angel o' top on't they've putten,
And varses as gud as e'er com' frae a pen:
It's for auld Kitt Craffet, our wordy wise neybor,—
God rest him!—a better man ne'er wore a head,
He's nit left his fellow thro' aw the heale county,
And monie peer fwok are in want now he's dead.

I meynd when at schuil a reet top scholar was he;
Of lakin' or rampin' nae nwotion had he,
But nar the auld thworn he wad set and keep mwosin',
And cawd it a sin just to kill a peer flea;
A penny he never let rest in his pocket,
But gev't to the furst beggar-body he met;
Then at kurk he cud follow the priest thro' the sarvice,
And as for a tribble he niver was bet.

Tho' he wan seebem belts lang afwore he was twenty,
And in Scealeby meedow oft tuik off the baw,
Yet he kent aw the Beyble, algebra, Josephus,
And capp'd the priest, maister, exciseman, and aw;

He cud talk about battles, balloons, burnin' mountains,
And wars, till baith young and auld trimmel'd for fear!
Then he'd tell how they us'd the peer West Indie negers,
And stamp wid his fit, aye, and drop monie a tear.

When he read about parli'ments, pleaces, and changes,
He flang by the paper, and cried, "Silly stuff!
"The Outs wad be in, and the Ins rob their country,
"They're nit aw together worth ae pinch o' snuff!"
His creed was, "Be statesmen but just, Britons loyal,
"And lang as our shippen reyde maisters at sea,
"We'll laugh at the puffin' o' vain Bonnyparty,
"As suin may he conquer the deevil as we."

Then when onie neybor was fash'd by the 'turnies,
Oh, it meade him happy if he cud be bail!
Twea-thurds of his income he gev away yearly,
And actually tuik peer Tom Linton frae jail.
He was yence cross'd in luive by a guid-for-nought hussey,
But if onie lass by her sweetheart was wrang'd,
He wad give her guid counsel and lecture the fellow;
And oft did he wish aw sec skeybels were hang'd.

He cud mek pills and plasters as weel as our doctor,
And cure cholic, aga, and jaun'ice, forby;
As for grease, or the glanders, red watter, or fellen,
Nin o' them was leyke him amang naigs or kye;
What, he talk'd to the bishop about agriculture;
And yence went to Plymouth to see the grand fleet;
As for the brave sailors trail'd off by the pressgangs,
"Od dy them!" he said, "that can never be reet."

He ne'er was a drinker, a swearer, a feghter,
A cocker, a gam'ler, a fop, or a fuil,
But left this sad warl just at threescore and seebem,
I' the clay-house his gran'fadder built wi' the schuil.
O monie a saut tear will be shed ev'ry Sunday,
In readin' the varses they've stuck on his steane.
Till watters run up bank, and trees they grow down bank,
We never can luik on his marrow agean!

BORROWDALE JWOHNNY.

Tune,—"I am a young fellow."

I'S Borrowdale Jwohnny, just cumt up to Lunnon,
Nay, gurn nit at me for fear I laugh at you;
I've seen kneaves donn'd i' silks, and gud men gang in tatters;
The truth we sud tell, and gi'e auld Nick his due.

Nan Watt pruiv'd wi' bairn—what! they caw'd me
the fadder;
Thinks I, *shekum-filthy!* be off in a treyce!
Nine Carel bank nwotes mudder slipt i' my pocket,
And fadder neist ga'e me reet holesome adveyce.

Says he, "Keep frae t' lasses, and ne'er luik ahint
thee."
"We're deep as the best o' them, fadder," says I.
They pack'd up ae sark, Sunday weascwoat, twee
neckcloths,
Wot bannock, cauld dumplin', and top stannin'
pye;
I mounted black filly, bad God bliss the auld fwok;
Cries fadder, "Tou's larn'd, Jwohn, and hes
nought to fear;
"Caw and see cousin Jacep, he's got aw the money;
"He'll git thee some guver'ment pleace, to be
seer."

I stopp'd on a fell, tuik a lang luik at Skiddaw,
And neist at the schuil-house amang the esh trees;
Last thing, saw the smuik rising up frae our chimley,
And fan aw quite queer, wid a heart ill at ease.
But summet widin me cried "Pou up thy spirits!
"Theer's luck, says auld Lizzy, in feacin' the
sun;
"Tou's young, lish, and cliver, may wed a feyne
leady,
"And cum heame a nabob—aye, as sure as a
gun!"

Knowin' manners—what, I doff'd my hat to aw strangers;
Wid a spur on ae heel, a yek siplin' in han',
It tuik me nine days and six hours comin' up-bank;
At the Whorns—aye 'twas Highget—a chap bad me stan'.
Says he, "How's all frien's i' the North, honest Jwohnny?"
"Odswunters!" I says, "what ye divent ken me!"
I paid twee wheyte shillin's, and fain was to see him,
Nit thinkin' on't rwoad onie 'quaintance to see.

Neist thing, what big kurks, gilded cwoaches, hee houses,
And fwok runnin' thro' other leyke Carel Fair;
I ax'd a smart chap where to fin' cousin Jacep,
Says he, "Clown, go look!" "Friend," says I, "tell me where?"
Fadder' letter to Jacep had got nae subscription,
Sae when I was glowrin and siz'lin about,
A wheyte-feac'd young lass, aw dess'd out leyke a leady,
Cried, "Pray, sir, step in!"—but I wish I'd kept out.

She pou'd at a bell—leyke our kurk-bell it soundet,
In com' sarvent lass, and she worder'd some weyne;
Says I, "I's nit dry, sae pray, madam, excuse me!"
Nay, what, she insisted I sud stop and deyne.

She meade varra free—'twas a shem and a byzen!—
I thought her in luive wi' my parson, for sure,
And promis'd to caw agean; as for black filly—
Wad onie believ't!—she was stown frae the duir!

Od dang't!—war than that!—when I greap'd my breek-pocket,
I fan fadder' watch and the nwotes were aw gean;
It was neet, and I luik'd lang and sair for kent feaces,
But Borrowdale fwok I cud niver see neane;
I sleept on the flags just ahint the kurk corner,
A chap wid a girt stick and lantern com' by,
He caw'd me Peace-breaker: says I, "Thou's a lear."—
In a pleace leyke a saller they fworc'd me to lie.

Nae caff bed or blankets for silly pilgarlic;
De'il a wink cud I sleep, nay, nor yet see a steyme;
Neist day I was ta'en to the Narration Offish,
When a man in a wig said I'd duin a sad creyme;
Then ane ax'd my neame, and he pat on his speckets,
Says I, "Jwohnny Cruckdeyke—I's Borrowdale bworn."
Whea think ye it pruiv'd, but my awn cousin Jacep!
He seav'd me frae t' gallows, aye, that varra mworn.

He spak to my lword some hard words quite outlandish,
  Then caw'd for his cwoach and away we ruid heame;
He ax'd varra kind efter fadder and mudder,
  I said they were bravely; and neist saw his deame—
She's aw puff and pouder; as for cousin Jacep,
  He's got owre much gear to tek nwotish o' me:
But if onie amang ye sud want a lish sarvent,
  Just bid me a weage—I'll upod ye we's 'gree.

THE DAYS THAT ARE GEANE.

Tune,—"The muckin' o' Geordie's byre."

NOW, weyfe, sin the day-leet hes left us,
  And drizzly sleet's 'ginnin' to fa',
Let's creep owre the heartsome turf ingle,
  And laugh the weyld winter awa';
Contented, thou spins the lang e'enin',
  And I, wi' my peype, envy neane:
Then why shou'd we peyne about riches—
  Let's think o' the days that are geane.

This crazy auld chair—when I think on't,
  Nae wonder a tear blin's my e'e—
'Twas e'en my puir fadders—God rest him!—
  He valued this warl nit a flea:

His maxim was, " Be guid and dui guid ;"
To mortal he wadna gi'e pain :—
My chair's mair than gilded throne to me,
It prop'd the leel fellow that's gane.

Thy wheel that's gi'en cleedin' to monie,
O' mortals ay puts me i' meynd,
The spoke now at top is suin lowest,
And thus it oft fares wi' mankeynd.
The clock, clickin', tells how teyme passes,
A moment he'll tarry for neane :
Contented we'll welcome to-morrow,
Ay thankfu' for days that are geane.

Now fifty shwort years ha'e flown owre us
Sin furst we fell in at the fair,
I've monie a teyme thowt, wi' new pleasure,
Nae weyfe cud wi' Jenny compare ;
Tho' thy rwose has gi'en way to the wrinkle,
At changes we munna complain :
They're rich whea in age are leet-hearted,
And mourn nit for days that are geane.

Our bairns are heale, hearty, and honest,
And willin'ly toil thro' the year ;
Our duty we ay ha'e duin ti them,
And poverty e'en let them bear :
Theer's Jenny hes learning and manners,
And Wully can match onie yen ;
We tought te'm my guid fadder's maxim,
And they'll bliss the auld fwok when geane.

Theer's ae thing I lang, lang ha'e pray'd for,
Sud tyrant deeth teer thee away,
And rob me o' life's dearest treasure,
May he gi'e me a caw the seame day:
If fworc'd to resign my auld lassie,
I cuddent lang linger my leane;
I'd creep to thy greave, broken-hearted,
Wi' thowts o' the days that are geane.

THE CODBECK WEDDIN'.

Tune,—"Andrew Carr."

TRUE IS MY SONG THO' LOWLY BE THE STRAIN.

THEY sing of a weddin' at Worton,
Where aw was feght, fratchin', and fun;
Feegh! sec a yen we've hed at Codbeck
As niver was under the sun.
The breydegruim was weaver Joe Bewley,
He com' frae about Lowthet Green;
The breyde Jwohnny Dalton' lish dowter,
And Betty was weel to be seen.

Sec patchin', and weshin', and bleachin',
And starchin', and darnin' auld duds;
Some lasses thought lang to the weddin';
Unax'd, others sat i' the suds.

Theer were tweescwore and seebem inveyted,
God speed t'em 'gean Cursenmas-day;
"Dobson' lads, tui, what they mun cum hidder,"
I think they were better away.

Furst thing, Oggle Willy, the fiddler,
Caw'd in wi' auld Jonathan Strang;
Neist, stiff and stout, lang, leame, and lazy,
Frae aw parts com' in wi' a bang;
Frae Brocklebank, Fuilduirs, and Newlands,
Frae Hesket, Burk-heads, and the Height,
Frae Warnell, Starnmire, Nether Welton,
And aw t' way frae Eytonfield-street.

Furst auld Jwohnny Dawton we'll nwotish,
And Mary, his canny douse deame;
Son Wully, and Mally, his sister;
Goffet' weyfe, Muckle Nanny by neame;
Wully Sinclair, Smith Leytle, Jwohn Aitchin,
Tom Ridley, Joe Sim, Peter Weir,
Gworge Goffet, Jwohn Bell, Miller Dyer,
Joe Head, and Ned Bulman, were theer.

We'd hay-cruiks, and hen-tails, and hanniels,
And nattlers that fuddle for nought,
Wi' sceape-greaces, skeybels, and scruffins,
And maffs better fed far than taught;
We'd lads that wad eat for a weager,
Or feght, aye till bluid to the knees;
Fell-seyders and Sowerby riff-raff,
That de'il a bum-bealie dar seize.

The breyde hung her head and luik'd sheepish,
The breydegruim as wheyte as a clout,
The bairns aw gley'md thro' the kurk windows,
The parson was varra devout;
The ring was lost out of her pocket,
The breyde meade a bonny te-dee.
Cries Goffet' weyfe, "Meyne's meade o' pinchback,
And, la ye! it fits till a tee.

Now buck'ld, wi' fiddlers afwore them,
They gev Michael Crosby a caw,
Up spak canny Bewley, the breydegruim,
"Get slocken'd, lads, fadder pays aw."
We drank till aw seem'd blue about us—
We're ay murry deevils tho' peer—
Michael' weyfe says, "Widout onie leein',
"A duck mud ha'e swam on the fleer."

Now, aw 'bacco'd owre and hawf-drucken,
The men fwok wad needs kiss the breyde;
Joe Head, that's ay reckon'd best spwokesman,
Whop'd "Guid wad the couple beteyde."
Says Michael, "I's reet glad to see you,
"Suppwosin' I gat ne'er a plack."
Cries t' weyfe, "That'll nowther pay brewer,
"Nor git bits o' sarks to yen's back."

The breyde wad dance "Coddle me, Cuddy;"
A threesome then caper'd Scotch reels;
Peter Weir cleek'd up auld Mary Dalton,
Leyke a cock roun' a hen neist he steals;

Jwohn Bell yelp'd out "Sowerby Lasses;"
Young Jwosep a lang country dance,
He'd got his new pumps Smithson meade him,
And fain wad show how he cud prance.

To march roun' the town and keep swober,
The women fwok thought was but reet;
"Be wise, dui for yence," says Jwohn Dyer;
The breydegruim mud reyde shouder heet;
The youngermak lurried ahint them,
Till efter them Bell meade a brek;
Tom Ridley was aw baiz'd wi' drinkin',
And plung'd off the steps i' the beck.

To Hudless's now off they sizell'd,
And theer gat far mair than eneugh;
Miller Hodgson suin brunt the punch ladle,
And full'd ev'ry glass wid his leuf,
He thought he was tekin his mouter,
And de'il a bit conscience hes he;
They preym'd him wi' stiff punch and jollup
Till Sally Scott thought he wad dee.

Joe Sim rwoar'd out, "Bin, we've duin wonders!
"Our Mally's turn'd howe i' the weame!"
Wi' three strings atween them, the fiddlers
Strack up, and they reel'd towerts heame;
Meyner Leytle wad now hoist a standert,—
Peer man! he cud nit daddle far,
But stuck in a pant buin the middle,
And yen tuik him heame in a car.

For dinner, we'd stew'd geuse and haggish,
Cow'd-leady, and het bacon pye,
Boil'd fluiks, tatey-hash, beastin' puddin',
Saut salmon, and cabbish; forby
Pork, pancakes, black puddin's, sheep trotters,
And custert, and mustert, and veal,
Grey-pez keale, and lang apple dumplin's:—
I wish ev'ry yen far'd as weel.

The breyde, geavin' aw roun' about her,
Cries, "Wuns! we forgat butter sops!"
The breydegruim fan nae teyme for talkin',
But wi' stannin pye greas'd his chops.
We'd loppar'd milk, skim'd milk, and kurn'd milk,
Well-watter, smaw beer, aw at yence;
"Shaff! bring yell in piggens," rwoars Dalton,
"De'il tek them e'er cares for expense!"

Now aw cut and cleek'd frae their neybors,
'Twas even down thump, pull and haul;
Joe Head gat a geuse aw together,
And off he crap into the faul;
Muckle Nanny cried, "Shem o' sec weastry!"
The ladle she brak owre ill Bell;
Tom Dalton sat thrang in a corner,
And eat nar the weight of his sel'.

A hillibuloo was now started,
'Twas "Rannigal! whee cares for t'ee!"—
"Stop, Tommy, whee's weyfe was i' th' carras!
"Tou'd ne'er been a man but for me!"—

" Od dang thee !"—" To jail I cud sen' thee,
" Peer scraffles!"—"Thy lan' grows nae gurse!"—
" Ne'er ak, it's my awn, and it's paid for !
" But whee was't stuil auld Tim Jwohn' purse ?"

Ned Bulman wad feght wi' Gworge Goffet,
Peer Gwordy he nobbet stripp'd thin,
And luik'd leyke a cock out o' fedder,
But suin gat a weel-bleaken'd skin ;
Neist, Sanderson fratch'd wid a hay-stack ;
And Deavison fught wi' the whins ;
Smith Leytle fell out wi' the cobbles,
And peel'd aw the bark off his shins.

The hay-bay was now somewhat seyded,
And young fwok the music men miss'd,
They'd drucken leyke fiddlers in common,
And fawn owre ayont an aul kist ;
Same mair fwok that neet were a-missin'
Than Wully and Jonathan Strang,
But decency whispers " What matter,
T'ou munnet put *them* in the sang."

Auld Dalton thought he was at Carel,
Says he, " Jacob, see what's to pay !
Come, wosler, heaste, get out the horses,
We'll e'en teake the rwoad and away !"
He cowp'd off his stuil leyke a san'-bag ;
Tom Ridley beel'd out, " De'il may care !"
For a whart o' het yell and a stick in't,
Dick Simson 'll tell ye far mair.

Come, bumper the Cummerlan' lasses,
  Their marrows can seldom be seen,
And he that wont feght to defend them,
  I wish he may ne'er want black een!
May our murry-neets, clay-daubin's, races,
  And weddin's, ay finish wi' glee:
And when ought's amang us worth nwotish,
  Lang may I be present to see.

THE LASSES OF CAREL.

THE lasses o' Carel are weel-shep'd and bonny,
  But he that wad win yen mun brag of his gear,
You may follow, and follow, till heart-sick and weary,—
  To get them needs siller and feyne claes to wear:
They'll catch at a reed-cwoat leyke as monie mack'rel,
  And jump at a fop, or e'en lissen a fuil:
Just brag of an uncle that's got heaps of money,
  And de'il a bit odds if you've ne'er been at schuil.

I yence follow'd Marget, the toast amang aw maks,—
  And Peg hed a red cheek and bonny dark e'e,—
But suin as she fan I depended on labour,
  She snurl'd up her neb and nae mair luik'd at me.

This meks my words gud; nobbet brag o' yer uncle,
And get a peer hawf-wit to trumpet yer praise,
You may catch whee you will, they'll caress ye and bless ye—
It's money, nit merit, they seek now-a-days.

I neist follow'd Nelly, and thowt her an angel,
And she thowt me aw that a mortal sud be,
A rich whupper-snapper just stept in atween us—
Nae words efter that pass'd atween Nell and me.
This meks my words gud; nobbet brag o' yer uncle,
They'll feght, ay leyke mad cats, to win yer sly smeyle,
And watch ye to catch ye, now gazin' and praisin':—
They're angels to luik at wi' hearts full o' geyle.

LANG SEYNE.

Tune,—"Jockey's grey breeks."

THE last new shun our Betty gat
They pinch her feet—the de'il may care!
What she mud ha'e them leady-like
Tho' she hes cworns for evermair;
Nae black gairn stockin's will she wear,
They mun be wheyte and cotton feyne!—
This meks me think of other teymes,
The happy days o' auld lang seyne.

Our dowter, tui, a palace* bought,
A guid reed clwoak she cannot wear;
And stays, she says, spoil leady's sheps—
Oh, it wad mek a parson swear!
Nit ae han's turn o' wark she'll dui,
She'll nowther milk or sarrat sweyne:
The country's puzzen'd roun' wi' preyde,
For lasses work'd reet hard lang seyne.

We've three guid rooms in our clay-house,
Just big eneugh for sec as we,
They'd hev a parlour built wi' bricks—
I mud submit:—what cud I dee?
The sattle neist was thrown aside,
It meeght ha'e sarra'd me and meyne;
My mudder thought it mens'd a house,
But we think shem o' auld lang seyne.

We us'd to ga to bed at dark,
And ruse agean at four or five—
The mworn's the only teyme for wark
If fwok are hilthy and wou'd thrive;
Now we git up—nay, God kens when!
And nuin's owre suin for us to deyne,
I's hungry 'or the pot's hawf-boiled,
And wish for teymes leyke auld lang seyne.

Deuce tek the fuil-invented tea;
For tweyce a day we that mun hev;
Then taxes git sae monstrous hee,
The de'il a plack yen now can seave.

* Pelisse.

There's been nae luck throughout the lan'
Sin' fwok mud leyke their betters sheyne;
French fashions mek us parfe't fuils;
We're c'aff and san' to auld lang seyne.

CAREL FAIR.

Tune,—"Woo'd an' married an' a'."

MY neame's Jurry Jurden, frae Threlket;
Just swat down and lissen my sang,
I'll mappen affword some divarsion,
An' tell ye how monie things gang.

[*Spoken.*] Crops of aw maks are gud; tateys lang as lapstens an' dry as meal. Teymes are sae-sae, for the thin-chopp'd, hawf-neak'd, trimlin' beggars, flock to our house leyke bees to t' hive, an' our Cwoley bit sae monie, I just tuck'd him up i' th' worchet. Mudder boils t'em a tnop o' Lunnun Duns ivery day, an' fadder gi'es t'em t' barn to lig in; if onie be yable to work wey he pays t'em reet weel. Fwok sud aw dui as they'd be duin tui: an' it's naturable to beg rader nor starve or steal;—efter aw the rattle.

Some threep et the teymes 'll git better,
An' laugh to see onie repeyne:
I's nae pollytishin, that's sarten,
But Englan' seems in a decleyne.

I ruse afwore three tudder mwornin',
An' went owre to see Carel Fair;
I'd heard monie teales o' thur dandies—
Odswinge! how they mek the fwok stare!

[*Spoken.*] Thur flay-crows wear lasses' stays, an' buy my lword Wellinten's buits; cokert but nit snout-bandet. Mey sarty! sec a laugh I gat, to see a tarrier meakin' watter on yen o' ther legs. They're seerly mungrels, hawf monkey breed, shept for aw t' warl leyke wasps, smaw i't' middle. To see them paut pauten about, puts me i' meyn o' our aul gander; an' if they meet a canny lass they dar'n't turn roun' to luik at her. The "Turk's Heed," an' "Tir'd Spwortsman," are bonny seynes, but a dandy wad be fair mair comical;—efter aw the rattle.

But shaf o' sec odd trinkum-trankums!
Thur hawf-witted varmen bang aw,
They'd freeten aul Nick sud t'ey meet him—
A dandy's just fit for a show.

I neist tuik a glow'r 'mang the boutchers,
An' gleymt at their lumps o' fat meat,
They've aw maks the gully can dive at—
It meks peer fwok hungry to see't.

[*Spoken.*] "What d'ye buy? what d'ye buy?" "Weya, boutcher, wul t'ee be out at our en' o't' country suin? we've a famish bull, nobbet eleebem year aul, twee braid-backt tips, an' a bonny sew." "Nea bull, tips, or sweyne for me." "Hes t'ee got onie coves heeds to sell, boutcher?" "Wa, nay, Tommy; but t'ou hes yen atop o' thy shou'ders! What d'ye buy? what d'ye buy? here's beef fit for a bishop, mutton for a markiss, lam' for a lword, aw sworts for aw maks, hee an' low, yen an' aw, nobbet seebem pence a pun;—efter aw the rattle."

Wheyle peer fwok wer' starin' about t'em,
Up hobbles an' aul chap an' begs:—
Oh! wad our girt heeds o' the nayshen
Just set the peer fwok on their legs!

An odd seet I saw, 'twas t' naig market,
  Whoar aw wer' as busy as bees,
Sec lurryan, an' trotten, an' scamprin',—
  Lord help t'em,—they're meade up o' lees!

[*Spoken.*] "Try a canter, Deavie." "Whoar gat t'ee t' powny, Tim?" "Wey at Stegshe." "That's a bluid meer," says aul Breakshe, "she was gitten by Shrimp, an' out o' Madam Wagtail; she wan t' King's Plate at Dongkister, tudder year." "Wan the deevil!" says yen tull him, "t'ou means t' breydle at Kingmuir, min." "Here's a naig! nobbet just nwotish his een! he can see thro' a nine-inch waw! Fuils tell o' fortifications—what! he hes a breest leyke a fiftification! Dud ye iver see yen cock sec a tail widout a peppercworn?" "What dus te ax for em, canny man?" Wey, he's weel worth twonty pun, but I'll teake hawf." "Twonty deevils! I'll gi'e thee twonty shillin'; efter aw the rattle."

What! aw trades are bad as horse-cowpers,
  They mek the best bargain they can;
Fwok say it's the seame in aw countries—
  Man leykes to draw kelter frae man.

Neist, daunderen down to the cow fair,
  A famish rough rumpes I saw;
For Rickergeate lwoses her charter
  Sud theer be nae feghtin' at aw.

[*Spoken.*] Aa, what a hay-bay! it was just leyke the battle o' Watterlew. Men an' women, young an' aul, ran frev aw quarters; theer was sec shoutin,' thrustin', pushin', an' squeezin'; what! they knock'd down staws, an' brak shop windows aw to flinders; thur leed-heedet whups dui muckle mischief; a sairy beggar gat a bluidy nwose an' broken teeth i' the fray; Hill-top Tom an' Low-gill Dick, the twea feghtin'

rapscallions, wer' luggt off by the bealies to my lword mayor's offish, an' thrussen into the black whol; I whop they'll lig theer, for it's weel nae leyves wer' lost;—efter aw the rattle.

Shem o' them! thur peer country hanniels
That slink into Carel to feght;
De'il bin them! when free frae hard labour,
True plishure sud be their deleyte.

Ther' was geapin' an' starin' 'mang aw maks.—
"Aa, gi'e 's t'y fist, Ellik: how's t'ou?"
"Wey, aw bais'd, an' bluitert, an' queerish;
"We'll tek a drop gud mountain dew."

[*Spoken.*] "Sees t'ee, Ellik, theer'st puir-luikin' chap et meks aw t' bits o' Cummerlan' ballets." "The deevil! fye, Jobby, let's off frev him, for fear." "Here's yer whillymer, lank an' lean, but cheap an' clean!" says yen. "Buy a pair o' elegant shun, young gentleman," cries a dandy snob, "they wer' meade for Mr. Justice Grunt; weages are hee and ledder's dear, but they're nobbet twelve shillin'." Then a fat chap wid a hammer, selt clocks, cubberts, teables, chairs, pots and pans, for nought at aw. What! I seed fadder talkin' to t' lawyer, an' gowl'd tull my een wer' sair, but nae mischief was duin;—efter aw the rattle.

Then peer bits o' hawf-broken farmers,
In leggins, were struttin' about;
Were teymes gud they'd aw become dandies:—
We'll ne'er leeve to see that, I doubt.

Sec screapin' an' squeekin' 'mang t' fiddlers,
I crap up the stairs, to be seer,
But suin trottet down by the waiter,
For de'il a bit caprin' was theer.

[*Spoken.*] What! lads an' lasses are far owre proud to dance now-a-days. I stowtert ahint yen, d'esst out leyke a ginger-breed queen, an' when I gat a gliff at her, whee sud it be but Jenny Murthet, my aul sweetheart. I tried to give her a buss but cuddent touch her muzzle, for she wore yen o' thur meal-scowp bonnets. She ax'd me to buy her a parryswol, sae we off to the dandy-shop an' I gat her yen, forbye a ridiculous. Jenny 'll hev a mountain o' money; an' mey stars, she's a walloper! aa, just leyke a house en'. As for me, I's nobbet a peer lillyprushen; but she'll be meyne,—efter aw the rattle.

Sae we link'd, an' we laugh'd, an' we chatter'd;
Few hussies, leyke Jenny, ye'll see:—
O hed we but ta'en off to Gratena,
Nin wad been sae happy as we.

We went thro' the kurk and the cassel,
An' neist tuik a rammel thro' t' streets;
What! Carel's the pleace for feyne houses,
But monie a peer body yen meets.

[*Spoken.*] Aye, yen in tatters, wi' ae e'e, shoutet, "Here's t' last speech, confession, an' deein' words o' Martha Mumps; she was hangt for committin' a reape on——" Hut shap! I forgit his neame. Anudder tatterdemallion says, "Come buy a full chinse Indy muslin, nobbet sixpence hawpenny a yard." Jenny bought yen, an' it was rotten as muck. Then theer was bits o' things, wi' their neddys, rwoarin' up t' lanes, "Bleng-ki-ship cwoals!" an' chaps cawin "Wat-ter, wat-ter!" it mun be that meks t' yell sae smaw. Then they sell puzzin fer gin; what! it hes sec a grip o' the gob it's leyke to meake fwok shek ther heeds off. They hannel brass an' nwotes, but ther's nae siller i' Carel. Sec cheatin', stealin', wheedlin', leein', rwoarin,' swearin', drinkin', feghtin', meks fairs nowt et dow;—efter aw the rattle.

Thro' leyfe we hev aw maks amang us,
  Sad changes ilk body mun share :
To-day we're just puzzin'd wi' plishure ;
  To-mworn we're bent double wi' care.

THE WIDOW'S WAIL.

The tune by the Author.

NOW clwos'd for ay thy cwoal black een,
  That lang, lang gaz'd on me, oh Wully !
An' leyfeless lies that manly form
  I ay was fain to see, my Wully !
Ah, luckless hour, thou struive for heame
  Last neet, 'cross Eden weyde, dear Wully !
This mworn a stiffen'd corpse brong in :—
  It's worse than deeth to beyde, oh Wully !

The owlet hootet sair yestreen,
  An' threyce the suit it fell, oh Wully !
The teyke com' leate an' bark'd aloud,
  It seem'd the deein' kneel o' Wully.
Deep wer' the snows, keen, keen my woes ;
  The bairns oft cried for thee, their Wully ;
I trimlin' said, he'll suin be here :
  They ne'er yence clwos'd an e'e, oh Wully !

An' when I saw the thick sleet faw,
A bleezin' fire I meade for Wully,
An' watch'd, an' watch'd, as it grew dark,
An' I grew mair afraid for Wully;
I thowt I h'ard the powny's feet,
An' ran, the voice to hear o' Wully,
The win' blew hollow, but nae sound
My sinkin' heart did cheer, oh Wully!

The clock struck yen, the clock struck twee,
The clock struck three, at four nae Wully;
I h'ard, wi' joy, the powny's feet,
An' thowt my cares were owre for Wully;
The powny neigh'd, but thou was lost,
I sank upon the ground for Wully,
Suin, where I lay, appear'd thy ghost,
An' whisper'd, thou wert drown'd, oh Wully!

The muin was up, in vain I sowt
The stiffen'd corpse o' theyne, lost Wully;
'Twill suin, suin mingle wi' the dust,
An' n'ar it sae wull meyne, oh Wully!
Gang, dry your tears, my bairns five,
Gang, dry your tears o' sorrow, dearies,
Your fadder's cares are at an en',
An' sae may ours to-morrow, dearies.

HE PARTIN' LOVERS.*

The tune by the Author.

DEAR Nancy, thou's a bonny gud young woman,
Still showin', what frae gud fwok mun ha'e praise;
Ne'er duin what heaps o' numbers pruive owre common,
But sec as mud lead aw to joyfu' days.
For years we twee hev hed true luive,
An' for just duty beath ay struive,
When far far distant, sec let's pruive:—
Thro' leyfe I ay mun wish fer thee, sweet Nancy,
An' think what we hev duin was ay true fancy.

Dear Nancy, hed I wid thee but been marriet,
The wish ov beath wad daily be shown still;
What ne'er yence to distress cud owther carriet;
Let's ay be bowin' to God's holy will!
Yet, tho' we partet be lang wheyle,
We'll nowther dui what may begueyle,
But studdy sec what gi'es true smeyle.
I joy can git frae nin leyke thee, sweet Nancy;
'Twas weel we fain did what was ay true fancy.

* For the following Songs, which have never before been printed, the Publisher is indebted to a Nephew of Mr. Robert Anderson.

Dear Nancy, iv I leeve in Lunnon ever,
Mey thowt is, nin can frae me gain sec luive;
To onie here, yoursel' mek luiver, never,
Leyke me, think fainly, whops fer beath above.
Iv in mey pow'r I'll suin come down,
Then, husban', weyfe, let's show fwok roun';
An' iv in country, or girt town,
Leyfe's joyfu' days I'll wish fer thee, sweet Nancy.
Fareweel!—God bliss thee!—Let's dui what's true fancy.

THE KURN-WINNIN; OR, SHADEY AN' JOSSY.

LET'S STUDY NATURE MORTALS TO AMUSE.

A FAMISH kurn-winnin at Mowdy-warp farm
They've hed, wi' sad breks, tudder neet, min;
Come, Shadey, sit down, preyme the cutty black peype,
Thou's hear aw, thof I duddent see 't min.
The squire an' his leady, the priest an' his deame,
Wi' dandy-donn'd cronies wer' theer, min;
An' monie peer sarvents, sec fwok needent neame,
Neist mworn wer' fun bleedin' on t' fleer, min.
Ov murry-neets, clay-daubin's, weddin's, they tell,
Bruff reaces, the fratch, Cursmess eve, min,
Leyke the sun till a rushleet the kurn-winnin pruiv'd,
May ther' be nee sec wark wheyle we leeve, min.

On Mowdy's proud rib the girt squire kest his e'e—
T'ou kens weel eneugh what I mean, min—
He buys young an' aul—wey, atween thee an' me,
Sec a rif-raf scarce iver was seen, min:
Fwok whisper—an' whispers owre offen pruive true—
By 'squire the gran' supper was bowt, min;
'Twas fit fer crownashin—what feyne siller spuins!—
Codbeck dinner, compar'd tui 't, was nowt, min.
Ov murry-neets, clay-daubin's, &c.

The teable-cleath Ellik ov Hivverby meade;
The parson stuid up an' sed greace, min,
He prayt fer the king, but ne'er neamt the peer queen;
He pat on a monstrous lang feace, min.
Now supper thrust down, Mowdy' weyfe scampert roun'
Wid apricocks, churrys, an' nuts, min;
Neist girt yens tuik weyne; the peer deevils drank rum
Strang eneugh just to puzzin their guts, min.
Ov murry-neets, clay-daubin's, &c.

Aa, Paddy Mc Gra—the peer chap, I forgat—
But tateys an' buttermilk tuik, min,
He peel'd for his sel' a full heup an' a hawf,
An' drank what wad mek us beath peuk, min.
Thur Irish heed nowt about surloins o' beef,
Gud tateys are aw their deleyte, min;
They're merry, luive whisky, an' ay show their preyde
To gi'e strangers a gud sup an' beyte, min.
Ov murry-neets, clay-daubin's, &c.

Aul Adams was neist frae the kitchen cawt in,
He rozzelt the strings, weel he play'd min;
The squire, Mistress Mowdy cleekt up by the fist,
An' a new-fangl'd jig furst they hed, min:
Now leadyship, parson' weyfe, lasses sprang up,
An' wi' dandies they stuid in a row, min,
They capert an' coddelt—it's cawt a whadril—
Till weary they grew yen and aw, min.
Ov murry-neets, clay-daubin's, &c.

Peer sarvents an' shearers danct reels till they swet,
An' busst yen anudder when duin, min;
The parson an' Mowdy-warp smuikt seyde by seyde,
Hawf crazy to see sec rare fun, min;
They brang in the punch-bowl—it held hawf-a-peck,
The priest now ruse up, gev a twoast, min,
"Ov peace, health, an' plenty, wheyle Englan' exists,
"May canny aul Cummerlan' bwoast!" min.
Ov murry-neets, clay-daubin's, &c.

The squire tuik a squint at his famish gowd watch—
"What, parson, it's twelve, we must home, man!
"Friend Isaac, let Jane thy sweet wife, and the rest,
"Be merry till daylight shall come, man.
"Ne'er let the glass stand! Here, Adams, a note!"—
Frae dandies Bill nobbet gat brass, min.
Now wi' curtcheys an' bows, an' good-nights an' gud-neets,
A glorious confusion theer was, min.
Ov murry-neets, clay-daubin's, &c.

A scawdin o' pez they set up in a swill,
An' bad t'em aw eat till they brust min,
Now coulert wi' pepper, an' han'fels o' sawt,
In basons ov butter they thrust, min.
Sweethearters are ser'ous, an' wheyles they leyke fun,
They peltet ilk udder wi' swads, min,—
Sec feghtin' girt Bonnyprat niver yence seed—
Stane-blin', in a crack, wer' the lads, min!
Ov murry-neets, clay-daubin's, &c.

Theer was, "Elsy, O war we at Gratena Green!"
"Wey, Peter, we'll off, when t'ou leykes, min!"
"Aa, Jen, thou's a rwose!" "Nay, Tim, divvent lee!"
"Hut, Jesper, thou fidges an' feykes, min!"
"What, Bella, I's aw sair wi' shearin' them wots!"
"Far sairer, dear Meyles, is my heart, min!"
"Ere ae month slips owre angel Matty's be meyne!"
"Aye, Dick, nobbet deeth sal us part, min!"
Ov murry-neets, clay-daubin's, &c.

They'd aw maks o' songs, aye, "Geyles Scroggins's Ghwost,"
"The Battle o' Boyne," "Donkin Gray," min;
An' "Deeth an' the Leady," "Mc Pharson's Fare-weel,"
"Daft Watty," "The Vicar o' Bray," min;

"They'd "Habbermenab," an' "The Chapter o' Kings,"
"Wully Westle," an' Dumbarton Drums," min;
They'd "Aul Meg o' Wappin," an' "Madgery Toppin,"
"The Bedful o' Fleas," an' "Sour Plums," min.
Ov murry-neets, clay-daubin's, &c.

Stop, Shadey, the bowl four teymes efter was preymt;
Young fwok grew some jilous, some fain, min;
Some spak ov our queen, an', wi' seeghs, neamt her deeth,—
Aul fwok aw dropt tears just leyke rain, min;
Ther' was "Lang leyfe to Bruim!" wi' cheers, till queyte hearse,
An' Denman, an' Alderman Wood, min.—
Kings an' queens—just leyke beggars—sup sorrow owre oft,
Pruivin' heedless to dui what they sud, min.
Ov murry-neets, clay-daubin's, &c.

Leyle Abram, the teaylear, crap on to the stuil,
An' spoutet them part ov a play, min;
The Clogger o' Dawston was nobbet a fuil,
Compar'd tull him, larnt fwok aw say, min;
About rents an' taxes some growlt lang an' sair,
An' news ov aw maks, gud an' ill, min;
Wi' huggin', an' screamin,' an' cutt'rin', leyke mad—
What! they ne'er let the glasses stan' still, min.
Ov murry-neets, clay-daubin's, &c.

Aul frosty-feac'd Jonathan cowp'd off his furm,—
He'd drunk, hotcht, an' laught, winkt, an' smuikt, min;
The cat ran away wid his wig to the byre,
Peer Mowdy-warp hiccupt an' puket, min,
He stuttert out "Squire," an' fell back into t' fire;
His weyfe rwoart, "O was t'ee but deed, min!—
"T'ou 'll dui nowt but drink!—I ne'er sleep a wink!—
"Sec a peer useless guff nin e'er seed min!"
Ov murry-neets, clay-daubin's, &c.

Fat Seymie the swearer, that studies nowt else,
Gev Cummerlan' woaths in a string, min;
A 'turney's lang letter hed meade him hawf daft:—
Thur law fwok mun ha'e their full swing, min.
Cries Meabin, "Woaths nobbet in law sud be heerd;
"Clwose thy gob, think, but swear nin at aw, min;
"It pruives to ilk mortal a ser'ous disgrace:—
"It's a d—d bad habit, we tnow, min!"
Ov murry-neets, clay-daubin's, &c.

Some gev smutty sangs; others telt funny teales;
Their feaces some hid; monie laught, min,—
Sec nonsense may charm, but it always dis harm;—
Jack Meabin obsarvt, aw wer' daft, min.
For a purse threyce the weyte ov a teaylear's geuse,
Jack niver frae reet cud be won, min;
They tnockt out his hip, cut his lug, an' his lip:—
Suin beane-setter Wharton was fun, min.
Ov murry-neets, clay-daubin's, &c.

Jack says, "Feghtin', fratchin', aw fwok sud despise,
"E'en russlin's aul Englan's disgreace, min;
"To bruise yen anudder, tho' monie 'twill please,
"It pruives t'em an unfeelin' reace min."
What! aw maks are russlers, frae court to the cot,
An' girt fwok owre oft fling the peer min:—
Sec savage divarshins wad men throw aseyde,
They'd luik at grim deeth wi' less fear, min.
Ov murry-neets, clay-daubin's, &c.

Now the fratch went about,—when drink's in sense is out,—
Dan Dottrel gev weyfe twee black een, min,
Wi' methody Jacep he swore she'd been off:—
Peer Rachel wi' nin out hed been, min.
But Jacep' deame ruse, throppelt Dan in a treyce,
She strack him wi' tengs, doun he flew, min;
Dan' weyfe lap about, an' brak Etty's reed snout:—
Sec seeghts wad mek decent fwok spew, min.
Ov murry-neets, clay-daubin's, &c.

Lang Peg an' Daft Dinah gat intel a feght,—
Moulsey Hurst niver gev sec a treat, min,—
In luive wi' the skeybel, an' glasses cowpt off,
They kickt, an' they battert, to beat, min;
Wi' bluidy neb, Peg brak peer Dinah' buck teeth,
The skeybel rwoart, "Dropt silly tuils!" min.
Leyke kurn-winners, statesmen in feghtin deleyte,
It pruives them aw—what?—wicked fuils, min.
Ov murry-neets, clay-daubin's, &c.

Peer Mungy, the blackymuir, sat i' the nuik,
But nowther yence spak' or did wrang, min,
Lang Belzybub Bill brong the bluid freb his nob:—
Sec chaps to the gallows sud gang, min!
Suin rat-catcher Hugh at ill Belzy quick flew,—
The rat a Mandoza cud lick, min,—
He clwos'd up his een—sec a rowe ne'er was seen—
Ilk bat wad ha'e brokken a brick, min.
Ov murry-neets, clay-daubin's, &c.

Leyle Whap clam the furm to give Becka a buss,
Ned Ogglethrap seed him an' strack, min,
Sam Cleekaw kickt Ned, sec a lurry they hed,
The big bowl an' glasses they brak, min.
On the fleer bluid an' punch now husht leyke a stream;
The cannel was duin, aw was dark, min;
They crap in an' greant till dayleet i' the barn:—
Wheeiver h'ard tell o' sec wark, min?
Ov murry-neets, clay-daubin's, &c.

Tane liggin buin tudder—what! some cuddent speak,
Beanes brokken, an' bluidy ilk feace, min;
Aul Nichol the Newsmonger says as aw sud,
It's to Cummerlan' queyte a disgreace, min.
Wey, Shadey thou laughs! as fer me I cud cry
Just to hear aw the ins an' the outs min;
Here, smuik thy black cutty, an' I'll stowter heame:—
What honest fwok says some ay doubts, min.
Ov murry-neets, clay-daubin's, &c.

Hut, Jossy! just tell us the sea's runnin' dry!
Owre monie sec durdums fwok sees, min;
I've h'ard o' thy wauthor—it's pleasin' to me—
Aud Nichol's the deevil for lees, min.
In towns, aye in villages, stwories grow big,
Leyke snowbaws roll'd up in a street, min!
But may aw to peace an' to merriment bow,
Whene'er at kurn-winnins they meet, min.
Ov murry-neets, clay-daubin's, weddin's, they tell,
Bruff reaces, the fratch, cursmess eve, min;
In mischief an' leein' owre monie deleyte,
An' Nichol ay talks to deceive, min.

THE TRUE-PRAIS'D VIRTUOUS COUPLE.

The tune by the Author.

A HAPPY couple heaps may truly neame,
An' justly think nin better can be seen,
They ay show daily what mun lead to fame;
It's pleasin' when to sec true praise is gi'en!
Nowt on this yerth can ever better be,
To man or woman, iv they duty show
To our Almighty, an' to mortals gi'e
What mun pruive interesting ay to aw.
A just tnown pair, that fwok can ken sae reet,
May they hilth, wealth, an' happiness lang meet!
Gud fwok, beath authors, aw maks, ay sud praise;
Yet far owre few ther' is whea show just ways.

Now, them we sing on, are the weel-leykt set,
What aw that tnow, or hear o' them, can say;
Sae, fwok mun wish, they'll joyfu' teyme lang get,
When durin' leyfe, they've duty shown ilk day!
Theer's thousan's carry on, what sadness is;
In town an' country, it's owre common now!
O pity, onie mortal sec yence dis!
Heaps leyke the couple we'd be glad to view.
A just tnown pair, &c.

Yet, iv thro' Cummerlan' we just could walk,
We'd hev nae whops to meet an' hear sec pair!
When fain they plishure show to God, an' fwok,
Ther's nin owre aw the warl that can dui mair!
Let's nae yen flatter ov aw maks we ken,
But talk, sing, truly, what's our duty still!
We've ne'er h'ard sec praise gi'en to pair, or yen;
Sae, till deeth caws, ne'er may they yence be ill!
A just tnown pair, &c.

Neame o' this varteous twee we now may give,
What mun be pleasin' to gud fwok to hear;
When tnown by thousan's roun' whoar just they leeve,
Ilk yen, leyke me, sud ay say what pruives clear:—
It's Mr., Mrs. Howard, husban', weyfe,
At Corby Cassel; let fwok talk or sing,
Plain truth o' that gran' couple; durin' leyfe,
They've always duin what whops o' heav'n can bring.
A just tnown pair, &c.

FAV'RITE JEAN.

WHEN war's loud trumpet cawt to arms,
An' Britain bad fair Freedom wield,
Young Jemmy won by fause alarms,
Went far to seek the feghtin' fiel';
I ne'er cud speak, scarce him cud view,
For oft the tears fell frae my een,
Three times he sed, "Dear lass, pruive true!"
Shuik han's—seeght—left his fav'rite Jean.

Tho' burds sing blythe on hill an' grove,
An' flow'rs sae bonny sheyne aw day,
I cannot toil, tho' lang I've struive,
But think ov Jemmy far away.
Ay nature's smeyles cud plishure gi'e,
When walkin' wi' him on the green;
Aw seasons then ga'e joy to me:
But plishure's left his fav'rite Jean.

Nae mair the blithesome sangs I hear
Frae young lads toilin' at the plew;
Nae keyn acquaintance I gang near,
For that cud gi'e nae plishure now;
Whene'er I stray alang the burn,
Whoar oft wi' him we've murry been,
The blackburd seems wi' me to mourn;
An' monie pity fav'rite Jean.

How lang mun suff'rin' sowdger man
His brother kill wi' gun or sword,
To please the weyld sad tyrant clan,
The hireling kneave, or pampert lword?
O meek-ey'd Peace thy olive wave,—
Lang teyme a wand'rer thou hes been,—
Thy smeyles, frae deeth, may thousan's seave,
An' bring the luive to fav'rite Jean.

THE PREYDE O' MY LUIVE.

SWEET Nelly! dear Nelly! O was thou incleyn'd
Thro' leyfe mey companion, mey breyde, for to be,
The cares o' this warl cud ne'er harass the meynd,
An' aw in my pow'r I'd share daily wi' thee.
For fashion or folly I never yence struive,
Still mey wish is for Ellen, the preyde o' mey luive.

When spring yearly brings us a change an' sweet flowers,
Leyke burds, we'd ay welcome her heart-cheerin' smeyle,
And l'arn frae their songs daily h'ard in the bow'rs,
The partner to please, but ne'er wish to begueyle;
Deame Nature's gran' warks to beath joyfu' wad pruive,
When gazin' wi' Ellen, the preyde o' mey luive.

When summer, when autumn, gev plenty aw roun'—
True blessin's to aw maks—how dear the deleyte;
An' when the deed leaves, quiv'rin', daily fell down,
They just seem to say, "Aw mun be the seame."
Thro' leyfe's toilin' years fain we'd try to impruive,
An' true joys share, Ellen, sweet preyde o' mey luive.

Where winter wad daily blow weyl owre the hill,
An' peer houseless bodies mud shrink at his reage,
The stormy blasts ne'er sud us flay; we'd sit still
In peace, whopin' ay for leyfe's winter ov yeage.
Nae rich man on earth e'er mair happy cud pruive,
If mey breyde was but Ellen, the preyde o' mey luive.

LEEIN' AN' SWEERIN'.

LUCK to ev'ry bodie
That ne'er lee or sweer!
Monie mek't their study,—
Sec owre oft we hear.
Leein' leads to sorrow,
Swearin' just the seame;
Fwok that whops wad borrow,
Let them cry, O sheame!

Frae the king to cobbler,
  Aw ranks sweer an' lee,
Fain to leeve a troubler :—
  Truth the warl sud gi'e.
    Leein' leads, &c.

Fops an' fuils, O never
  Let thur be your preyde ;
Praise true virtue ever :—
  Sec be ilk yen's gueyde.
    Leein' leads, &c.

If oppress'd we aw be,
  Sunk in puirtith low,
Gud adveyce let's aw gi'e,
  Till deeth gi'es a caw.
    Leein' leads, &c.

FRIEN' JACEP.

In weyldness aw roun' us are risin' ;
It's just turnt a shem an' a byzen.

IT'S fifty years, Jacep, sin' we went to schuil,
  Lads an' lasses, aw roun', then wad modesty show ;
At that teyme we nowther cud neame a weyl fuil,
But now there's sae monie we cannot neame aw ;

Whoare'er yen may gang the sad changes he'll see,
Sweet meyldness o' manners they've aw flang aseyde,
For fwok glory in sweerin', an' ay leykes to lee:—
Bad luck to the tuils that mek owther their preyde!

Let's just neame mad Matthew, that daily wad feght
That canny aul woman, that's hoblins his deame;
To streyke at the peer decen' weyfe's his deleyte,
An' years hev pass'd owre sin' he meade her queyte leame.
His son—leyke the fadder—ay shows his disgreace,
An' laughs at his mudder, that truth ay wad tell,
If here we cud stare at his queer bleakent feace,—
But to give him adveyce he wad beath ov us fell.

An' yonder's proud Philip, that struts up an' down,
Oft donnt as if worth full five hundred a year.
He's ta'en for a gentleman, ay, i' the town,
But neist week, nae doubt, i' the jail he'll appear;
That day he gat weddit, we beath may meynd well,
Then fwok aw roun' cawt him the decent young man,
But now he seems fain for to meet wi' the de'il,
An' owt that may cause sec's for ever his plan.

Aa, Gwordie, the gam'ler, just comes down the hill,
He's won scwores o' puns, but far mair now he's lost,
Just lissen! he talks to the weyfe, but sweers still,
He hed heaps o' gear but frae aw he's now tost;

At russlin' or reacin', for bettin' he's seen ;
Caird-laikin', i' th' yell-house, ay, neet efter neet.
If gudness he'd studiet how happy he'd been ;
Now peer, he leykes stealin', but niver dis reet.

Now, Jacep, reed robin farewell gie's the sun,
Step into my house an' we'll luik owre the news,
In that, leyke aw papers, we mischief read duin,
Yet fuils an' gud bodies may dui what they chuse.
Cud thee an' me wander owre Englan' to-mworn,
In wickedness oft we'd see owre monie sheyne ;
But wheyle we're beath leevin' sec wark let's ay scworn,
An' think ov the decency ay shown lang seyne.

BAD NEWS.

WEYFE, steek the duir an' men' the fire,
Then heaste to cuik me owt to eat,
I's caul, an' leame, an' wet to th' skin,
This armin chair I'll meake my seet ;
Put bairns i' bed if supper's owre,
An' then bad news to thee I'll tell,—
What monie a yen to weyves ha'e neam'd :
Nay, dunnet seegh or plague thysel'.

How blithe we partit suin this mworn;
Our naig I tuik owre to the fair,
An' whopt he'd bring me just ten pun,
Yet pleast I gat n'ar twee pun mair;
Thy gown I bowt, an' heame wad come,
But on the rwoad twee villains met,
They tuik mey money, gown, an' watch,
Then tnockt me down.—Nay, deevent fret.

I tried to rise, an' fwok com' by,
I telt them truly what was duin,
Then owre the common off they ruid,
An' catcht the twee weyl robbers suin.
I met them n'ar the turnpike yeat,
An' into Carel suin we went;
The justice flang them beath in jail.—
Mey faith! what's duin they'll sair repent.

Han' me that peype, I'll smuik an' think;—
Nay, dunnet cry, we ne'er did wrang!
The truth I'll state, whate'er teks pleace,
To Carel 'sizes when I gang.
We plenty hev, we'll dui what's reeght,
An' whop beath lang may happy be;
Now supper's ruddy, weep nae mair,
Ay fain I'd see a smeyle frae thee.

THE STORM.

THE storm's blown hard frae mworn to neeght,
It's kept peer beggar-fwok at heame,
Some think it's wrang, but monie reeght:
Owre aw this warl they see the seame.
Whatever stormy days we see,
Let's think God's will it ay mun be.

The muin's nit seen, the rain pours down,
An' monie a trav'ler's suff'rin' now,
The rivers deep may be aw roun;
Sin warl's beginnin' aw mud view.
Tho' in this house confin'd are we,
Let's think God's will it ay mun be.

In summer oft loud thunder's h'ard,
An' leetnin' monie throws to pain;
Then bits o' things how oft we've view'd,
Ay shudd'rin' as nae whops they'd gain.
We thunder, leetnin', hear an' see,
Let's think God's will it ay mun be.

We've aw felt monie stormy days,
An' changes that will ay appear;
Tho' weather's seen in dangerous ways,
Sec ne'er sud bring a meynd to fear.
The weydest storm thro' leyfe we see,
Let's think God's will it ay mun be.

THE BONNY BAD HUZZY.

THAT huzzy, young Nan, 's a tall feyne luikin' lass,
Her cheeks are queyte rwosy as onie can see,
A farm she can brag on, an' plenty ov brass,
An' sweethearts to saunter wid ay fain is she;
Yet nae gud she'll dui—the truth yen sud tell—
Hawf crazy, ay wicked, pruives daily her preyde;
I'd raider some beggar-lass follow, mey sel':
If Nan were worth millions she'd ne'er be mey breyde.

Just think what a huzzy, when talkin' she'll sweer,
Ay glory in nonsense, an' laugh leyke a fuil—
For I've known the bonny yen monie a year—
What sweerin' an' leein' she'd neame i' the schuil.
If owre this weyl county we daily cud gang,
Yen seldom cud lass meet whea dis what Nan wad,
She glories in weyldness what ay may show wrang;
If some mud just hear they'd think she was mad.

There's Job i' the lonnin, an' Tom i' the hill,
An' Dick i' the corner, and Sam i' the green,
An' Raff i' the yell-house, an' Jack i' the mill,
An' Wull i' the wood, that's now lost beath his een,
They're kissin' an' codlin' an' laughin' wi' Nan,
Then russlin' an' fratchin' an' feghtin', sec wark—
She'd raider be wi' them than a decen' young man—
When it's stormy they'll saunter for hours after dark.

The best man amang us oft gives her adveyce—
Shaff! he mud as weel talk for hours to the muin,
Or gi'e a reeght lesson to the weyl rats an' meyce;
Tho' rich, young, an' bonny, nae gud she's yet duin,
Now daily oft drinkin', the thurd teyme wi' bairn,
Sae what mun her thowts be when deeth gi'es a caw.
When young lads an' lasses true gudness wad larn,
The joys o' leyfe they'll share what fuils never know.

GUD-NATURET WILL.

SHAFF, Nell, thou ne'er nwotishes nin but girt Jwohnny,
His money, an' houses, riches, yacres, or lan';
I've yen that's as peer but as guid, aye, as onie,
Nae udder wi' thousands sal e'er buy my han'.
The lad I leyke best, nobbet last month he sowt me;
He leeves owre the watter atop o' yen hill:
His gudness, his sense, an' his modesty bowt me:—
For ever I'll leyke him, peer gud-naturet Will.

He's silent when monie are bwoastin' ov greatness;
He meyns nowt ov riches, but leykes a just preyde;
In aw that he dis, what! he shows nowt but neatness,
An' wishes ilk neet to swat down by my seyde;
He'll sing a luive sang, tell how lasses are cheatet;
He hates aw young chaps that fain wad dui ill:—
I'll ho'd thee a weager if here he was seatet,
Thy heart wad be gi'en to peer gud-naturet Will.

Girt Jwohnny, that courts thee, 's led monie to ruin,—
O tek mey adveyce! luive a chap that dis gud,—
He follows the lasses, still weyldness pursuin':
O that he was punisht as aw sec leyke sud!
If seen in a cwoach an ov millions ay braggin',
Sud he follow me, faith, I'd laugh at him still;
Ther's yen I'd far rader see reyde in a waggin:—
This han' sal be gi'en to peer gud-naturet Will.

When reavin 'bout Jwohnny oft magpies 'll cross thee,
As if to say, Nell, hear a lesson frae me,
Just scworn the rich chap that to ruin wad toss thee,
An' try for a lad that ay fain gud to be.
Bad luck to aw chaps that sec weyldness delight in,
As leads monie lasses to sad mis'ry still;
But gud luck to the lad that sec fellows keep slightin':—
Teane's theyne, tudder's meyne—the peer gud-naturet Will.

ABSENT FANNY.

FAIR Fanny's feace when I cud view,
Where aw mey happiness I gat,
My cares seemt gean, my wants seemt few,
An' preyde I ay laught at;

Wi' her the hours past sweet away,
We crackt wi' merry glee;
Nae lark, that welcom'd onie day,
Was hawf sae blithe an' free.

E'en now her smeyle ov luive I see,
When she furst wan my heart;
Her rwosy cheek an' breet blue e'e
Meade me in luive furst start:
Now seeghin' thro' our fav'rite grove,
Mey bwosom's wrapt in care:
I think o' nowt but her I luive,
Far frae mey Fanny fair.

A wretch enslav'd on some rough coast,
Than one mair plishure tnows;
That joys ov luive by me are lost,
Ilk day, ilk hour, ay shows.
O that fair whop cud ease mey grief,
An' bring her I luive best,
I'd ne'er forgit that sweet relief,—
It meakes true lovers blest.

TO FRIENDSHIP.

TRUE friendship leyfe's deleyte still pruives,
Nor ever flings mankeyn' to woe;
The gud, whea still their brethren luives,
What leads to virtue ay will show;

If wealth we share, or low in care,
Let thowts ay lead to what pruives fair;
Howe'er to want we're fworc'd to bend,
Let's wish for joy to each true friend.

True friendship, glory, fame, oft gi'es,
When restless mortals fwok relieve;
Fause friendship, that sae oft yen sees,
Owre earth will daily millions grieve.

True friendship number's ne'er can meet,
Whea duty dui to aw maks roun';
What's shown for ever to the great,
To wordy peer fwok's seldom shown.

True friendship, when fwok throw aseyde,
What then are riches, preyde, or power?—
Vain gewgaws! Mekin sec their gueyde,
May sair repent lang ere deeth's hour.

True friendship that can ne'er cause streyfe,
But e'en keep frae distress and pain,
An' show what bliss it gie's thro' leyfe,
In every bwosom still sud reign.

O WIFE.

(FROM THE MUSICAL CYCLOPÆDIA.)

O WIFE! I wad fain see our Sukey dui reet,
But she's out wi' the fallows, aye, neet after neet:
Them that's fash'd wi' nae bairns iver happy mun be,
For we've yen, and she's maister o' baith thee and me.

I can't for the life o' me get her to work;
Nor aw the lang Sunday to go near a kurk;
Nor frae week en' to week en' a chapter to read,
For the Bible ligs stoury abuin the duir-head.

She yence cud ha'e crammel'd and writ her awn neame,
And, Sunday and warday, was teydey at heame;
Now, to see her whol'd stockin's, her brat, and her gown,—
She's a shem and a byzen to all the heale town.

O wad she be guided and stick to her wheel;
There's nane kens how fain I wad see her dui weel,
For she's thy varra picture, and aw that we have,
But thur neet's warks 'll bring my grey hairs to the grave.

'Twas nobbet last week in a passion I flew,
And gev her a trouncin'—but sair did I rue;
Then I bad her e'en pack up her duds and we'd part,
For to streyke my awn bairn it just breks my auld heart.

There's that ill Calep Crosby, he's niver away,
He's gleymin and watching her beath neet and day;
Sud he come i' my clutches a ken-guid he's get,
For tho' auld, leame, and feeble, I'll maister him yet.

I'll away owre to Whitten a pressgang to seek,
And they's lig him in irons, aye, this varra week;
On his back he may tie her; a donnet is she,
And sha' not be maister o' baith thee and me!

THE AUTHOR ON HIMSELF.*

O EDEN! whenever I range thy green banks,
And view the sweet scenes of my infantine pranks,
Where with pleasure I sported ere sorrow began,
I sigh to trace onwards from boy to the man.

* Considerably altered from any previous printed copy.

To memory, dear are the days of our youth,
When enraptur'd we gaz'd at each object with truth,
And, like fairies, a thousand light frolics we play'd;
But manhood has chang'd what youth fondly portray'd.

I think of my playmates—the few I lov'd best,
Now divided, like larks after leaving the nest;
How we trembled to school, and with copy and book,
Oft read our hard fate in the master's stern look;
In summer, let loose, how we brush'd thro' the wood,
Or made rushy caps on the banks of the flood,
Or watch'd the soap bubbles, or wound up the kite,
Or launch'd paper navies—how dear the delight!

Then Jock Smith, the boggle remember'd now well;
We two in Blain's hayloft at eve oft would dwell,
And of giants, ghosts, witches, and fairies oft read,
Till, frighten'd, we scarcely could creep off to bed;
Then in winter we'd call out the lasses to play,
And sing how the moon shone as bright as the day;
Or scamper, like wild things, at hunting the hare,
Tig-touch-wood, four corners, or baiting the bear.

When I went to Scott's school, my dear mother I lost—
What! all this wide world is by tyrant death cross'd—
A better ne'er once took a child on her knee:
To look on her grave many a tear draws from me.

Then when thirteen, my father—God bless him!—
oft said,
"My lad, I must get thee a bit of a trade;
"O could I afford it more learning thou'd get."
But poor was my father, and I'm unlearn'd yet.

And then my first sweetheart, an angel was she,
But I made love to one I too seldom could see;
I mind when I met her I panted to speak,
But stood silent, for blushes were spread o'er my
cheek;
When holydays came, fond to see her I went,
But dreamt not such scenes in a song I'd e'er paint;
Like a rose-bud, she fell to the earth ere her prime,
And left this wild world for a better in time.

At last all the playthings of youth laid aside,
Now love, hope, and fear, did my moments divide,
And with restless ambition life's troubles began:—
But I sigh to trace onward from boy to the man.
It's sweet to reflect on the days of one's youth,
If rear'd to religion, industry, and truth;
We sports could enjoy, but ne'er harm did to one:
Such innocent pleasures, alas! are all gone.

END OF ROBERT ANDERSON'S POEMS.

SONGS.

BY

MISS BLAMIRE* AND MISS GILPIN.

SONG.

BY MISS BLAMIRE.

WHAT ails this heart o' mine?
What means this wat'ry e'e?
What gars me ay turn pale as death
When I tak' leave o' thee?
When thou art far awa',
Thou'll dearer be to me;
But change o' place, and change o' folk,
May gar thy fancy jee.

* Miss Blamire, who wrote several songs besides the two here given in the Cumberland dialect, was born at Thackwood-Nook, in the parish of Sowerby, a few miles from Carlisle, and resided many years in that ancient city with her learned and intimate friend, Miss Gilpin, who was also the author of several songs. Robert Anderson, who states that he spent several years in the company of the latter lady, writes in the highest terms of commendation of both, and considers the songs written by Miss Blamire, "among the most interesting in the English language." Miss Blamire died at Carlisle, in April, 1795, aged 49 years, and was interred at Raughton-head, near Rose Castle, the ancient seat of the Bishop of Carlisle.

When I sit down at e'en,
Or walk in morning air,
Ilk rustling bough will seem to say,
I us'd to meet thee there;
Then I'll sit down and wail,
And greet aneath a tree,
And gin a leaf fa' i' my lap,
I's ca't a word frae thee.

I'll hie me to the bow'r
Where yews wi' roses tred,
And where, wi' monie a blushing bud,
I strove my face to hide;
I'll doat on ilka spot,
Where I ha'e been wi' thee,
And ca' to mind some kindly look
'Neath ilka hollow tree.

Wi' sec thoughts i' my mind,
Time thro' the warl may gae,
And find me still, in twenty years,
The same as I'm to-day:
'Tis friendship bears the sway,
And keeps friends i' the e'e;
And gin I think I see thee still,
Wha can part thee and me?

SONG.

BY MISS BLAMIRE.

WA, Ned, man, thou luiks sae down-hearted,
Yen wad sweer aw thy kindred were dead;
For sixpence, thy Jean an' thee's parted,—
Ne'er ak, never bother thy head!
There's lasses enow, I'll upho'd t'ee,
And thou may be suin as weel match'd;
For there's as guid fish in the river
As onie that's iver been catch'd.

Ah, Joe, thou kens nought o' the matter,
Sae let's ha'e nae mair o' thy jeer;—
Auld England's gown's worn till a tatter,
And they'll nit new don her, I fear.
For Liberty never can flourish
Till man in his rights is a king;
Till we tak' a tithe pig frae the bishop,
As he's deun frae us, is the thing.

Nay, Ned, then, is that a' that ails thee?
Wi then thou deserves maist to hang;—
What! tak' a bit land frae it's owner!
Is this then thy fine rights o' man?
Wi thou plows, and thou sows, and thou reaps, man,
Thou cums and thou gangs when thou will;
Nowther king, lord, nor bishop, dare touch thee,
Sae lang as thou dis fowk nae ill.

How can t'ee say sae, Joe, thou kens now
If hares were as plenty as hops,
I durstn't fell yen for me life, mun,
Nor tek't out of auld cwoley's chops;
While great fwoks they ride down my hedges,
And spang o'er my fields o' new wheat,
Nought but ill words I get for me damage:—
Can ony man tell me that's reet?

Aye, there I mun own the shoe pinches,
Just there thou has cause to complain.
Ne'er ak,—there's nae hard laws in England
Except this bit thing about game:
An we were a' equal at morning,
We cou'dn't remain sae till neet;
Some arms are far stranger than others,
An' some heads will tak' in mair leet.

T'ou cou'dn't mend laws an t'ou wad, man,
'Tis for other guess noddles than thine;
Lord help t'ee! sud beggars yence rule us,
They'd tek' off baith thy cwoat and mine.
What is 't, then, but laws that stand by us,
While we stand by country and king?
And as to bein' parfe't and parfe't,
I tell thee there is nae sec thing.

THE SAILOR LAD'S RETURN.*

BY MISS GILPIN.

Tune,—"O'er Bogie."

MOTHER.

AND is it thee, my Harry, lad?
And safe return'd frae war;
Thou'rt dearer to thy mother's heart
Sin' thou hast been sae far.
But tell me aw that's happen'd thee—
The neet is wearing fast—
There's nought I like sae weel to hear
As dangers that are past.

HARRY.

O mother! I's reet fain to see
Your guid-like feace the same;
To monie a place you follow'd me
When I was far frae heame;
And as I walk'd the deck at neet,
And watch'd the rippling tide,
My thoughts flew back to this lov'd spot,
And set me by your side.

MOTHER.

O Harry! monie a sleepless neet
I pass'd, and aw for thee,
I peyn'd, and turn'd just skin and beane,
Fwok aw thought I wad dee;

* Now first printed.

Then when the wicked war brok' out,
The news I durs'n't read,
For fear thy neame, my only lad,
Sud be amang the dead.

HARRY.

Ay mother! freetfu' seeghts I've seen,
When bullets round me flew;
But in the feght or threetnin' storm,
Still, still I thought o' you.
Our neighbours aw, baith auld and young,
Please God, to-mworn I'll see;
O tell me is the oak uncut
That us'd to shelter me?

MOTHER.

Aye, that it is, my bonny bairn,
And I's reet fain to tell,
Tho' oft the axe was busy there,
Thy tree they ne'er durst fell;
Oft as I wander'd near its shade
My eye wou'd drop a tear,
And monie a time to heav'n I pray'd,
"O that my lad were here!"

HARRY.

Now, mother, yage has chang'd your hair,
We never mair will part,
To leave you, tho' for India's wealth,
Wad break my varra heart.

You say my sweetheart, Sally, 's weel—
To leave you baith was wrang—
O mother, give but your consent,
We'll marry 'or its lang.

MOTHER.

God speed ye weel! a cannier pair
Neer kneel'd afwore a priest;
For me, I've suffer'd lang and sair,
The grave 'll get me neist.
Suin, Harry, bring her frae the town,
And happy let us be;
This house, the field, the cow, the sow,
Now aw belangs to thee.

END OF MISS BLAMIRE AND MISS GILPIN'S SONGS.

SONGS.

BY

JOHN RAYSON.*

WORTHLESS STRANG.

Tune,—"Borrowdale Jwohnny."

THE upper Hill beauty is ay yet unweddet,
Sae, Lanty, buck at her, nor langer delay,
Fwok say a faint heart never gain'd a fair leady,
Thou's nobbet leyke monie sud she say thee nay;
She's got lots o' money, she's fair as the rwoses,
To see sec a flow'r unenjoy'd is wheyte wrang,
Sae heaste and mek ready,'twad shem the heale parish
To let her be teane wud a gipsy leyke Strang.

She's fuilish and thoutless to nwotish this fellow,
When scwores o' rich lairds for her seegh and repeyne,
For he is just e'en the offscum o' the county,
There's nit a yen honest in aw his whole keyne;
Their crymes out o' number are weel known at Hesket,
Nit yen o' his kin but 's weel wordy to hang,
To aw our whole parish their neames are a terror,
'Twill e'en flay the bairns if ye mention but Strang.

* From his Miscellaneous Poems, 16mo, Carlisle, 1830.

'Tis whuspert about how they've lang meade a leeving,
Last year it com' out yen had teane the highway,
But suin he was sent to thief's college at Carel,
And shipp'd wi' some mair o'er to Bottonay Bay.
I think the puir lass is just warse nor bedeaver'd,
She'll see through her folly befwore it be lang;
Her friends wad far rather hear tell o' her berring,
Aye, twenty teymes owre, than her wedding wud Strang.

I' fruit teymes o' summer he oft play'd the truant,
To breck fwok's worchets, when he went to skuil;
Sin' childhood he's ay been a thief in his nature,
And scarce knows his letters—the ignorant fuil.
Sae her thy hand offer and seave her frae ruin,
And if thou succeed that ill tuil, lad, to bang,
A stave thou wilt hear, how I'll lilt at thy wedding,
And oft drink confusion to rascals leyke Strang.

CHARLIE M'GLEN.

LAL Charlie M'Glen he was brong up a pedder,
A wutless bit hav'ril, a conceited yape,
He selt beggar inkle, caps, muslins, and cottons,
Goons, neck'loths, and stockings, thread, needles, and tape;
'Tis whuspert by sleet-han' he's meade lots o' money,
His actions now pruive him the weale o' bad men,
He's guilty o' crimes that desarve him a gallows,
For biggest o' rascals is Charlie M'Glen.

Puir Bella, the weyfe, she's a decent man's douter,
And prays oft that heaven wad give her relief;
She's e'en been bedeivel'd leyke meast o'young lasses,
And claims to our pity she's join'd till a thief.
A reace, fair, or market, he seldom yen misses;
The Carel street-robbers he kens monie yen,—
For burds of a feather they ay flock together,
And sae mun those villains wi' Charlie M'Glen.

At Skinberness reaces he pick'd a man's pocket,—
For slape-fingert art he is equall'd by neane,—
But he was o'erseen, and they seiz'd the vile sharper
And fworc'd him to give back the money ageane;
At Abbey last week he fell in wi' Kit Stewart,
And crowns, frae his pocket, he got nine or ten,
But suin for that job he was teane by the beaylies:
But money frae prison seav'd Charlie M'Glen.

He's seldom at heame, and his weyfe's kept in terror;
At neets i' the lonning he's seen at aw teymes;
A swindlin' rascal he's been frae his cradle,
It's nit in yen's power to out-number his crimes,
For he steals hens and ducks wi' thur Shaddongeate fellows:—
O happy's the county that's clear o' sec men!
I whope that my lword, at the next Carel 'sizes,
Will ship o'er the herring-dub Charlie M'Glen.

DAN PATTINSON'S YELL.

Tune,—"Come under my plaidie."

I'D hev ye giv owre and drink nae mair brandy,
Nor rum, gin, or whiskey, to puzzen the flesh,
Nor trash Lunnon porter that's brew'd about Kendal,
Nae mair weast yer money on ony sec wesh;
But when ye are dry just gan up to Mat Wulson's,
To slocken yen's drought, min, rare stuff he does sell:
When my heart is sinking, I rais't there wi' drinking
A full measure whart o' Dan Pattinson's yell.

When bottl'd awhile it wull grow strang as brandy,
And blow out the corks leyke a bottle o' pop;
But yel about Dalston, at Langtown, and Branton,
It smells o' the wesh leyke lal Fisher's shop,
For they everly full their weak stuff full o' jalop,
And drugs that wad puzzen the deavel himsel',
Your senses it seizes, your head it diseases,—
'Tis nought to compare to Dan Pattinson's yell.
Ye rhymers, dull souls, whose poor hearts sunk in sorrow,

Who study to paint each vile wretch that trepans,
Ye'd bid care adieu and wi' joy view to-morrow,
If ye hed yer full frae a barrel o' Dan's;
Ye public-house keepers, this king of aw liquors
I'd hev ye to draw, and far mair ye wad sell,
Ye'd never want custom for drinkers they must come,
If your cellars were stor'd wi' Dan Pattinson's yell.

JENNY CROW.

WE'VE lasses amang us wad bang aw the county,
For sense and for beauty there's few leyke Nan Greame,
Or lish Sally Simpson, Keate Young, and Jen Boustead,
And twenty as nice if I'd time them to neame;
There's one abuin aw, fwok are ay fain to nwotish,
Her cheeks are sweet rwoses, she's fit for a show,
She lives wid her mudder just near the tarn cottage,—
The best o' the beauties is blythe Jenny Crow.

'Twas at Croglin murry-neet when I furst saw her,
She danc'd, and ay 'stonish'd and sheam'd monie yen;
There's was nin but mysel' she wad let sit aside her,
And fain I'd sit wi' her till life's whopes are geane.
If ever thro' Croglin ye happen to wander,
Tek my advice, ne'er at her cottage yence ca',
For if ye hed hearts that wad full a town yuban,
Ye'd nit hev yen left if ye saw Jenny Crow.

There's scwores of font dandies been up here to see her,
Wi' gigs and post horses, and clease nit their awn;
It's odd these bit rif-rafs sud study sec feynry,
And hev things of monie macks liggin o' pawn;

They mop'd out feyne words showing nought else
but flatt'ry,
But sec was just useless she suin let them know,
Pride ay was her scworn, and her heart was another's:
Sin' that they ha'e ne'er muckle fash'd Jenny Crow.

Last neet at our duir when Bet Brown and her
differt,
Sweet Jenny, gud lass, knew but lal how to scaul,
But I suin tuik her part and caw'd Bet a weyld
strumpet,
And did, as I sud, pat her out o' the faul.
This neet I'll see Jenny, ere naigs we've got fodder'd,
Tho' winter, I meyn nought o' win', sleet or snow;
Ere neist month I'll stick a gowd ring on her finger,
Her neame sal be Bell and nae mair Jenny Crow.

JEAN.

Tune,—"Auld Langseyne."

JEAN, forty years ha'e flown away
Sin' furst I did ye see,
But yet, my douse and sonsy deame,
Thou's ay as dear to me;
Oh, Jean, think on yon kurn-neet,
When struttin' in thy preyme!
There's ne'er a lass is now sae neyce
As thou was yence lang seyne.

I mean at Wulson's murry-neet,
When thou sat on my knee,
Nae doubt Dick Water's heart was bad,
But we cared nit a flea;
When gangan heame thy han' I gat,
A pledge to ay be meyne:—
There's nae sic luive, Jean, now-a-days
As we felt yence lang seyne.

Come, Jean, yence mair let me enfald
Thee in these wark-worn arms,
And let me feel the dear deleyte
O' thy unfaded charms.
Let's never mourn our humble lot,
Nor at auld yage repeyne;
Let's teaste the sweets o' luive yence mair,
As oft we've duin lang seyne.

ANN O' HETHERSGILL.

THE fairest maids o' Britain's isle
'Mang Cumbria's mountains dwell,
Sweet budding flow'rs unseen they bloom,
By muirland, glen, or fell;
And yen, the fairest of them aw,
My heart could ne'er be still,
To see her at the kurk or fair,
Sweet Ann o' Hethersgill.

Her feace was leyke the blushing rwose,
  Her heart was leet and free,
Ere she had felt the warld's cares,
  Or love blink'd in her e'e.
This fair bewitching feace wi' love
  The hardest heart wad fill;
The flower o' aw the country seyde
  Was Ann o' Hethersgill.

She cheerfu' wrought her war-day wark,
  Then sat down at her wheel,
And sang o' luive, the winter neets,
  Ere she its power did feel;
And at the kurk, on Sunday mworns,
  Nane sang sae sweet and shrill,
The charming voice abuin them aw
  Was Ann o' Hethersgill.

But she saw Jock at Carel fair,
  She nae mair was hersel',
She cudna sing when at her wheel,
  And sigh'd o'er down the dell.
Jock is the laird o' Souter Muir,
  He's now come o'er the hill,
And teane away his bonny bride,
  Sweet Ann o' Hethersgill.

END OF THE CUMBERLAND DIALECT.

A GLOSSARY

OF THE

WESTMORELAND AND CUMBERLAND DIALECT.

A, or Ay, always; ever.

Aandorn, Orndorn, or Orn-Dinner. (The word is thus pronounced in most districts of Cumberland; but in Durham, Northumberland, and Yorkshire, and probably elsewhere, it is pronounced doundrins and down-dinner.) An afternoon's repast, or any occasional refection after dinner; also simply the afternoon.—*Vide Boucher's Glossary.*

"For th' las *oandurth* boh one, me measter had lik t' o killt meh."—*Tim Bobbin.*

Abaut, about.

Aboon, or Abuin, above; overhead.

Acker, to curl, as the curl of water from the wind: hence, ackerspire, the term for the shooting of barley when in steep for malt.—*MS. Glossary.*

Ackern, an acorn.

Addiwissen, had I known it.

Addle, pronounced in Cumberland ettle, to earn by working.

"Oft has he dadg'd on manny a clarty gyate
And blowy neet, to save hur dry and warm;
Oft has he wakent suin, and labour'd lyate,
To *addle* brass 'at he mud stock a farm."—
A Lamentation on the Death of Roger, a Pastoral in the Westmoreland Dialect, by Mr. T. Wilkinson, in MS.

In some counties it is applied to the growth of corn, &c., as "that crop *addles*," that is, thrives; in which sense it is used by *Tusser*,—

"Where ivy embraceth the tree very sore,
Kill ivy, else tree will *addle* no more."

ADDLINGS, earnings; wages received for work.

ADVISIN, advising.

AE, a, or one.

AERY, or AIRY, a nest of an eagle or hawk.—*Vide* a grant, in which "harts and hinds, wild boars and their kinds, and all *aries* of hawks," are reserved.—*Hutchinson's Cumberland*, vol. 1, p. 523. A petit serjeantry is also held in Cumberland "by keeping the king's *aeries* of gos-hawks."—*Nicolson and Burn's Cumberland*, vol. 1, p. 22. It means also a young brood of hawks, as well as the nest in which they are produced.

AFIT, on foot.

AFOAR, or AFWORE, before.

A-FOAT, a-foot; as "a design is a-foot."

AGAYN, again. AGAYNTH, or AGEAN, against.

AGGY, Agnes.

AGNAYLES, or ANGNAYLES, corns on the feet.—*Grose*. But in the north of England, the more customary application of the word ANGNAIL, or, as it seems to be pronounced, NANGNAIL, is rather to designate the painful growing-in of the nails of the feet, than either a corn, or the small whitlow, sometimes called a *back-friend*.—*Boucher's Glossary*.

A-GY, or A-JEE, awry.

AHINT, behind.

AHORSE, on horseback.

AIKTON, a village near Wigton.

AIL, to be indisposed.

AIRT, AIRTH, or ARCTE (pronounced in Westmore-

land, ART), a point or part of the horizon or compass; a district or portion of the country. "What *airt* is the wind in?" that is, from what point does it blow.

AITHER, either: also; each.

"Aw so three greet hee fellows cummin up t' loanin, an' *aither* o' them had a great big stick iv 'is hand."—I saw three great tall men coming up the lane, and *each* of them had a great stick in his hand.

A-JY, or A-GEE, awry.

A'L, I'll, I will.

ALAAN, alone.

ALANG, along.

ALEIS, alas.

ALEGAR (pronounced in Westmoreland, ALLEKAR), Vinegar. From *ale-aigre*—sour ale.

"What is it to us should there really be four millions of toadpoles in a single drop of vinegar! God has wisely hid them frae our seet. I grant it that ya drop of *alligar* may be an ocean to sic tiny inhabitants; but when yan comes ashore 'twill be time enough to study his shap'."—*A Plain Address, written in the provincial dialect of the barony of Kendal.* Printed at Kendal, 1785, p. 12.

ALLAR, or ELLER, an alder tree, the *Betula Alnus*. It was owing, no doubt, to the frequency of this tree, and the favour in which it was held by our ancestors, that it furnished a name to two of the five wards or hundreds into which the county of Cumberland is divided. ALLERDALE, a name of great antiquity.—*Boucher.*

ALL-HALLOWS, All-Saints' day, the first of November. "It is remarkable that whilst the old popish names for the other fasts and festivals, such as Christmas, Candlemas, Lammas, &c., are generally retained throughout England, the northern counties alone continue the use of the ancient term for the festival of All-Saints."—*Boucher. Vide* Burns's poem of Halloween, and the curious

notes explanatory of the charms and spells of this evening, which were in a great degree common to both countries, and still form a portion of the popular creed in the north of England.

Ally, the aisle of a church.

Allyblaster, alabaster. A very old barbarism.

Ambrie, or Ambry, a pantry or cupboard.

Amackily, in some fashion; partly.

Amang, among.

Ameast, or Amyast, almost.

An, if.

An', or En', and; also.

Anan, instantly; immediately.

And aw, and all; as well; likewise.

Ane, own.

Anenst, over against; opposite to.

Anters, in case.

Anth', and the.

Anudder, another.

Anunder, beneath.

Arr, the mark or seam of a flesh wound; a cicatrice. Thus, *pock-arrs*, the marks made by the small-pox.

Arrant, errand; used also for a disorderly person.

Ard, or Aird, high, when applied to the name of a place. It is also used in Cumberland, abstractedly, to describe the quality of a place, a country, a field: thus, *ard-land* means a dry, parched, or *arid* soil, which no doubt is but its secondary sense, such lands being dry, parched, &c., only because they lie high.—*Boucher*.

Ariet, Harriet.

Aroun', around.

Arval, a funeral.—*Grose* and *Brockett*. Arval-bread, bread so named from the practice of distributing the loaves in the open air at funerals,

which the receiver is expected to carry home with him.

As-BUIRD, or Ass-BUURD, ashes-board; a box in which ashes are carried.

ASHLER. *Grose* gives this word as peculiar to Cumberland, and signifying "a large freestone;" but it is a term very common among builders all over the kingdom, to denote freestone as it comes from the quarry.

ASH-TRUG, a coal-scuttle.

Ass, to ask,

ASSART, cleared; reclaimed. *Assart lands* are forest lands reclaimed.—*Hutchinson's Cumberland*, vol 1, p. 382.

AST, asked.

'AT, that.

AT, or AT TH', at the; or at; or upon.

ATOMY, an anatomy; a skeleton; the human frame divested of its integuments.

ATTERCOPPE, or ADDERCOP, a spider's web.

ATWEEN, between.

AUGHTS, or OUTS, any considerable quantity.

"Is there *outs* of men, hay, apples, &c.—*MS. Glossary.*

AULD, or AWD, old.

AULD NICK, the Devil.

"..... how fast hes *Auld Nick* sic folk in his clutches."—*Address in the Kendal Dialect.*

AUNTY, aunt.

AURSELS, ourselves.

AUTER, an altar. Many of our old authors write this word AUTER, or AWTER. The high altar is a term retained in Cumberland, where it is pronounced as one word, HEE-AUTRE.

AVER, a common hack or cart-horse.—*Vide Nicolson and Burn's Westmoreland and Cumberland*, vol. 1, p. 590.

Aw, or Awe, all.

Awnd, the awn or beard growing out of barley or other grain. In the south of Cumberland and Westmoreland, the word awns is often pronounced angs.

Awn, own.

Awner, owner; possessor.

Awruddy, already.

Awt, out.

Awter, to alter. Awteration, alteration.

Awth,' all the.

Ax, to ask.

Ay, always; ever; also an expression of wonder.

Aye, yes.

Ayont, beyond.

Azzard, a little sneaking or insignificant fellow.—*MS. Glossary.*

B.

Baad, a whore.

Baaist, baste.

Baait, to bite.

Back-bword, a large board on which housewives roll out the dough previous to making it into loaves; it is about two feet six inches in diameter.

Back-end, the latter part of the day, month, year, &c.; the autumn.

Backseyde, any ground at the back part of a house, not confined to the court or area behind.

This word, when pronounced by a north countryman, seldom fails to excite risibility, and certainly with some reason, if we allow it the full scope of punning interpretation: for example—a farmer's man brings in a cart-load of furze from the common, for which there proves to be no room on his master's premises, and the man very naturally asks, "Wharr he mun put thaim whins?" "Gea thy ways,' says his master, "and see an thou can put them up Mary White's *backseyde*."

Bad, bid; entreated; asked; invited.

Badger, a cadger or pedlar; but originally a person who purchased grain or meal at one market, and took it on horseback to sell at another.—*Brockett.*

Badly, ill.

Baggin, food. A coarse term used in Cumberland.

Bailies, bailiffs.

Bain, ready; near, applied to a road. Bainer-way, a nearer way.

Baith, both.

Ballat, a ballad.

Bandylan, a female of bad character.

Bane, or Bain, a bone.

Banefire, a bonfire; a fire kindled on the heights at appointed places in times of rejoicing.

Bang, to beat; a blow; also an action of haste, as "he com' in wi' a *bang*." Banged, beaten.

Bannocks, bread made of oatmeal, thicker than common cakes.

Bargh, a hill or rising-ground. *Ray* says that in Yorkshire it denotes a "horse-way up a steep hill."

Barn, or Bairn, a child; also used in a familiar way of speaking one to another.

Barnekins, the outermost ward of a castle, within which ward the *barns*, stables, &c., were placed.—*Nicolson and Burn's Cumberland*, vol. 1, p. 51.

Barring-out. This rude custom is still kept up in the country schools of the north, and in a note to *Jackson's Poems, written in the remoter parts of Cumberland and Northumberland*, is thus described:—

> "The boys having, either by stratagem or assault, obtained possession of the school-room at an early hour in the morning, previous to the vacation, oblige the master, upon his arrival, to enter into a kind of treaty with them, the terms of which are proposed by the senior boys; who, intox-

icated with their newly-acquired power, and encouraged by the acclamations of their companions, disdain to surrender but upon what they consider the most honourable terms. These are, the prolongation of the period for play; the exemption from tasks during that period; and a variety of other conditions, for the true performance of which, each of the stipulating parties has occasionally a guarantee. Everything at length being adjusted, the doors are thrown open and the master admitted, who, in some measure recovers his former authority. A general subscription is now entered into for ale, fruit, and wheaten bread—I say wheaten bread, because that is a luxury which even the middling ranks of society in the north do but occasionally indulge in: from this frugal regale, however, each retires to his respective home as alert and as happy as any alderman from his calipash and calipee."

Bass, a fish of the perch species, common in Keswick lake; also the inner rind of a tree. The word is also applied in Cumberland and many parts of England, to dried rushes or sedges: thus, a rush-bottomed chair is called a *bass*-bottomed chair.

Bassan, a basin.

Baselard, a poignard or dagger.

> "Item, I give to my son, Leonard Machell, one *baslaerd.*"—*Part of a will dated* 1536, *quoted in Nicolson and Burn's Cumberland*, vol. 1, p. 348.

Bask, a sharp hard acid, as of sloes.—*MS. Glossary.*

Baste, a blow.

Bastert, a bastard.

Baterd, beat.

Batter, dirt.

Batten, see Waps.

Battling-stone, a large smooth-faced stone, set in a sloping position by the side of a stream, on which washerwomen beat their linen to clean it, the same as in France. Battling-wood, a piece of wood used in beating the linen or cloth on the battling-stone.

Bauldly, boldly.
Bawk, or Balk, a cross beam.
Bawks, a hayloft.—*Grose.*
Bawme, to dress or adorn.
Bawn, ready; going. Bawned, prepared to go; dressed.
Bay, to bend; from the Saxon *bygan*, *bugan*, to crook; whence a *bay*-window.
Baze, to alarm.
Beaasts, Bease, or Beese, the plural of beast, as geese is the plural of goose.
Bear-mouths, subterraneous passages by which men and horses descend to the coal mines.
Beastlings, or Beastings, the milk of a cow for a short time after calving.
Bebb, to drink.—*MS. Glossary.*
Beck, a rivulet or brook.
Becose, because.
Beein, being.
Beeld, to build.—See Bigg. Beelded, builded.
Beelin, bellowing.
Befoar, before.
Behavs, behaves.
Behint, behind.
Behoaf, behalf.
Behonden, beholden.
Belaw, below.
Belder, to bellow; vociferate.
Beleev, believe.
Belive, presently.
Beltain, Beltan, or Beltine, according to modern usage, means a particular time of the year (the first of May), so called from the fires which, from the remotest ages, have been kindled upon that day. "Till of late years the superstition of the *Beltein* was kept up in these parts [Cumber-

land]; and in this rural sacrifice it was customary for the performers to bring with them boughs of the mountain ash."—*Pennant's Tour in Scotland*, vol. 2, p. 42. In another part of his Tour, he gives an account of the rites which are used upon this occasion.

BELVING, drinking greedily, as is often done by children.—*MS. Glossary.*

BENTGRASS *(agrostis vulgaris, Linnæus)*, long, coarse grass, which chiefly grows upon the moors.

"He cared not for dint of sword or speere,
No more than for the stroke of straws or *bents*."—SPENSER.

BENSIL, to bang or beat.

BERRIN, burying; a funeral.

BERRY, a gooseberry.

"I lately signed a lease of a small estate in Cumberland, in which, among other covenants, the tenant is restrained from injuring or destroying orchards, fruit trees, *berry*-bushes, &c."—*Boucher.*

BERRY, to thrash corn. BERRIER, a thrasher of corn.

"Wull is *berrying* in the barn."—*Brockett.*

BETTERMER, better.

BETWATTLED, confounded; out of one's senses; also, bewrayed.

BEYTE, a bite; a sharper.

BENSE, a cow's stall.—*MS. Glossary.*

BEIRSH, see BRASH.

BIDDEN-WEDDING. Some of the Cumbrians, particularly those who are in poor circumstances, have, on their entrance into the married state, what is called a BIDDING (invitation), or BIDDEN-WEDDING, at which a pecuniary collection is made among the company for the purpose of setting the wedded pair forward in the world. It is always attended with music and dancing; and

the fiddler, when the contributions begin, takes care to remind the assembly of their duties, by notes imitative of the following couplet:—

"Come, my friends, and freely offer,
Here's the bride who has no tocher [dowry]."—*Sanderson.*

BIDE, to wait; to bear; to endure. "You must grin and *abide* it."

BIG, a coarse kind of barley; properly that variety which has six rows of grain on each ear, though often confounded with what is called *bear* or four-rowed barley.—*Brockett. Vide* many illustrations of the word in *Boucher's Glossary.*

BIGG, to build. BIGG'D, built. BIGGIN, a building. The town of *Newbiggin* signifies new built or new building.

BILLY, brother.

BINK, a stone seat or table

BIRLER, or BURLER, the master of the revels, or person presiding over and directing the feast at a Cumberland bidden-wedding, whose office requires hints, and who takes especial care that the drink be duly and plentifully supplied.

BIRR (pronounced in Cumberland BURRE), any rapid, whirling motion, as that of a spinning-wheel; a running jump is there called a *burre*-jump; and a stone thrown with violence is said to *come with a birre* against anything which it strikes.

BISPEL, a term of reproach, but not severe; applied in general to young persons, and charging them with being mischievous rather than vicious.

BIZEN (bye-saying), disgraceful notoriety.

"If thou wilt taak up wi' that dannet, thou'lt just become a shem and a *bizen* to a' the parish."

BLACK-ART, necromancy, or as it is more commonly pronounced in the north, *nigromancy.*

Blackberries, in Shakspere's time, as in ours, meant the fruit of the bramble-bush, but in the north, at least in Cumberland, the term is now applied chiefly to black currants.—*Boucher.*

Black-mail, or Black-meal, a contribution, tax, or impost, paid by the quiet and peaceable inhabitants of several of the border counties, in former times, to the chieftains and parties of plundering invaders, for the protection of their cattle and goods against depredation.

Blae-berry, or Blea-berry, the fruit of the *vaccinium myrtillus*, the bilberry, whortleberry, or, in some places, hurtleberry.

Blained, half-dry; spoken mostly of linen hung out to dry.—*MS. Glossary.*

Blake, a yellowish golden colour. "As *blake* as a marygold," is a proverbial simile.

Blate, bashful.

Blaw, blow

Bleaad, or Bluid, blood.

Bleaam, blame.

Bleaken'd, blackened.

Bleb, or Blob, a bubble of water, either made with soap or by the falling of rain.—*MS. Glos.*

Blebb'd, drank.

Bleckell, Blackwell, a village near Carlisle.

Bledder, to cry.—*MS. Glossary.*

Bleer-e'ed, blear-eyed.

Bleets, blights.

Blemmle, to mix anything with a fluid by motion, as the mixing of flour with water.—*MS. Glossary.*

Blend, to mix.

Blin', blind.

Blinder-bridles, bridles with winkers to them.

Bluim, bloom.

Blusteration, the noise of a braggart.

Boaam, balm.
Boarn Foal, born fool; a silly person.
Bobber, or Bobberous, elated; bragging; in high spirits.
Bodder, bother.
Bo'd, bald.
Boggart, a spirit; a spectre.
Boggle, to be afraid; to hesitate.
Boilen, boiling.
Boll, a ball.
Bolder, a loud report.—*MS. Glossary.*
Bole, the trunk of a tree.
Boon-days, days work which the tenants of some manors are obliged or bound to perform for the benefit of their lord, gratis. Vast quantities of land in Cumberland are held under lords of manors by *customary* tenure, subject to the payment of fines and *heriots*, and the performance of various duties and services on the *boon-days*. —*Brockett.*
Bonny, pretty.
Bord-claith, a table-cloth.
Born, suffered; endured.
Borned, or Bornt, burned.
Borterry, or Boutrey, the elder tree.
Botel, a bottle.
Bottom-wind, a phenomenon which occurs in Derwent-water. The waters of this lake are sometimes agitated in an extraordinary manner, though without any apparent cause, and in a perfectly calm day, are seen to swell in high waves, which have a progressive motion from west to east.
Bouks, the divisions or boundaries of a field.
Bourt, to offer; to pretend; to make believe.—*MS. Glossary.*
Bout, a turn; action.

Bout, bought.

Bovate. A bovate [oxgang] of land is as much as one yoke of oxen can reasonably cultivate in a year.—*Nicolson and Burn's Cumberland.*

Bower (sometimes spelt boor), a bedchamber, an inner room.

Bow-hough'd, having crooked houghs.

Bowlder-stones (sometimes written and pronounced bowder, booder, and boother-stones), lumps or fragments of stone broken from the adjacent cliffs, and rounded by being tumbled to and fro by the water, whence their name.—*Woodward.*

Bowster, a bolster; a pillow.

Bowt, bought.

Braaid, broad; also beat. Brayed, belaboured.

Braaid-scar, a broad stone.

Brack, broke.

Bracken, fern.

Brae, a bank or declivity; any sloping broken ground.

Braids, resembles.

"He *braids* o' me;" that is, he is something like me.

Brake, to beat violently.—*MS. Glossary.*

Brandreth, an iron tripod, fixed over the fire, on which to place a pot, kettle, or girdle.

Brank, to hold up the head proudly.

Brant or Brent, steep.

Brash, Brattle, or Bevish, to run headlong; a violent push; a sudden motion.—*MS. Glossary.*

Brass, a common term for money.

Brast, burst.

"No gate so strong, no lock so firm and fast,
But with that piercing sound flew open or quite *brast.*"—
Spenser.

Brat, a coarse apron.

Brattle, see Brash.
Brattl't, a noise.
Brauchin, a horse-collar.
Braut, brought.
Bravely, well; in a good state of health.
Brawn, a boar.
Bray, to beat; to pound.
Bree, a bustle.
Breead, bread.
Breed-boyder, a bread-basket.—*MS. Glossary.*
Breeder, brother.
Breeks, breeches.
Breer, a briar.
Brees'd, bruised.
Breet, bright.
Brek, to break.
Bride-ale, a wedding feast.

> "A man that's bid to *bride-ale* if he ha' cake
> And drink enough, he need not vear [fear] his stake."—
> Ben Jonson, *Tale of a Tub*, ii. 1.

Bride-cake. The bridal party after leaving the church, repair to a neighbouring inn, where a thin currant cake, marked in squares, though not entirely cut through, is ready against the bride's arrival; over her head is spread a clean linen napkin, and the bridegroom, standing behind the bride, breaks the cake over her head, which is then thrown over her and scrambled for by the attendants.

Bride-wain, a custom in Cumberland, where the friends of a new married couple assemble, and are treated with cold pies, furmenty, and ale; at the close of the day, the bride and bridegroom are placed in two chairs, in the open air, or in a large barn, the bride with a pewter dish on her knee, half covered with a napkin; into

this dish the company put their offerings, which occasionally amount to a considerable sum. The word *wain* is supposed to be derived from a very ancient custom in the north, of presenting to the bride, when she left her father's house, a *wain* or waggon-load of articles of use and luxury; on this occasion the wain was crowned with boughs and flowers, and the horses decorated with ribbons, &c.

Brig, a bridge.

Britches, breeches.

Broasen, Brosen, or Brosten, burst.

Brock, a badger. Sax. *broc.*

Broo, brow; forehead.

Brong, brought.

Brow, saucy; pert; handsome; clever.—*MS. Glos.*

Brudders, brothers.

Bruil, to broil.

Brulliment, a broil.

Brunt, burnt.

Bryad, broad.

Buckstall, a service in the forest, in attending at a certain station to watch deer in hunting.—*Nicolson and Burn's Cumberland.* A net to catch deer.—*Huloet's Dictionary.*

Bude, patiently endured.

Buik, a book.

Buin, above.

Buits, boots.

Bull-stang, a dragon-fly.

Bummin, humming.

Bumm'd, struck; beat.

Bummell, or Bumble-kite, a bramble or blackberry.

Bummelt, bungled. Bummle, to blunder. Bummler's Luck, blunderer's luck.

Bun, or Bunnel, a dried hemp-stalk; a kex or dry hollow stalk of the hemlock.
Bunc'd, bounced. "He *bunc'd* in amang us."
Bund, bound.
Burley-Brigs, a rural game.—*Vide Boucher* under Barley-break.
Burn, a brook.
Burre, see Birr.
Bushfu', bashful.
Buss, a kiss.
Busses, bushes.
Butch, to kill.
Butter-shag, a slice of bread spread with butter.
Butter-sops, wheaten or oaten bread soaked in melted butter and sugar
Bwor'd, bored.
Bworder-cowppers, horse-dealers from the Borders.
Bworn, born.
Byans, bones.
Byer, or Byre, a cowhouse.
Bygane, bygone; past.

C.

Caad, Caud, or Cauld, cold.
Caant, or Cannit, cannot.
Caars, cares.
Cabbish, a cabbage.
Cade-lamb, a pet lamb.
Caff, chaff.
Cairds, cards.
Caleever, or Callevir, to prance about; to make a riot; a furious manner.
Callar, cold.
Calimanco, calamanco; a kind of woollen stuff.
Cam, comb.
Camlet, camblet.

Cammed, crooked; or peculiarly untoward.—*MS. Glossary.*

Campel, to reply saucily; to argue.

Canny, a frequent expression for a neat, nice, housewifely, or handsome woman; and sometimes for a clever or smart man. Also, decent-looking, well-made, clever.

Cankert, rusty; ill-natured.

Cap, to complete; to finish; to surpass. Capper, one who excels. Capt, overcome in argument.

Car, a cart.

Carel, Carlisle.

Carrick Fells, a range of hills in Cumberland.

Carras, a cart-house or shed wherein carts are kept.

Carryth', carry the.

Cat, sometimes Nape or Cap, as "Cat o' the neck," the *cap* or *cape* of the neck.—*MS. Glossary.*

Cat-witted, silly and conceited.

Caul, a swelling.

Cauncel, council.

Caw, to call. Caw't, call it.

Caw, or Kaw, a cow.

Cawkers, see Clogs.

Cawl, to browbeat or frighten.—*MS. Glossary.*

Ceyder, cider.

Chaamer, a chamber, parlour, or bedroom.

Chaft, the jaw.

Chap, a general term for a man, used either in a manner of respect or contempt.

Char, a species of trout frequently caught in Windermere.

Chats, spray-wood.—*Agric. Survey of Westm.*

Chawk, chalk.

Cheg, to chew a hard substance.

Cheil, a young fellow.

Cheyde, to chide.
Chimley, a chimney. Chymlas, chimnies.
Chop, to put. Chopt in, put in.
Chow, to mumble and grumble.
Chyne, a chain.
Claaikin, scratching.
Claes, or Claise, clothes.
Claggy, the property of adhesion, as of wet clay or earth sticking to the feet.
Claith, cloth.
Clam, to starve or hunger; also, to climb.
Clap-bread, thin, hard, oaten cakes; but in Cumberland it is frequently made of the meal of barley, and differs from other barley bread only by its being unleavened, made in the form of cakes, and not baked in an oven. It has its name of *clap-bread* from its being *clapped* or beaten out with the hand, while it is dough, into the form of large round cakes. There is a particular board for this purpose, which is called a *clap-board.* This kind of bread appears to be also in general use in Norway.—*Boucher.*
Clarting, daubing with mud.
Clarts, mud.
Clarty, miry; slippery; wet; sticky.
Clash-ma-saunter, a tiresome repeater of stories.
Clashes, tale-bearers; gossips.
Clart, to daub; to smear; to spread.
Claver, to climb. Claver'd, clambered.
Clavver, clover.
Clay-daubin, a custom in Cumberland, where the neighbours and friends of a new married couple assemble, and do not separate until they have erected them a cottage, something in the style of the old British wattled dwellings, and not unlike the plastered houses in Norfolk, erected

by the workmen called *daubers*. From the number of hands employed, the building is generally completed in a day; the company then rejoice and make merry.—*Brockett.*

Cleck, or Click, to catch or snatch away. Perhaps from the Sax. *gelæcian*, of the same meaning.

Cleckings, a shuttlecock.

Cleed, to clothe. Cled, clothed.

Cleek, to clutch; to catch as with a hook.

Clegger, to cling.

Clepps, a wooden instrument for pulling weeds out of corn.

Cleugh, or Clough, a ravine; a valley between two hills; a narrow glen. Clym of the *Clough* is the hero of a very old and admired northern ballad.

Clevver, to scramble up; to climb.

Clifty, apt; active; generous.

Clink, a blow.

Clints, a species of limestone.

Clipt and Heel'd, properly dressed, like a cock prepared to fight.

Clipt-dinment, a shorn wedder sheep; a thin mean looking fellow.

Clish-ma-clash, foolish talk.

Cliver, clever.

Clod, to throw.

Clogs, a kind of shoes, the upper part of strong hide leather, and the soles of wood, tipped at the toe and heel with pieces of iron termed *cawkers*.

Clough, the body of a tree; or where the main stem divides into branches.—*Agric. Survey of Cumberland.*

Clowk, or Clow, to scratch—*MS. Glossary.*

Clowen, to bustle about.—*MS. Glossary.*

Cluff, a blow. Cluffed, beat.

Clumb, climbed.
Cluuts, feet.
Cluves, the hoofs of horses or cows.
Clott, to toss about.
Coaats, petticoats.
Coaf, a calf.
Cobby, headstrong; obstinate; stout; hearty; lively.
Cobbs, the testicles.
Cocker, a feeder or fighter of cocks.
Cockin, cock-fighting.
Cockle, or Cokle, to cry like a cock.
Cockler, a gatherer of cockles. Cocklin, gathering cockles.
Cockwebs, cobwebs.
Coggers, woollen spatterdashes.—*MS. Glossary.*
Collership, scholarship.
Collop-Monday, the first Monday before Lent, on which day it is usual to have *collops* and eggs for dinner; a custom derived from our ancestors, who gave full indulgence to their appetites on this and the following day—*Shrove-Tuesday*—previous to the arrival of the long and meagre season, the Quadragesimal Fast.
Com, came.
Combe, a valley.
Con, or Conn, a squirrel.
Connoly, cannily; prettily. Conny, pretty.
Convoy, a block of wood which is pressed down on one of the wheels of a waggon to retard its progress on an inclined plane—chiefly on the railways from the coal-pits.
Coo, or Coe, to call. Cood, called.
Coom, dust.
Coon. To *coon* thanks is to acknowledge or requite a favour.

"Wheever it was that put the bunch o' whins under ma

galloway's tail, last Setterday neet, an' gart him fling an' lowp a' t' way howm, aw's nowt obleged to him: the de'il *coon* him thanks." Whoever it was that put the bunch of furze under my pony's tail, last Saturday night, and made him kick and plunge all the way home, I am nothing obliged to him: the devil give him thanks.

Coppy, a small wooden stool.—*MS. Glossary.*

Corby, a raven.

Cornage, a tenure which obliges the landholder to give notice of an invasion by blowing a horn.

Corn-laiters, corn-seekers; newly married peasants, who beg corn to sow their first crop with.—*Brockett.*

Corp, a corpse.

Corrans, currants.

Corse, to curse. Corsing, cursing.

Cottered, entangled.

Couper-fair, a market held at Kirby-Stephen, the day before Brough-hill, where the phrase "helter for helter," implies a proposal to barter or exchange horse for horse.—*Brockett.*

Coupraise, to raise anything in the manner of a lever.

Couren, cowering; crouching.

Cout, or Cowt, a colt; a foal.

Cowd-lword, a pudding made of oatmeal and suet.

Cowl, to scrape dirt.—*MS. Glossary.*

Cow-scarn, or Cow-sharen, cow-dung.

Cowp, to exchange; to overturn.

Craaled, crawled.

Crack, to challenge.

"Ne yet hath any knight his courage *crack'd.*"—Spenser.

Crack, to boast; a short space of time, as, "I's dui't in a crack; also, to chat.

Crackel, a cricket, an insect that squeaks or chirps about ovens or fireplaces; also, a low stool.

Craisy, crazy; insane.

CRAMBLE, to creep; applied to insects that move slowly forward, and to children when going on their hands and knees.
CRAMMEL, to perform a thing awkwardly.
CRANKY, chequered; as, a *cranky* neckcloth, a *cranky* apron.
CRAP, crept. CRAPPEN, crept in.
CRAWN, a crown.
CREDEL, a cradle.
CREYKE, a creek.
CROFT, a small field or paddock.
CRONIE, an old acquaintance.
CROUPE, to stoop; to crouch; or move the body stoopingly.—*MS. Glossary.*
CROUSE, or CROWISH, spirited; pert.

> "Every cock is *crouse* on his own midden;" which perfectly agrees with our own proverb, that "every cock is *crowish* on his own dunghill."

CROW-COAL, an inferior sort of coal.
CROWDY, a mess of oatmeal.
CRUDS, curds.
CRUIN, CRUNE, or CROON, to make a murmuring noise; to hum a tune.
CUD, could. CUDEE, could I. CUDN'T, or CUDDENT, could not.
CUDDY, Cuthbert.
CUIL, cool.
CUM, or COM, to come.
CUMMERLAN, Cumberland.
CUNN'D, counted.
CUNTRY, country.
CUPY, Cupid.
CURLEY-POW, a curled head.
CURSENMAS, or CURSMAS, Christmas.
CURSININ, christening.
CURSTY, Christopher.

Curtchey'd, courtesied.
Cusen, cousin.
Cush, an exclamation.
"*Cush!* they ha'e pegged thirsels."
Cutten, cut down.
Cutter, to speak low; to whisper.
Cutty, short. "A *cutty* pipe."
Cwoach, a coach.
Cwoals, coals.
Cwoaley, or Cwoley, a cur dog.
Cwoats, coats, or garments of any kind.
Cworn, corn.
Cwose-house, corse-house.

D

Daddle, the hand.
Dadge, to walk danglingly or saunteringly.
Daft, idiotic; half wise; used sometimes as wanton.
Daggy, drizzly.
Daisent, decent.
Daive, or Dill, to sooth.—*MS. Glossary.*
Dander, to hobble.
Dannet, a man or woman of disreputable character.
Dapper, neatly dressed.
Daark, or Darrak, a day's work.
Dar, dare.
Darter, active in performing anything.
Daut, to doubt.
Dawkin, a soft simple person. Thence the vulgar saying—
"I had rather have a wife a *dule* than a *dawkin*."—*MS. Gloss.*
Dawn, down.
Dawnth, down the.
Dawstoners, inhabitants of Dalston, a village near Carlisle.
De, do.

Dea, Due, or Deya, do. Deas, does.
Deail, Dole, or Drail, a share or an allotment in a common or enclosed land.
Deaings, or Deains, doings.
Deait, do it.
Deame, dame; the matron or mistress of the house.
Ded, dad. Deddy, father.
Dee, to die.
Deef, deaf.
Deelan, dealing; dividing the cards at play.
Deet, died; also, dirt.
Deeth, death.
Deetin, or Deeghtan, winnowing corn.
Deftly, quietly.—*MS. Glossary.*
Deg, to sprinkle with water; to ooze out; to drop slowly.
De'il bin, Devil be in.
Dere, dear.
Dess, a row; a pile or heap; also, to sort; to pile up.
Deyke, a hedge.
Deyl'd, spiritless; careworn.
Dezzed, injured by cold.—*MS. Glossary.*
Dibbler, a pewter plate.
Didder, to tremble; to shiver.
Diddle, to hum a tune.
Dight, or Deet, to clean; to dress; to put in order.
Din, noise.
Dinnle, to thrill; to tingle.
Dis, does.
Dispert, desperate.
Dissnins, a distance in horse-racing, the eighth part of a mile.
Ditt, to stop up.—*MS. Glossary.*
Divvent, do not.

"Odswunters! I says, what, ye *divent* ken me."—
Anderson's Borrowdale Jwohnny.

Dobby, a ghost; a spectre.
Dodder, to tremble; to shake.
Doff, do off; to undress; to put off.
Doft, undressed.
Don, do on; to dress
Dond, dressed. Donning, dressing.
Donnet, a term for the Devil.
Donse, to dance.
Donsin-neet, dancing-night.
Doont, do not.
Dope, a simpleton.—*MS. Glossary.*
Doubler, a bowl. See Posset-cup.
Douke, to duck; to stoop suddenly with the head; to put the head or body into water; to bathe.
Douse, or Douce, jolly or cheerful looking; sometimes used as solid, grave, and prudent.
Dow, good; as, "naught at *dow*," that is, nothing that is good.—*MS. Glossary.* In the border counties of Scotland the word *dow* is expressive of ability, "We maun do as we *dow*," that is, we must do as we can.
Dowly, melancholy; sad; as applied to persons: lonely, as to places.
Down-house, a kitchen.
Downo-cannot, that is, when one has the power but wants the will to do anything.
Dowter, daughter.
Dozend, spiritless and impotent.
Dra, to draw. Draain, drawing.
Draff, brewer's grains; or rather the water wherein barley is steeped before it is malted.
Drawnt, drowned.
Dreave, drove.
Dree, long; tedious; slow beyond expectation: "A *dree* road." Also, to endure; to hold out.
Dreeamt, dreamed.

Dreeap, to speak slowly.—*MS. Glossary.*
Drip, snow: "White as *drip.*"
Drokk'n hizzy, a drunken huzzy.
Druivy, overcast; muddy.
Dub, a small pool of stagnant water.
Dubbler, a wooden platter.—*Anderson.* A large dish of earthenware.—*Brockett.* A plate of the largest kind.
Duce, a fiend or evil spirit.

"The *deuce* is in it," a very common expression in most parts of the kingdom.

Dud, did. Duddn't, did not.
Duds, ragged clothes.
Duim, doom.
Duin, or Dun, done.
Duir, the door.
Dule, the Devil. Dulish, devilish.
Dumb-Wife, a person born without the faculty of speech, who is thought by the illiterate part of the Cumbrian peasantry to possess the gift of prescience; a fortune-teller.
Dunch, to strike with the elbows; to nudge.
Dung-oure, knocked over or down.
Dunnet, or Doant, do not.
Durdem, uproar; hubbub.
Dure, the door.
Durtment, anything useless.
Dust, one of the many provincial terms for money.
Dustea, or Dustay, dost thou.
Dwallow'd, withered.
Dwoated, doated.
Dykes, detached parts of the vein of a coal mine.

E.

Ea, in; and.
Earles-penny, or Arles-penny, the earnest-money

paid down to bind a bargain; money advanced to farm-servants when they are *hired.*

Eave-long, oblong.—*MS. Glossary.*

Eaver, or Eever, a corner or quarter of the heavens.

"The wind is in the rainy *eaver.*"

Eeem (Sax. *æmtan*), leisure; rest; spare time.

Een, the eyes.

"And eke with fatness swollen were his *een.*"—Spenser.

Efter, after.

Efternuin, afternoon.

Ehint, or Ahint, behind.

"I sleept on the flags just *ahint* a kurk corner."—*Anderson's Borrowdale Jwohnny.*

Eider, either.

Eigh, aye; yes.

Eith, easy.

"A fole is *eith* to begile."—Chaucer.

El, I'll; I will.

Elcy, Alice.

Elden, any old things, or old wood of no use but for the fire; also, fuel of every description.

Eleeben, eleven.

Ellek, Alexander.

El-mother, a step-mother.

Elson, a shoemaker's awl.

Em, them.

En, or An, and; also; if

En' the end,

Eneugh, enough.

Enquear, to enquire.

Enth, and they.

Er, your; or; are.

Esh, or Ax, to ask. Esht, asked.

Eshes, ash trees.

Esse, ashes. "Skeer the *esse,*" separate the dead ashes from the embers.

Et, at; to; that.
Ettle, to prepare; to set in order.—*MS. Glossary.*
Eunin, or Evnin, the evening.
Ev, have.

F.

Faad, fold.
Faavor, favour.
Fadder, father. Fadder-fwok, father's family.
Fadge, to walk as if tired.
Faffle, to saunter; to fumble.
Fagg, to tire; to become weary.
Fain, glad; delighted; pleased; desirous.
Fair-tro-days, daylight.
Famish, famous.
Fancy, a ribbon; a prize for dancers.
Fan, found; felt.
Fand, found.
Fansome, kind; fondling.
Farr, to ache.—*MS. Glossary.*
Farrantly, orderly; decent; respectable.
Fares-te-weel, fare thee well.
Farlies, strange sights; strange news; wonders in general.
Farlton Knot, a hill near Burton, in Kendal.
Fash, to trouble; to tease. "I cannot be *fash'd.*"
Fashen, fashion.
Fashery, unnecessary niceness; annoyance.
Fassen's Even, Fastings-eve, or shrovetide.
Faul, a farm yard.
Fau't, fall it, or befall it; also, a fault.
Fause, false; deceitful.
Faw, to fall. Fawn, fallen.
Feaard, or Feard, feared.
Feace, the face.
Feale, fail.

Fearful (used adverbially), very.
Feater, a footer; a dancer.
Featlet, four pounds of butter.
Feckless, feeble; insignificant; without effect. Perhaps a corruption of *effectless*.
Feeag, to encumber: to load.—*MS. Glossary.*
Feeal, to hide. "He that *feeals* can find."
Feeind, to find.
Feight, to fight. Feighten, fighting.
Fell, a rocky hill; a mountain or common, scarcely admitting of cultivation. "This country abounds with mountains which, in the language of the country, are called *fells*."—*Nicolson and Burn's Westmoreland and Cumberland.*
Felt, felled.
Fend, to provide for; to be industrious; to work hard; as, "he *fends* hard for a living." It is also used in inquiries after a person's health, as

"How *fend* ye, Mr. Ritson, how *fend* ye?" that is, how do you thrive?

Fendy, thrifty; managing.
Fer, for.
Fest, to let out; to bind as an apprentice.
Fettle, to put in order; to repair or mend anything that is broken or defective; to set or go about anything; to dress, or prepare. "To *fettle* th' tits," that is, to dress the horses.

"Nor list he now go whistling to the car,
But sells his team, and *fettleth* to the war."—
Bishop Hall's Satires. Sat. iv. 6.

Fettle, a cord which is used to a pannier.
Few't weel, promised fair.
Feyne, fine.
Fidge, to sprawl.—*MS. Glossary.*
Fig-sue, a mess made of ale boiled with fine wheaten bread and figs, usually eaten on Good-Friday.

Filth, a scoundrel.
Fine, to cease, or end.
"Thou never *fines* feeking" [or gadding].—*MS. Glossary.*
Fin, to find; to feel.
Firtle, or Feek, to fidget.—*MS. Glossary.*
Fit, foot; fought.
Fizzle, to nestle.—*MS. Glossary.*
Flackering, quivering; shuddering.
Flacker'd, fluttered.
Flaayd, or Flate, frightened. Flay, to frighten.
Flait, afraid
Flaitch, to flatter; to persuade.—*MS. Glossary.*
Flann, shallow.—*MS. Glossary.*
Flawer, a flower. Flawred, flowered.
Fleebysky (flee by the sky), a flighty person.
Flead, stood.
Fleak, or Flook, a flounder.
Fleek, a flitch.
Fleer, or Flear, the floor; also to laugh ungovernably or jeeringly.
Flig-me-gairey, a gaudily dressed, yet untidy, girl; useless fripperies of female dress.
Flipe, the rim of a hat.—*MS. Glossary.*
Flook, see Fleak.
Flou, or Flough, bleak; windy.
"It's *flough* weather."
Flyer, or Flyre, to fleer; to laugh scornfully.
Flyte, to scold.
Foal, fool.
Foat, foot.
Foe, fall. Foeth', fall thee.
Foin-awt, fallen out; quarrelled.
Foin, falling.
Followin, following.
Forby, besides; in addition to.
Force, a waterfall.

Foosen, generosity. Foosenable, generous.
Foret, or Forrat, forward.
Formel, to bespeak.—*MS. Glossary.*
Fossple, the impression of a horse's hoof on soft ground.
Fotch, to fetch.
Fou, full; also, tipsy.
Foudersome, bulky; cumbrous.—*MS. Glossary.*
Foumart, a polecat.
Fout, fond; foolish.
Fout, or Fowt, a pet; a spoiled child; a fondling.
Frae, from. Fraith', from the.
Frahdle, to talk sillily.
Frase, fray.
Fratch, to quarrel.
Freat, to fret; to mourn; to grieve.
Fremmed, strange.
Freet, fright. Freetint, frightened.
Fresh cullert, fresh coloured; ruddy.
Frid, or Frith, unused pasture land.—*MS. Gloss.*
Fridge, or Fruin, to rub against another in passing, &c.—*MS. Glossary.*
Frittish, cold. "I am very *frittish.*"—*MS. Gloss.*
Frosk, a frog.
Frostit, frosted.
Frow, a worthless woman.
Fudgel, an awkward little child.—*MS. Glossary.*
Fue, to make an attempt.—*MS. Glossary.*
Fuil, a fool.
Full drive, with unchecked force.

> "Joe Dobson ran off tappy-luppy, an' just as he turned t' neuk o' George Anderson's byre, he cam *full drive* agyenst owd Babby Bell, the howdy, an' couped her into the clarts."

Furbelows, useless silks, frills, or gauzes of a female's dress.
Fured, went. "Where *fured* you?"—*Ray.*

Furst, first.
Fusom, or Fewsome, handsome; neat; notable; tidy.
Fuss, bustle.
Fwoal, a foal.
Fwolds, folds,
Fwor, fore.
Fworced, forced.
Fwurm, a form; a bench.

G.

Ga, to go. Gaen, gone.
Gaain, or Gangin, going.
Gaapen, or Gowpen, the hands; also, as much as can be contained by the two hands held together.

"O had I gowd i' *gowpins*, O had I gowd i' store,
O had I gowd i' *gowpins*, my laddie should wark no more."—
Old Song.

Gaily, or Gaylie, tolerable; very well.
Gale, wild myrtle.
Gam, game.
Gamlers, gamblers.
Gammashers, spatterdashes; gaiters.
Gammerstang, a tall awkward person of a bad gait; a hoyden or awkward girl.—*Craven Dialect.*
Gane, gone.
Gang, to go. Gangin, going. From the Low Dutch, *gangen*, and Sax. *gan*, to go.
Gang, a confederate company of infamous persons.
Ganging a Rocking, going to visit a neighbour's house, and taking a rock and spindle to help to pass away the time. An old local tale alludes to this custom of visiting each other's houses for the purpose of spinning:—

"Wya, Matty," said a young wag, "what, parliament's gaan et meak a la' et thear's to be full moon for three

months this winter." "Girt falk can due aught," replied Matty; "than we can gang a rocking every neet."—*Westmoreland as it was.*

GAR, to make; to cause or force; to compel. From the Danish *gior.*

"Tell me, good Hobbinol, what *gars* thee greet?"—*Spenser's Shep. Cal.*

GARRICK, or GARRAK, an awkward person.

GARTH, a garden; a croft; an orchard; a parrock.

GASH, to cut; also, a cut.

GAT, got.

GATE, a road or path; a way.

"Go your *gate*;" that is, go your way.

GAV, or GEV, gave.

GAVEL, see GOVE.

GAVELOCK (Sax. *gaveloc*), a strong iron bar used as lever.

GAWMIN, foolish; ignorant.

GAWN, a gown; also, going.

GAYSHEN, a smock-faced silly-looking person.

GEANE, gone.

GEAR, wealth; money; the tackling of a cart or plough.

GEAAT, a street, or road.

GEEN, given.

GERSE, grass.

GEZLINS, goslings.

GIDDER, to gather. GIDDERED, gathered.

GIE, to give.

GILL, or GYLL, a small valley or dell; properly a narrow glen with steep and rocky banks on each side, with a stream of water at the bottom.

GILLIVER, gilliflower.

GINNY, or GINNEA, a guinea.

GIRD, a fit. A "*gird* of laughter," that is, a fit of laughter.—*MS. Glossary.*

Girn, to grin.
Girt, great.
Git, to get. Gitten, got, or gotten.
Glad, smooth; particularly the smoothness with which one thing turns or runs upon another, as a door upon its hinges
Gleaan, squinting.
Glender, to stare.
Glent, a glimpse; a glance.
Gliff, a transient view; a glance.
Glimmer, to shine a little.
Glime, to look askance; to look obliquely; to squint.
Glime, the mucus issuing from the nostrils of horses or cattle.—*MS. Glossary.*
Glish, or Glisk, to shine, or glitter.—*MS. Gloss.*
Gloar, to stare. Gloaring, staring.
Gloppen, to surprise; to astonish.
Glop, to stare. Sax. *glopan.* Isl. *glopur*, a fool.
Glowre, to stare.
Glump'd, gloomed
Glunch, to look angry.
Gob, the mouth.
Goddartly, cautiously.
Godil, God's will. Godlins, God willing.
Goffram, a clown. Chaucer uses the word *gofish* as foolish.
Gope, to talk vulgarly and loud.—*MS. Glossary.*
Gose, gauze.
Gove, to look about like a simpleton.—*MS. Gloss.*
Gowd i' gowpens, gold in handfuls.
Gowk, or Gowky, the cuckoo; a thoughtless ignorant fellow, who harps too long upon a subject.
Gowk, or Goke, the core of an an apple; the yolk of an egg; the inner part of anything.
Gowl, to weep; to cry sulkily.
Gowlan, crying; sobbing.

GRAAIDLY, honestly.
GRAAIPED, groped.
GRAITH, the condition of the body, as to being fat or lean.—*MS. Glossary.*
GRAITH'D, dressed; accoutred.
GRANDIDEER, a grenadier.
GRANK, to groan slightly.
GRATHE, to repair.
GREAAV, to cut peat; to dig.
GREACE, grace.
GREAVE, grave.
GREEAN, or GRAEN, to groan.
GREET, to weep. GREETIN, crying; weeping.
GREPEN, clasped.
GREYMIN, a thin covering of snow.
GREYPE, or GRAPE, a dung-fork.
GRISE, young pigs.
GROON, grown.
GROOIN, or GROWEN, growing.
GROTE, a groat.
GROUSOME, or GREWSOME, grim; fearful.
GROOWS, grows.
GRUBY, dirty.
GRUND, the ground.
GRUMP, to be displeased.
GRYKE, a cranny; a chink; a fissure.
GUD, GUID, or GYUD, good.
GUD HAWNS, good hands; stanch drinkers.
GUDS, goods.
GUDMAN, husband.
GUFF, a fool.
GULDER, to speak loud and with a dissonant voice.
GULLY, a large knife.
GURDLE, or GIRDLE, the iron on which cakes are baked.
GURSIN, grazing; pasturage.

Gwordie, George.
Gyan, gone.
Gyat, a gate; a way, or road.
Gyote, a goat.

H.

Haad, hold.
Haanted, haunted.
Haard, heard.
Haat, hot.
Hack'd, won every thing.
Hadleys, hardly.
Hae, or Hev, have.
Hag, to cut, or hack.
Haike, an exclamation; a signal of defiance.

"*Haike* for a fight!"

Haim-ath-ward, aim of the world.
Haista, hast thou.
Haistert, hoisted about.
Hale, whole.
Hallan, the passage or space between the outer and inner door of a cottage; also, the partition between the passage and the room. Brockett derives the word from the German *hehlen*, to conceal; it is more likely to be the diminutive of *hall:* a *hallan* is to a cottage what a *lobby* or *hall* is to a large house.
Hallan-shaker, a sturdy beggar, one who stands *ahint* the *hallan* to excite charity.
Halts (probably derived from *halt* or *halte*, an obsolete participle of the verb *to hold*), a pair of strong wicker hampers, which were joined by a pack-saddle, and hung across a horse's back; they were put to various uses in husbandry, which offices are now performed by carts.
Ham-samm, irregularly.

HANKITCHER, a handkerchief.
HANTEL, a large quantity.
HAP, to cover.
HAPPIN, a coverlid.
HAPPRON, an apron.
HARDEN-CLOTH, a very coarse cloth of open texture, such as bales are commonly packed in.
HARK'T, guessed.
HARNS, brains.
HASK, rough; parched; stiff.
HASPIN, an idle fellow who lurks continually about the house.—*MS. Glossary.*
HASTER, a word used for surfeit. As the latter term alludes to the cause—an overdoing; so the former has reference to the effect—as what may hasten one's end.—*MS. Glossary.*
HAUGH, low, flat, or marshy ground.
HAUIR, hair.
HAULD, hold; shelter.
HAUSE, a house; also, the neck; the throat. HAUSE-WATER (usually written HAWES-WATER), in Westmoreland, takes its name from a low promontory of closures dividing it, near the middle, into two sheets of water, which are connected by a deep neck or strait.
HAVEY-SCAVEY, helter-skelter.
HAVVER, oats.
HAW, a hall; also, how.
HAW, hungry.
HAWERS, the hours.
HAWF, half.
HAWFLIN, a half-witted person; a fool,
HAY-BAY, hubbub; noise.
HEAAD, the head. HEAAD-WARK, headache.
HEAAL, the whole.
HEAAM, home.

Heald, sometimes Weald, to lean, as a vessel set on one side.

Hear's, here is.

Heaste, haste.

Heck, the division from the side of the fire in the form of a passage in old houses; also, an enclosure of open work, of slender bars of wood, as a rack to hold hay for horses. A Heck-board, is the board at the tail of a cart. Heck-door, the inner door not closely pannelled but only partly so, and the rest latticed. Half-heck, the half or lower part of a door.

Hed, had. Hedn't, had not.

Hee, high.

Heeams, a wooden collar for horses.

Heeas, he has.

Heer, higher.

Hees, he is.

Heesta, hast thou.

Heffle, to hesitate; to prevaricate.—*MS. Gloss.*

Hefter, after.

Hefternean, afternoon.

Helle (Isl. *hella*), to pour in a rapid manner.

Helmwind, a particular kind of wind, described as follows:—

> "In these mountains (Crossfell), towards the north-east part of the county, is a very remarkable phenomenon, such as we have not found any account of elsewhere in the kingdom, except only about Ingleton, and other places bordering upon the mountains of Ingleborrow, Pendle, and Penigent, in the confines of the counties of York and Lancaster; it is called a *helmwind*. A rolling cloud, sometimes for three or four days together, hovers over the mountain tops, the sky being clear in other parts. When this cloud appears, the country people say, "The *helm* is up," which is an Anglo-Saxon word, signifying properly a covering for the head. This *helm* is not dispersed or blown away by the wind, but continues in its station although a violent roaring hurricane comes tumbling

down the mountain, ready to tear up all before it; then, on a sudden, ensues a profound calm; and then again alternately the tempest, which seldom extends into the country above a mile or two from the bottom of the mountain."—*Nicolson and Burn's West. and Cumb.* vol 1, p. 7.

HELTER, a halter.

HERD, a keeper of cattle. Some three or four farms in the mountains of Cumberland, have obtained the name of *Herdwicks*, that is, the district of the *herds ;* and the sheep that graze there, the appellation of *Herdwick* sheep.—*Agric. Survey of Cumberland.*

HERIOT, a fine paid to the lord at the death of a landholder, sometimes the best thing in a landholder's possession, but usually a beast.

HERIOTABLE, subject to the demand of an heriot.

"The tenants are chiefly customary and *heriotable.*"—*Nicolson and Burn's West. and Cumb,* vol. 1, p. 174.

HERRY (Sax. *herian*), to rob.

HES, has.

HESP, to latch ; as, "*hesp* the door." A *hesp* or *hasp* is properly that part of an iron fastening that goes over the staple, and which is prevented from slipping back by means of a *toggle* or pin.

HET, hot.

HETHER-FACED, rough-faced.

HEUGH, a rugged steep hill-side ; a ravine.

HEV, have.

HIGHT, to promise ; to vow.

"I, to the Lord, will pay my vows which I to him *behight.*"—*Psalm* cxvi, 14. (Old translation.)

"He had hold his way as he had *hight.*"—CHAUCER, *Wife of Bath's Tale.*

HING, hang.

HINMOST, hindmost.

HINNEY, honey; also, a term of endearment expressive of great regard.

Hirple, to limp; to walk lame.
Hitten, eaten.
Hizzy, huzzy.
Hoaf, half.
Hoales, holes.
Hoangry, hungry.
Hoap, hope.
Hoast, the curd for cheese before it is taken from the whey.—*MS. Glossary.*
Hocker, to climb upon anything.—*MS. Glossary.*
Hod, to hold. Hodder, held.
Hodd, odd.
Hoffer, to offer.
Hogs, a provincial term for sheep from six months old till being first shorn.—*Agric. Survey of Cumberland.*
Holesome, wholesome.
Holm, low, flat, alluvial land; also, a small island. Dry grounds, nearly surrounded by the course of a river, or situate in low places by its edge, are often called *holms*:—the *holms* on Ullswater and Windermere. *Holm*, in the Saxon language, generally signifies the sea, or a deep water; but it is frequently used with an adjective to designate an insular situation.—*Brockett.*
Holt, a peaked hill covered with wood. In the southern part of England it means simply a wood.
Hong, hang.
Hoppen, open.
Hort, hurt.
Hot, a sort of square basket, formerly used for taking manure into fields of steep ascent; the bottom opened by two wooden pins, to let out the contents. "I have heard old people say, that between the confines of Yorkshire and Westmoreland, it was common for the men to occupy

themselves in knitting, while the women were engaged in the servile employment of carrying these *hots* on their backs."—*Brockett.*

Hotch, to shake.

Hout (out), pshaw; away.

Hove, swelled.—*Agric. Survey of Cumberland.*

"Tom Piper hath *hoven* and puffed up his cheeks,
If cheese be so *hoven*, make cesse to seeke creeks."—Tusser.

Howder, to walk heavily.—*MS. Glossary.*

Howdey, a midwife.

Howk, to scratch a hole; to scoop out; to dig with a pick or mattock.

Hubbleshoo, a multitude; a mob.

Huddle, to embrace; to squeeze; to hug; to cuddle.

Huddlin, embracing; cuddling.

Hug, to squeeze; to cuddle.

Huips, hoops

Hulk, a lazy, clumsy fellow.

Hundredth, a hundred.

Hunsup, to scold; to quarrel.

Hur, her.

Hursle, to raise, or shrug the shoulders.

'Hwoazin, resin.

Hworns, horns.

Hyam, home.

I.

I', a contraction of *in.*

I'd, I would.

Ifth', if the.

Ilk, or Ilka, every; each; the same; the like.

I'll, I will.

Ill-favort, ill-favoured; ugly.

Ime, hoar frost.

Immea, in my.

Imp, an addition to a beehive.

Inder, hinder.
Ingle, fire, or flame; a blaze. Engle, or Ingle-wood, signifies wood for firing.—*Ritson.* Engle-wood, or Inglewood, is the name of a forest in Cumberland. An *ingle* of sticks is a common expression in Cumberland.
Inkling, a hint.
In't, in it.
Intil, or Intul, into.
Intulth', into the.
I's, I is, for *I am.*
Is't, is it.
Ister, is there.
I'th', in the.
Ither, other.
It 'll, or Itt'il, contractions of *it will.*
I've, I have.
Ivver, ever. Ivvery, every.
Izle, hoar frost.

J.

Jant, a jaunt.
Jarble, to bemire; to daggle; to wet.
Jaws o' yell, great quantities of ale.
Jellus, jealous.
Jeybe, a gibe; a joke.
Jimmer, a hinge.
Jimp, slender; neat.
Jinkan and careering, junketing and keeping it up.
Joan, John.
Jobby, or Jwosep, Joseph.
Joisted (agisted), pastured.
Jowring, or Jowling, pushing against, or shaking anything.—*MS. Glossary.*
Jwoke, a joke.
Jyke, to creak.—*MS. Glossary.*

K.

KAAIKIN, looking about stupidly.

KAFF, chaff.

KAIK, or KELK, a blow, or kick.

KAW, or CAW, a cow.

KEALE (kail), broth, or pottage; so called, from kail or colewort being a principal ingredient in it.

KEANE, to scamper.

KEASE, case.

KEAVE, to give an awkward wavering motion to the body.

KEEAVE, to plunge; to struggle.—*MS. Glossary.*

KEEK, to peep; to look pryingly.

KEEL, to cease, or give over; as, "you never *keel.*"—*MS. Glossary.*

KEEP-AND-CREAK (keeper and crook), hook and eye.

KELD, the still part of a river, which has an oily smoothness, while the rest of the water is ruffled. I have only heard this word on the Tyne, and confined to the meaning here given; but a friend, who lately visited Ullswater, informs me, that when the day is uniformly overcast, and the air perfectly still, that lake has its surface dappled with a smooth, oily appearance, which is called a *keld.* The word is also I find a common term in Yorkshire, Westmoreland, and Cumberland, for a well or spring.—*Brockett.*

KELP, a young crow.—*MS. Glossary.*

KELP, a crook to hang a pot or kettle on.

KEM, a comb.

KEMPS, coarse fibres or hairs in wool.—*Agric. Survey of Cumberland.*

KEN, to know. KENT, known. KENST, knowest.

KENDAL GREEN, a kind of green cloth made in Kendal, a place long distinguished for dyeing cloths with several bright colors. This sort of

stuff is mentioned in a statute of Richard II.—*Vide Warton's English Poetry*, vol. 4, p. 40.

"Three misbegotten knaves, in *Kendal green*, came at my back and let drive at me."—*Shakspere's Henry IV.*, part 1.

KEN-GUID, the example by which we are to learn what is good; also, a mark to know a person by.

"If thou comes that way agyen, I'll gi'e thee a *ken-guid*."

KERLEY-MERLEY, a fanciful or useless article.

KERSEN, or KIRSEN, to christen.

KERSMAS, KIRSMAS, or KURSMAS, Christmas.

KEST, or KESSEN, to cast, as, "to *kest* a loop;" to knit.

KETT, rubbish.

KEVVEL, to walk clumsily.—*MS. Glossary.*

KEYSAND, KYSANT, or KYSTY, squeamish, or nice in eating.

KEZZLUP-SKIN, the substance used in curdling milk, prepared from the stomach of a calf; in some counties called RUNNET.

KILT, killed.

KIROCK, a large heap of stones, formerly used as boundary marks, burial places, or guides for travellers.

KIST, a chest.

KITE, the belly.

KITH, acquaintance. KITH-AND-KIN, friends and relations.

"First she made him the fleece to wynne,
And after that from *kith and kynne*,
With great treasore with him she staye."—
Gower Conf. Am., b. 5.

KITLINS, kittens.

KITS, pails.

KITTLE, to tickle; also, ticklish; quick.

KIZZARD, dried; shrivelled.

KNA, know. KNAS, knows.

KNAANIT, know not. KNAIN, knowing.

KNACK, or KNAPP, to speak affectedly.
"She *knappt* her words;" that is, she minced her words.
KNEAF, or NEAF, the fist.
KNOLL, KNOW, or KNOWL, a bare rounded hillock, or eminence.
KNOP, a large tub.
KURK, a church. KURK-GARTH, a church-yard.
KURN, churn.
KURN SUPPER, a harvest supper; so called, because a quantity of cream, slightly churned, was originally the only dish which constituted it.
KY, or KYE, cows.
KYESTY, dainty.

L.

LA, low.
LAA, law. LAAS, laws.
LAAF, or LAUF, a loaf.
LAAID, a load.
LAASE, to lose.
LAFF, to laugh LAFFIN', laughing.
LAIK, or LAKE (Sax. *lacan*), to play.
LAIKER, a person engaged in sport.
LAIRD, a farmer's eldest son, or one who already possesses land.
LAIRLY, or LAISY, idle; base.
LAIT, or LAAIT, to look for.
LAITIT, found.
LAKEING, a toy.
LALL, little.
LALLOPS, a slattern.—*MS. Glossary.*
LAM, to beat.
LANE, or LEAN, to connive at, or hide a fault.
LANG, long. LANGER, longer. LANG LENGTH, the whole length. LANG-SOME, long; tedious.
LANKESTER, Lancaster.

Lanlword, a landlord.
Lant (in some counties Loo), a game at cards.
Lanters, the players at lant.
Lap, leaped.
Late, to seek; to search; to invite.
Lating, divisions of the county of Westmoreland, so called, in early times, from the north country verb to *late*, signifying to seek, to invite.

When a death happened in one of these districts, the heads of the houses within the circuit, met to condole with the friends of the deceased, and the younger members of the community watched the corpse during the night to the day of interment. The mistresses of families also met to celebrate the birth of every child. But of all festive occasions, none could be compared with a marriage; it was attended by the whole *lating*, each family being summoned to meet on the appointed day, by the bridegroom in person, attended by a cavalcade of his friends. It is necessary to add, that the expenses on these occasions are fully met by the contributions of the visiters.

Lauke, to strike as with a whip; also, to pull weeds out of corn.
Laukin, weeding.
Lave (Sax. *lav* and *lave*), the rest; the remainder.

"We are always ahint the *lave*;" that is, we are always behind the rest.

Lea, or Lee, rich meadow or pasture land.
Leaam, lame.
Leace, lace.
Leak, to look.
Leaksta, lookest thou; do you see.
Leane, alone.
Leaser, leisure.
Leate, late.
Leather-te-patch, a particular kind of step in a Cumberland dance.
Leatly, lately.
Ledder, or Leather, to beat.

Lee, to lie. Leein, lying.
Leea, Leagh, or Leigh, a scythe.
Leeath, or Leathe, a barn.
Leeftail, quick sale.
Leet, to happen; to meet with; to alight.
Leethet' lass, Lewthwaite's lass.
Leetnin, lightning.
Leetsome, lightsome.
Leev, to live.
Leever, rather.
Let-to-geate, went home.
Lick, to beat. Lick'd, beat. Lickin, a beating.
Lids, manner; fashion.
Liekd, loved.
Lig (Sax. *ligan*), to lay.
Lile, little.
Lilt, to sing or play a tune in a cheerful key.
Limber, supple.—*MS. Glossary.*
Ling, a provincial term for heath.—*Agric. Survey of Westmoreland.*
Lipe, a piece cut off or taken away from anything.—*MS. Glossary.*
Lirple, Liverpool.
Lirt, to toss.
Lish, active; genteel.
Lithe, to listen; to attend.
Lock, or Loke, a small quantity.

"Gi'e the mear a *loke* o' hay."

Locker, a small cupboard.
Loff, to offer.
Loft, the upper apartment of a cottage; a sleeping room.
Lonnin, a lane.
Loome, lame.
Lout, an awkward clown.
Low, to blaze; to flame.

Lowes, small hills or eminences on a flat.
Lowes, to loose; to untie. Lows'd, loosed.
Lown, or Lound, a calm.
Lowp, a leap. Lowpt, leaped; leapt.
Lugs, the ears.
Luik, to look. Luikt, looked.
Luim, a weaver's loom; a chimney.
Luive, or Lyuiv, love.
Luke, to look. Luking, looking.
Lump, a sum; a large piece.
Lurry, to pull.
Lush, the noise of anything falling into water.—*MS. Glossary.*
Lwonin, a lane; sometimes used for a street.
Lwosers, losers.
Lyave, see Lave.
Lyte, to expect; to depend upon; to trust to.
Lythey, thick.

M.

Maad, Meaad, or Maaid, made.
Maak, Mack, or Mek, make.
Maakin, or Mackin, making. Maaks, makes.
Maander, to miss one's way.
Maap, to maunder; to wander about in a thoughtful manner.—*MS. Glossary.*
Maar, or Mare, more.
Mack, or Mak, a sort; a kind; a fashion.
Maddled, confused; stupified.
Madlin, a bad memory.
Mafflin, a simpleton.
Magget, or Maggot, a whim.
Mail, see Black-mail.
Maint, may not.
Maislikin, foolish.

MAIST, most.
MAL, Mary.
MANGREL, a mongrel cur.
MAN THYSEL', act with the spirit of a man.
MANNERLY, decent; neat.
MANT, to stutter.
MAPPEN (may happen), may be; perhaps.
MARGET, Margaret.
MARROW, an equal; a companion; one of the same sort.
MATCH'D, paired or pitted.
MAUNDER, or MANDER, to wander about in a thoughtful manner; to talk confusedly.
MAUT, or MOTE, malt.
MAW, to mow grass.
MAWKIN, a bunch of rags to clean an oven with; a dirty lazy woman.
MAWM, peaceable; quiet.—*MS. Glossary.*
MAYTHEM, a may-game or simpleton.—*MS. Gloss.*
MAZLE, to wander as if stupified.
MAZELINS, silly persons.
ME, my.
MEA, or MEYA, make.
MEAKE, MECK, or MAYE, to make.
MEAKIN, an aquatic vegetable that grows six or eight feet long, in water about ten or twelve feet deep, forming a curious wood, a favorite resort of the bass.
MEAN (Sax. *mænan*), to bemoan.
MEAND, moaned; complained.
MEEDA, meadow ground.
MEET, might.
MEETERLY, moderately.
MEETY, mighty; very large. MEETILY, mightily.
MELL, meddle.

MELL, a mallet or beetle.

"I, John Bell,
Leave this *mell*
For to fell
Them that gi'es a' to their bairns,
And keeps nought for theirsel'."—

Epitaph on himself by an old country mason, who, during his life, had given away all his property to his ungrateful children. The jockey who is last in a race is called the *mell*. It has been said that he is so called from it having been formerly the custom to give a *mell* to the owner of the last horse; the presumed custom, however, lacks proof. It is more likely that the rider of the last horse is called the *mell*, from his *driving* the others before him.

MELL-DOOR, the space between the heck and outward door, the entry or passage; that is, the middle or intermediate door. The *mell-door* and *heck* were always at the back of the house.

MENNY, many.

MENS'D, graced or decorated.

MENSE, decency; propriety. TAILOR'S MENSE, the morsel of meat which a country tailor leaves at dinner, when working out, that he may not be charged with indecently eating all up.

MENSFUL, decent.

MENSELESS, mean; improper; wanting *mense*.

MENT (Sax. *mængan*, or *mengan*), mixed or mingled.

"For evir of love the sicknesse
Is *ment* with sweete and bittirnesse."—CHAUCER.

MERE, or MEER, a mare.

MERE, a pool; a lake.

MESS, truly; indeed.

METHY, a difficult respiration, occasioned by the lightness of the air.—*Hutchinson's History of Cumberland.*

MICKLE (Sax. *micl* or *micel*), much.

Mid, middle.
Middin, a dunghill.
Midge, a gnat.
Midneet, midnight.
Mid-thie, mid-thigh.
Miffmaff, nonsense.
Mirk, dark.
Mirlin, pining.
Mismanner'd, unbecoming.
Misnare, to incommode, or put out of the way.—*MS. Glossary.*
Mistacken, mistaken.
Mistetch, to teach improper things. A *mistetched* horse signifies a horse that has some peculiar vice.
Mitch, much.
Mittens, gloves.
Mizzle, to rain slightly.
Moam, mellow. There is a sort of crumbling stone in Oxfordshire which the country people call *maum.—Plot's Oxfordshire.*
Moant, or Munnet, must not.
Monny, or Monie, many.
Mooan, the moon.
Mood, roared.
Moodle, to fold up.—*MS. Glossary.*
Moor-master (so called in Cumberland, in other places Bar-master), an officer or agent connected with the mines.
More, or Moor, a hill; a mountainous country. Hence the county of Westmoreland derives its name—the land or country of the western *mores.* —*Ray.*
Mowdywarp, a mole.
Mud, must or might.
Muins, moons.
Muir, a moor.

Mul, the dust of peats.
Mull, to break anything into small pieces.—*MS. Glossary.*
Mun, must.
Munea, must I.
Munnet, must not.
Murrle, to muse or think with great attention.—*MS. Glossary.*
Murry, merry.
Murry-neet (merry-night), a merry meeting where each of the guests pays a certain sum for the benefit of the person giving the entertainment.
Mworn, morn or morrow.
Myaking, making.

N.

Na, or Nea, no; not.
Naething, nothing.
Naigs (nags), horses.
Nangnail, see Agnayles.
Nanny, Ann.
Nantle, to fondle; to trifle.—*MS. Glossary.*
Nar, near.
Nash, brittle.
Nattle, to strike slightly.
Naw, now.
Neaam, name.
Neaan, noon.
Neakt, naked.
Neak, Neuk, or Nuik, a nook or corner: as, "the *ingle-nuik*;" that is, the chimney corner.
Neb, a point; a beak; also, the nose; the mouth.

> "How she holds up the *neb*, the bill to him,
> And arms her with the boldness of a wife."—
> *Shakspere's Winter's Tale.*

Nebbor, a neighbour.

NEEF, or NEIF, the fist. DOUBLE-NEIF, the clenched fist.

"Sweet knight, I kiss thy *neif*."—*Shakspere's Henry IV.*

NEEN, nine.

NE'ER AK, never mind.

NEET, night.

NEIDER, neither.

NEISHT, NEIST, or NEEST, next.

NET, not.

NEW FANGLED, new fashioned.

NEYBOR, neighbour.

NEYCE, nice.

NIGHT COURTSHIP. This custom, which we are happy to state is on the wane, is thus described in a note to *Anderson's Ballads* :—

"A Cumbrian peasant pays his addresses to his sweetheart during the silence and solemnity of midnight, when every bosom is at rest, except that of love and sorrow. Anticipating her kindness, he will travel ten or twelve miles over hills, bogs, moors, and mosses, undiscouraged by the length of the road, the darkness of the night, or the intemperature of the weather; on reaching her habitation, he gives a gentle tap at the window of her chamber, at which signal she immediately rises, dresses herself, and proceeds with all possible silence to the door, which she gently opens, lest a creaking hinge or a barking dog should awaken the family. On his entrance into the kitchen, the luxuries of a Cumbrian cottage—cream and sugared curds—are placed before him by the fair hand of his *Dulcinea*; next, the courtship commences, previously to which, the fire is darkened or extinguished, lest its light should guide to the window some idle or licentious eye; in this dark and uncomfortable situation (at least uncomfortable to all but lovers), they remain till the advance of day, depositing in each other's bosoms the secrets of love, and making vows of unalterable affection."

NIMMEL, nimble.

NIN, none.

NIT, not.

NIVVER, never.
NOANT, aunt.
NOASE, the nose.
NOBBET, nought but; only.
NODDY, a game of cards.

"CRANWELL. Gentlemen, what shall our game be?
WENDOLL. Master Frankford, you play best at *noddy*."—
Heywood's Woman Killed with Kindness.

NODER, neither.
NOLT, black cattle.
NONSKAITH, a wishing or longing; the desire raised in one person to do a thing by seeing it done by another.—*MS. Glossary.*
NORSE, a nurse.
NOUGHT-AT-DOW, good for nothing.
NOUT, or NOWT, nothing.
NOUT-GELD, or NEAT-GELD, cornage rent; originally paid in cattle; a horn tax.

"Cornage seems to have been peculiar to the border service against the Scots. The tenants holding under it were bound to be ready to serve their prince and the lord of the manor, on horseback or on foot, at their own costs and charges; and, being best acquainted with the passes and defiles of the country, had the honour of marching in the vanguard when the king's army passed into Scotland."
—*Nicolson and Burn's West. and Cumb.*, vol. 1, p. 16.

NOWT, or NOLT, cattle.
NOWTHER, neither.
NUDDER, another.
NUIKKEL, or NUIKKELT, yeilding milk. A cow is said to be *top-nuikkel* when her milk is most abundant, shortly after calving. *Nuikkel* is probably a corruption of *new-calved.*
NYFLE, to pilfer.

O.

OA, or AW, all.
OANERS, owners.

Oast, curd for cheese.
Oddments, odds and ends; articles of no great value.
Oddwhite (God's wite), a malediction.
Odswinge, a rustic oath.
Offen, often.
Omast, almost.
Ommea, or Omme, of me.
Ondergang, to undergo.
Onny, or Ony, any.
Onset, a dwelling house and out-buildings.
On't, of it.
Open'd-their-gills, said of those who gape wide and drink much.
Oppent, opened.
Or, ere.
Orndorn, see Aandorn.
Oss, to offer; to try; to essay; to set about anything. Ossing, offering.
O'th', all the; of the.
Ought, aught.
Owar, or Owr, over.
Owarteaak, overtook.
Ownd, fated or destined.
Owther, either.

P.

Pace-eggs (from *pash*, the feast of Easter), eggs boiled hard and dyed or stained various colours, given to children about the time of Easter. A custom of great antiquity among various nations. See an account of it in *Brand's Popular Antiquities*, vol. 1., p. 142.
Pack, a measure of coals, of about three Winchester bushels.
Paddock, a small field (see Parrak); also, a frog.

"The *paddock*, or frog *paddock*, breeds on the land; is bony and big, especially the she."—*Izaak Walton.*

PADDOCK-RUD, or PADDOCK-RIDE, the spawn of frogs.

PAFFELDIN, baggage.—*MS. Glossary.*

PAN, to fit; to agree.

PANG'D, quite full; crammed with food.

PAR, a pair.

PARCEL, parsley.

PARFET, perfect; entire.

PARLISH, perilous; dangerous.

"The more part of writers were wholly given to serve Antichriste's affectes in the *parelouse* ages of the church."
John Bale.

PARRAK, or PARRUCK (Sax. *parruc*), a small field or park adjoining to, or surrounding, a house.

PARSEN, personal charms.

PAT, put.

PATE, the head.

PATE, a badger.

PAUND, a pound.

PAUR, or PAWER, power.

PAUT, to walk heavily.

PAW-MAIR, stir more.

"The cat will never *paw-mair.*"

PAWPE, to step softly forward in a leisurely measured manner.—*MS. Glossary.*

PEAN, to strike or beat.

PEAT, or PEET, turf; a fibrous moss used as fuel, dug out of marshes or fens.

PECH, to pant; to breathe heavily.

PEE, to squint; to spy with one eye; to look through contracted eyelids.

PEED, blind of an eye. There is a ludicrous anecdote of "*Peed* Dalton, of Shap," in *Nicolson and Burn's West. and Cumb.*, vol. 1. p. 537.

PEER, poor.
PEG, to beat with sharp knuckles.
PELDER, to encumber.—*MS. Glossary.*
PELTER, anything large.
PELSEY, obstinate; cross; mischievous.—*MS. Gloss.*
PENNYSTONES, stones in the form of quoits.
PENNYSTONE-CAST, the distance which such a stone can be thrown.
PETTLE, to trifle.—*MS. Glossary.*
PEYL, to beat.
PEY, a pea. PEAYS, peas. PEZZ, pease.
PEZ-STRAE, a rustic love charm.

> "A Cumbrian girl, when her lover proves unfaithful to her, is, by way of consolation, rubbed with *peas-straw* by the neighbouring lads; and when a Cumbrian youth loses his sweetheart by her marriage with a rival, the same sort of comfort is administered to him by the lasses of the village.—ANDERSON.

PICK, pitch.
PICK-THE-FWOAL, said of mares who foal before their natural time.
PICKS, the suit of diamonds at cards. "Mr. Hunter says that when people have burnt their shins by sitting before a hot fire, they will say 'my legs are all over *picks* and *hearts*,' that is, red blotches."—*Brockett.*
PIGGINS, small wooden vessels made in the manner of half-barrels, and having one stave longer than the rest for a handle.
PIG-HULL, a hog-sty.
PIRNED, dried up; pined.—*MS. Glossary.*
PLACK, a piece of money.
PLAIGD, plagued.
PLAUM, a plum.
PLEAAST, pleased.
PLEENIN, complaining.
PLEUGH, a plough.

Ploat, to pluck feathers.
Plood, ploughed.
Poak, or Poke, a sack or bag.
Podish, porridge.
Poky, saucy.—*MS. Glossary.*
Pood, or Powt, pulled. Pooin, or Powen, pulling.
Popple, to rise up in the water like bubbles.—*MS. Glossary.*
Pops-and-Pairs, a game at cards.
Porshon (portion), fortune; a dowry.
Posset-cup. Before the introduction of tea, it was customary to give strangers at festival times, ale-possets; they were served up in bowls called *doublers*, into which the company dipped their spoons promiscuously, for the simplicity of the times had not then seen the necessity of accommodating each guest with a basin or soup-plate. The *posset-cup* shone as an article of finery in the better sort of houses; it was made of pewter, and was furnished with two, three, or more lateral pipes, through which the liquid part of the compound might be sucked by those who did not choose the bread.
Pow, to pull; also, a term for the head.
Powder, bustle; haste.
Praia, pray you. Pra'tha, prythee.
Praud, proud.
Prent, print.
Primely, very well.
Primp, to behave in a ridiculously formal, or affected manner.
Prod, thrust.
Pruive, prove.
Pubble, plump.
Pudder, confusion.
Puil, a pool.

PUNCH, to strike with the feet; to kick.
PUZZEN, poison.
PWOKE, to poke.
PYANNET, a magpie.
PYFLE, to pick delicately.—*MS. Glossary.*

Q.

QUALITY-MAK, quality-kind; gentry.
QUARTERN, a quarter.
QUEAN, a queen; also, a whore.

R.

RAAID, ride or rode.
RACKEN, to think; also, to count.
RACK-HURRY, the track or railway on which waggons run in unloading coals at a *hurry;* that is, at a staith or wharf.
RACKLE, rude; unmanageable.
RACKLE-DEED, loose conduct.
RAGABRASH, low idle people.
RAID, an incursion or plundering inroad of the Scottish Borderers into the English frontier.—*Brockett.*
RAISE, a cairn, tumulus, or heap of stones.

> "In the parishes of Edenhall and Lazonby, in Cumberland, there are yet some considerable remains of stones which still go by the name of *raises*, though many of them have been carried away, and all of them thrown out of their ancient form and order."—*Hutchinson's History of Cumberland,* vol 1, p. 252.

RAM, having a strong smell.
RAMMISH, violent.—*MS. Glossary.*
RANG, wrong.
RANNEL-BALK, or RANNEL-TREE, a strong piece of wood crossing the chimney, parallel to the floor of the upper room, from which is suspended a

chain with crooks to hang the boiler upon. Mr. Carr thinks it is a corruption of *ran-tree-bauk*, which might have a wonderful effect in keeping off the witches from the kail, &c.

RANNIGAL, see REEUL.

RANTY, frisky; wild.

RAPPIS, a rapscallion; a dissolute person.

RASCOT, a rascal.

RATTEN-CROOK, a long crook, reaching from the rannel-balk to the fire.

RATTENS, rats.

RAUM, room.

RAUND, or RAWND, round. RAUNDTH', round the.

RAVE, tore.

REAR, to raise; to rally.

REDDY, ready.

REED, red. REEDER, redder.

REEDEN, or REEDIN, ill-tempered.

REEK, smoke.

REERD, raised on end.

REET, right. REETLY, rightly.

REEUL, or RANNIGAL, a rude unmanageable person.—*MS. Glossary.*

RENCH, to rinse.

RIDE, to rob; or rather to go out on horseback for such a purpose; a border word.

> "A saying is recorded of a mother to her son (which is now become proverbial), '*Ride, Rowlie, hough's i' the pot;*' that is, the last piece of beef was in the pot, and, therefore it was high time for him to go and fetch some more."—*Nicolson and Burn's Westmoreland and Cumberland*, vol. 2, p. 466.

RIDING THE STANG, a punishment inflicted upon adulterers, those who beat their wives, and such persons as follow their occupations during particular festivals or holidays. In cases where the offender was too powerful to be personally punish-

ed, a deputy mounted the *stang*—a long thick stake or pole borne on men's shoulders, and published his neighbour's shame in some such rhyme as this:—

> "It isn't for my foat et I ride *stang*,
> But for W. B. who his wife does bang."

A copious description of the custom may be found in *Brand's Popular Errors*, and *Jamieson's Scottish Dictionary*.

Rin, to run.
Rines, the reins.
Ritin, writing. Ritten, written.
Rive, to tear; to eat voraciously without knife or fork.
Rivven, torn.
Rock, a distaff; or the stick to which flax is fastened when spinning.
Roughness, plenty; store.
Roundge, a great noise; a violent push.—*MS. Gloss.*
Roworgin, an organ.
Row-up, to devour.
Roysteran, indulging in boisterous mirth and jollity.
Royster'd, vociferated.
Ruddy, ready. Ruddily, readily.
Ruggs, thick woollen coverlids for beds.
Rumbur, the short run before leaping.—*MS. Gloss.*
Ruse, a rose.
Russlin, wrestling.
Rust, rest; repose.
Rwoard, roared.
Rwose, rose.
Ryap, a rope.

S.

Saak, sake.
Saar, sore.

Sackless, innocent; faultless; weak; simple.
Sae, or Soa, so.
Sair, sore. Sairly, sorely.
Sairy, poor; innocent.
Sall, shall.
Sampleth, a sampler; a piece of needlework.
San, sand.
Sank, a great quantity; as, "there is a *sank* of potatoes."—*MS. Glossary.*
Sark, a shirt or chemise.
Sarra, to serve.
Sartan, certain.
Sarvants, servants.
Sarvis, service.
Sarvth', serve the.
Sattle, or Settle, a long seat, generally with a high back to it.
Saurin, vinegar.
Saut, or Sault, salt.
Saww, a violent yet sluggish kind of ache or pain, such as follows a blow upon the head, or is felt in the fingers when brought to the fire in a severe frost.—*MS. Glossary.*
Scale, to disperse or waste; as, to *scale* goods, money, or any property.
Scar, or Skar, a bare and broken rock on the side of a mountain, or in the high bank of a river.
Scaur, to scour.
Scaumy, a particular misty appearance of the sky.—*MS. Glossary.*
Scawd, to scald or boil. Scawder'd, scalded.
Sceap'd, escaped.
Sceape-greace, a hair-brained graceless fellow.
Schuil, a school.
Sconce, a screen capable of being drawn across the front of the fire from the corner of the *heck*, thus

shutting the family up as it were in a little parlour; also, a kind of candlestick, with a tin back or reflector, to hang against a wall.

Scons, cakes made of barley-meal.

Scotty kye, Scotch cows.

Scowder, a bustle; untidy state.—*MS. Glossary.*

Scraffle, to scramble; to struggle; also, to wrangle or quarrel.

Scran, food.

Scrat, or Skrat, a scratch. Scratting, scratching.

Scrawlen, sprawling.

Screes, precipices; scars.—*MS. Glossary.*

Scribe of a pen, a line by way of letter; a letter.

Scrudge, a squeeze.

Scugg, lurking or lying hid in a corner.

Scumfished, suffocated.

Scufter, to bustle; to hurry.—*MS. Glossary.*

Scy', a scythe.

Sea, see you.

Seaal, sale.

Seaam, the same.

Seaave, to save.

Seager, or Shugar, sugar.

Seak, Seec, or Seek, sick.

Seek as a peat, extremely sick.

Sea-nag, a ship.

Sean, soon.

Seape, soap.

Seat, soot.

Seck, such.

Sed, said. Sedth', said the.

Seed, saw.

Seegh, to sigh.

Seer, sure.

See't, see it.

Seet, sight.

Seevy-cap, a cap made of rushes.
Seggy, callous, as the skin in the palm of a workman's hand, or on the bottom of the feet.—*MS. Glossary.*
Sell, self.
Selt, sold.
Sen, or Seyne, since. Senth', since the.
Settle, see Sattle.
Seugh, a wet ditch.
Seune, or Sewen, seven.
Seyde, side.
Seypers, those who drink to the last drop; immoderate drinkers.
Shag, a slice of bread.
Shakin, the ague.
Shally-wally, an expression of contempt.
Shap, shape.
Shawl, to walk badly or with the legs crooked.—*MS. Glossary.*
Shear, to reap. Shearin', reaping.
Shed, to excel; as in the saying, "he passes and *sheds*," that is, he surpasses or excels all.

> "Here lies John Richmond, honest man:
> *Shed* that who can."—
> *Grave-stone in Cockerham churchyard.*

Shem, shame.
Shem and a Bizen (a shame and a bye-saying), a scandal and a bye-word.
Sheynin, shining.
Shilla, a stony beach.
Shirl, to slide.
Shive, to cut in slices.
Shittle-cum-shaw, an exclamation of contempt
Shoo, a shoe. Shoon, shoes.
Shot, each man's share or just proportion of the score or reckoning at a public-house; as, "*shot*

was gethert," that is, the reckoning was collected. —*Brockett.*

Shoul, a shovel.

Showder, the shoulder.

Shuffle, to scrape with the feet; to evade.

Shuik, shook.

Shwort, short.

Shwort cakes, rich sweet cakes which break *short*, such as the Cumbrian peasants present to their sweethearts at fairs.

Sic, such.

Sike, or Syke, a small stream or rill which is usually dry in summer.

Sin, since. Sinseyne, since that time.

Sind, to rinse.

Sine, a sign.

Sineways, sundry ways.

Sinifies, signifies.

Skaif, distant; wild; fearful; scattered abroad, or apt to be dispersed.—*MS. Glossary.*

Skear, or Scower, gravel; or a bed of small pebbles.—*MS. Glossary.*

Skeer, the place where cockles are gathered.

Skelled, anything twisted or warped out of a flat or straight form into that of a curve, *skell*, or shell.—*MS. Glossary.*

Skelp, to skip or run with great strides, or in a bounding manner.—*MS. Glossary.*

Sken, to squint.

Skensmadam, or Who-may-say, a mock dish set upon the table for show.—*MS. Glossary.*

Skewin up, tossing up.

Skew't-and-tew't, tossed about.

Skilvings, a wooden frame to fix on the top of a cart in order to widen and extend its size.—*MS. Glossary.*

Skimmels, forms; seats.
Skirl, to scream.
Skreengd, squeezed.
Slaister, to beat violently.—*MS. Glossary.*
Slack, a valley or small shallow dell.
Slake, an accumulation of mud or slime, particularly in a river.
Slake, a gentle drawing of one thing over another; hence, a piece of furniture half-cleaned is said to have had the slut's *slake.—MS. Glossary.*
Slape, slippery; smooth.
Slat, to spill or throw.
Slattery, wet and dirty.
Sleas, sloes, the fruit of the blackthorn.
Slee, sly. Sleely, slily.
Sleevless-arrant, an errand to no purpose.
Slinge, or Slink, to go creepingly away as if ashamed. Perhaps from the Saxon *slincan*, to creep.
Slird, to slide.
Slive, to dress carelessly; a sloven.—*MS. Gloss.*
Slokken, to slake; to quench. "To *slokken* your thirst."
Slon, sly.—*MS. Glossary.*
Smaw, small.
Smiddy, a smithy; a blacksmith's shop.
Smoar, to smother; to suffocate.
Smuly, looking smoothly; demure.
Smurk (smirk), to smile.
Snaar, greedy.
Snafflen, sauntering.
Snag, to cut off; as, "to *snag* the bough of a tree."
Snape, to check; to chide.
Snaps, small round gingerbread cakes.
Snarrel, a hard knot.—*MS. Glossary.*

Sneck, the latch of a door or gate; also, a notch.
Snift'rin, sniffling.
Sniggs, young eels.
Snirp, to pine; to wither; to contract.—*MS. Gloss.*
Snirrels, the nostrils.—*MS. Glossary.*
Snizy, cold.—*MS. Glossary.*
Snocksnarrels, entangled; cross.
Snodd, smooth; demure.
Snotter, to cry; to snivel.
Snwornin, snoring.
Soary, sorry.
Soav and clip, to salve and shear sheep.
Sonn, to think deeply.—*MS. Glossary.*
Sonsy, honest-looking; jolly; good.

"Tamar's a *sonsy* lass." "Aye, an' a *sonsy* weight she is too."

Soond, to faint.
Sops, lumps of black-lead.
Sorro, sorrow.
Soss, generally spoken of a thing falling heavily to the ground; also, to drink.
Sote, salt.
Sotter, to boil slowly.
Sour milk, buttermilk.
Souse, to plunge or immerge in water.
Sowdgers, soldiers.
Spain, to wean. Spainin, weaning.
Spangs, springs.
Span new, quite new.
Spelk, a splinter, or thatching pin.
Spenses, expenses.
Speyce, spice.
Spinnels, spindles.
Splet, split.
Spot, a place.
Spottle, a schedule.

Spunky, sparkling; full of spirit.
Squab, a kind of sofa.
Squeelin, squalling.
Squoaveran callan, a jesting youth.
Staat, an estate.
Staffle, Staivel, or Stoap, to walk about as if lost, or like a drunken person.—*MS. Glossary.*
Stag, a young horse.
Stang (Sax.), to sting.
Stang, a long bar; a wooden pole; a piece of timber adapted for a shaft of a cart or carriage, or for a railing, or for putting across a river, or indeed for any purpose requiring strength.—*Brockett.* See Riding the stang.
Stank, to sigh; to moan; to groan; to gasp for breath; also, a dam or weir.
Starken, to tighten.
Statesman, one who occupies his own estate; a small landholder. His eldest son is called a *laird*, and when there is no son, the eldest daughter is born to the title of *lady* or *leady*, while the holder of a manor of course bears that of *lword*, Thus we may see a *statesman* driving the plough, *lady* Bell labouring at the churn, and *lord* Ritson attending the market with turnips to sell.—*Jollie's Cumberland Manners.*
Stavlan, lounging.
Stayt, staid.
Steaad, stood.
Steaak, stake; also, to shut.
Steaal, stole. Steaalin, stealing.
Steal, a stool.
Stee, a ladder, or stile.
Steek, or Stuik, to shut; to close.

"Kittle t' coal, and mak t' ingle shine;
Steek t' dere, and keep out t' swine."

Steaan, a stone.
Steg, a gander.
Steven, to set the *steven*, is to agree upon the time and place of meeting previous to some expedition—*MS. Glossary.*
Stevvin, to be in a fuss.—*MS. Glossary.*
Stibble, stubble.
Sticks, furniture.
Stint, a limit; quantity or allowance of anything, as of labour, victuals, &c. Perhaps from the Saxon *stincan*, to restrain, or set bounds to.

> "How much wine drink you in a day? My *stint* in company is a pint at noon."—Swift.

Stitches, narrow ridges of land.
Storken, to cool, to stiffen like tallow.
Stoun, or Stound, a sudden and transient pain.

> "Such piercing grief her stubborn heart did wound,
> That she could not endure the doleful *stound*."—Spenser.

Stoup (stoop), to bend forward.
Stour, dust.
Stoury, dusty.
Stove, a young shoot of wood.—*MS. Glossary.*
Stown, stolen.
Stowter, to struggle; to walk clumsily.
Strack, or Struik, struck.
Strae, straw.
Strammer, large; great; as, "a *strammer* lie."—*MS. Glossary.*
Strones, tenants who are bound to assist the lord in hunting, and turning the red deer on the tops of the mountains to the forest.—*Nicolson and Burn's West. and Cumb.*
Stroo, to strain a liquid through cloth, or to press it through a narrow passage, as through the teeth. —*MS. Glossary.*

Stummer'd, stumbled.
Styan, a stone.
Sud, should.
Suin, soon.
Suir, sure.
Sukken, moisture.—*MS. Glossary.*
Sump, a puddle or dirty pond.
Summet, something.
Sumph, a blockhead.
Sunkets, suppers.
Swaith, the *fetch* or ghost of a dying person.
Swap, to exchange.
Swaymus, shy.
Sweels of laughter, swells or bursts of laughter. We likewise say the candle *sweels*, when the light flickers and causes the tallow to burn away quickly. From the Saxon *swælan.*

"Into his face the brond he forst, his huge beard brent a light,
And *swealing* made a stink."—
Phaer's Translation of Virgil's Æneid.

Swelt, overcome with heat and exercise; to faint; to swoon; to die. Grass, when cut in wet weather is said to *swelt.* In a hot dry season it is said that every green thing *swelts* for want of rain.
Sweyne, swine.
Swipe, to drink off hastily.
Swirtle, to move nimbly, uneasily, or in a fidgetty manner.
Swoap, or Swope, a sup.
Sworry, sorry.
Swort, a syringe.
Swurlt, whirled.
Sype, to drain.—*MS. Glossary.*
Syzle, to saunter.—*MS. Glossary.*

T.

TAAKIN, state of ill-temper; a tiff.
TAAR, tore.
TAAS, wood split thin to make baskets with.
TAAVE, or TEEAVE, to wade through mire.
TAAVIN, or TEAAVIN, kicking.
TAE, to.
TA'EN, taken.
TAGGELT, a loose character either male or female: "a sad *taggelt*."—*MS. Glossary.*
TAHMY, stringy, untwisted, like tow.—*MS. Gloss.*
TAISTREL, a scoundrel. See TAYSTRAYELT.
TAK, or TAICK, take. TAKENTH', taken the.
TAMMY, glutinous or sizy.—*MS. Glossary.*
TAN, then.
TANE, the one.
TANGLE, sea-weed.
TANGS, tongs.
TAPPY-LAPPY, in haste, with the coat-*laps* flying behind through speed.

> "Nanny Bell's crying out: I just gat a gliff o' Gweorge runnin', *tappy-lappy*, for the howdey."

TARN, a pool or small lake, usually on the top of a hill. *Ray* says, a bog, a fen, a marsh, a pool, a quagmire.
TARN'D, ill-natured.
TATH', to the
TAVE, a fidgeting like motion with the feet; or the working of plaster, &c., with a spade.—*MS. Gloss.*
TAYSTRAYELT, a loose idle person. From *tie-stray-elt*, a horse or cow that is apt to break beyond the bounds of its *tie* or *tedder*.—*MS. Glossary.*
TEAABLE, table.
TEAAN, taken.
TEA-DRAA (too-draw), a place of refuge; a home.
TEAKIN, taking.

Te, thee; to. Te dui, to do.
Teanale, a basket.
Teap or Tup, a ram.
Tearan, tearing; a *tearan* fellow is a rough, hot-headed person, who drives everything before him, regardless of danger and of consequences.
Tedder-styak (tether-stake), a stake driven into the ground to which cattle are tied up, or *tethered* up.
Tee, tea; also, to fasten; to tie.
Teea, or Teya, too.
Teeht, a lock of wool, flax, &c.—*MS. Glossary.*
Teem, or Tuim, to pour out of one vessel into another.
Teen, to kindle; to light; as, "*teen* the candle."
Teerd, tired.
Tegidder, together.
Tek, take.
Telt, told; as, "I *telt* him to his head."
Teugh, tough.
Teydey (tidy), neat.
Teyellеyer, a tailor.
Teyme, time.
Teyney, small; diminutive.
Teyte (tide, old English for *time*), used comparatively for soon: as, "I'd as *teyte* hev a glass o' rum as a pint o' yell." See Titter.
Th', or The, they.
Thack, thatch, both as verb and substantive. Sax. *thaccan*, to cover; *thac*, a roof or covering for a house.—*Brockett.*
Thame, them.
Thar, or Thur, these; them.
Thar, or Ther, their.
Tha, or Thau, thou.
Thaul, thou will. Thault, thou wilt.

Thaum, Thoom, or Thoum, a thumb.
Thaurt, thou art.
Thear, or Thiar, there.
Thee, the; also, the thigh.
Theek'd, thatch'd. Theeker, a thatcher.
Ther, those.
Thibel, or Thival, a wooden instrument with which hasty pudding is stirred.—*Evan Clark's Poems.*
Thick, intimate.
Thimmel, a thimble.
Thisan, this. Thissen, this way.
Thof, although.
Thou'll, thou wilt. Thou's, thou art.
Thout, or Thowt, thought.
Thraad, throwed.
Thrang, throng; busy.
Thraw, to writhe; to twist.
Threap, or Threep, to assert positively.
Threshwood, the threshhold of a doorway.
Thrimmelt, pulled out.
Throoth', through the.
Thropple, the windpipe.
Throssle, a thrush.
Through-stone, or Thruff-stone, a flat tombstone.
Thur, these.
Thwaite, land, which was once covered with wood, brought into pasture or tillage; an assart. *Thwaite* enters into the name of many places in Westmoreland and Cumberland.
Tift, a small draught of liquor, or short fit of doing anything; also, condition, as to health of the body; as a verb, it means fetching of the breath quickly as after running, &c.—*MS. Gloss.*
Tig, to strike gently.

Tike, or Tyke, a blunt or vulgar fellow.
Titter (tider), more timely; sooner; earlier; as, "*titter* up coe tudder;" that is, the earliest up call the other.
Titty, sister.
Tocher, or Towgher, a portion or dowry; a dower. Toker, in other places means the same.—*Brockett.*
Todder, the other.
Toit, to tumble over or fall; commonly said of whatever stands on one end.—*MS. Glossary.*
Toma, to me.
Tome, a hair line for fishing.
Tooming, an aching or dizziness of the eyes.—*MS. Glossary.*
Top, or Topper, of a good quality; anything superior.
Torn, to turn. Torn'd, turned.
Toth', to the.
Tow, two.
Towert, towards.
Toytle, to fall; a child falling is said to "*toytle* ower."—*MS. Glossary.*
Traave, or Treeave, to stride along as if through long grass.—*MS. Glossary.*
Traily, slovenly.—*MS. Glossary.*
Tram, a train or succession of things, as of cattle, carts, &c.—*MS. Glossary.*
Trig, tight; compact.
Trimmel, to tremble.
Trinkums, useless finery.
Trippet, a small piece of wood obtusely pointed, something like a shoe, hollow at one end and having a tail a little elevated at the other, which is struck with the *buck-stick* in a game called "trippet and coit," played by the rustics.

Trod, a footpath.
Trollybags, tripe.
Trouncin, a beating.
Tu, or Tue, to work hard; to be fatigued.
Tuing, toiling; laborious.
Tudder, the other.
Tui, too.
Tuik, took.
Tuim, see Teem.
Tuith, a tooth Tuithwark, the tooth-ache.
Tul, till. Tult, to it; till the.
Tumble-carr, a cart drawn by a single horse; probably so named from the axle being made fast in the wheels, and turning round with them.—*Agric. Survey of Cumberland.*
Tummelt, tumbled.
Tup, a ram.
Twea, or Twee, two. Twie, twice.
Twilt, a quilt.
Twirter, a year-old sheep.
Tyer, moreover.

U.

Udder, other.
Unco, uncommonly.
Une, even.
Unknaan, or Unname, unknown.
Unhomed, awkward, unlikely.—*MS. Glossary.*
Unkat, uncouth.
Unket, strange, particular news.
Upho'd, uphold.
Upth', up the.
Urchon, a hedgehog.

V.

VARRA, very.
VARMANT, or VARMENT, vermin; sometimes used as a term of reproach.
VERSAL, universal.
VEST, a waistcoat.

W.

WAAIR, or WAARE, wore.
WAAT (Sax. *witan*), to understand.
"Fein a whit I *waat*;" that is, not a whit do I know.
WABBLE, to shake or tremble.
WAD, black-lead. It also means a neighbourhood: as, "those places lie in the same *wad* or beat."
WAD, would. WADDN'T, would not.
WA DANG IT, a rustic mode of swearing.
WAE, woe.
WAFF, a slight blast or smell.—*MS. Glossary.*
WAFF, to bark like a dog short and sharp.
WAFFLER, a waverer.
WAINTLY, very well.
WAISTOMEA, woe's me.
WAIT, or WARED, laid out or expended; spent on wares.
WAIT (Sax. *wat*, from *witan*, whence *weet*, of which the preterite was *wot*), to know; to be aware.
WALE, choice.
WAN, to win.
WANDREN, wandering.
WANKLE, weak; feeble.
WANTERS, persons who want wives or husbands.
WAP'D, wrapt.
WAPS, so called in Cumberland, but in some of the northern counties BATTEN, a large bundle or truss of straw.

WAR, was; were; also, worse.

"They say the world is much *war* than it wont."—
Spenser's Shep. Cal.

WARD, or WARL, the world. WARD'S, world is.

WAR-DAY, work-day; every day in the week except Sunday.

WARISON, the stomach and its contents.

WARK, to ache.

WAWS, walls.

WEAGE, wages.

WEAHZE, WEEZE, or WAZE, a wreath of straw, wool, or other soft substance, for protecting the head under the pressure of a load or burthen.

WEATHERGALL, the lower part of the rainbow when the rest of the arch is not seen.—*MS. Glossary.*

WEATIN, urine.

WEBSTER, or WOBSTER, a weaver.

WED, a heap of clothes, which each party of boys put down in a game called "Scotch and English."

WEE, little; small; diminutive: as, "a *wee* bit."

WEEAKY, moist; juicy.

WEEL, well.

WEES, we shall.

WEE'T, with it.

WEGHT, or WECHT, an article like a sieve, but without holes in the bottom, which is usually of sheepskin.

WELLY, well nigh; almost.

WELSH, or WALLOW, tasteless; insipid. Broth and water, and pottage, without salt, are *wallow* or *welsh*. A person whose face has a raw, pale, and unhealthy look, whom a keen frosty morning pinches, and to whom it gives an appearance of misery and poverty, has a *welsh* and *wallow* face. A *welsh* day is the same as a *sleety* day, when it is neither thaw nor frost; but a *wallow* day is

when a cold, strong, and hollow wind prevails.—*Brockett.*

Welt, to lean on one side; to upset.

Wesh, to wash. Wesh'd, washed.

Wey, an expression of assent; also, why.

Weyfe, a wife.

Weyte, blame.

Whaar, where.

Wharth', where the. Whaar'st, where is it.

Whaes, whose.

Whaint, very. Whaintly, very well.

Whaker, to quiver; to shake.

Whaker'd, quivered; shook.

Whane, to stroke down.—*MS. Glossary.*

Whang, to jump clumsily; also, a blow.

Whang, a large and thick piece of anything eatable.

Whanter, to flatter.—*MS. Glossary.*

Whantle, to fondle.—*MS. Glossary.*

Whart, a quart.

Wheezlin (wheezing), drawing the breath with difficulty.

Whelker, sometimes Yarker, a thump or blow; also, anything uncommonly large; a *thumper.*

Whell, until.

Whemmle, to turn upside down.

Whenth' when the.

Whewtle, a slight whistle.

Whey-feac'd, pale-faced.

Wheyte, quite.

Whey-whig, a pleasant and sharp beverage, made by infusing mint or sage into buttermilk whey.

Whick, quick; alive.

Whidder, to tremble.

Whietly, quietly.

Whiew, to fly hastily; to make great speed.

Whilk, which.

WHINGE, to whine; to weep.
WHINNERING, neighing.
WHINS, gorse or furze.
WHIPPING-THE-CAT, the custom of itinerant tailors, carpenters, &c., going from house to house to work.
WHISSENDAY, Whit-Sunday.
WHIST, hush!
WHITE, to requite; also, to cut wood with a knife.
WHITTLE, a knife; generally a clasp-knife.
WHITTLE, to haggle in cutting.
WHITTLE-GAIT. In Cumberland when the village schoolmaster does not receive adequate pay to support himself, from his scholar's quarter-pence, he is allowed what is called a *whittle-gait*, or the privilege of using his knife, in rotation, at the tables of those who send children to his school; and if he be not a bashful trencherman, he never finds any reason to regret this mode of dining by rotation, as every good housewife always provides against his *whittle-day*, a *cowed-lword* and a piece of beef or mutton. Not many years ago, a *harden sark*, a *guse-grassing*, and a *whittle-gait*, were all the salary of a clergyman; in other words, his entire stipend consisted of a shirt of coarse linen, the right of commoning geese, and the more valuable privilege of using a knife and fork at the table of his parishioners.—*Sanderson* and *Brockett.*
WHOAL, a hole.
WHOPE, hope.
WHOOR, a whore.
WHORE, where.
WHORNPEYPE, a hornpipe.
WHURRY, a wherry.—*Anderson.* A large boat, a sort of barge or lighter.—*Brockett.*

Whuzzin, whizzing.
Whya, well.
Whye, a heifer. Why-calf, a female or cow-calf.
Whyllymer, or, as some whimsically style it, Rosley Cheshire, a very poor cheese, of which, says Brockett, "it might be safely said, saving both meat and mense, *whe'll ha' mare?*" It is as remarkable for its poverty as that of Stilton is for its richness; its surface is so hard that it frequently bids defiance to the keen edge of a Cumbrian *gully;* and its interior substance so very tough, that it rather affords occupation to the teeth of a rustic than nourishment to his body, making his hour of repast (to use the expression of an ingenious friend), the severest part of his day's labour.—*Note to Anderson's Ballads.*
Wi' or Wid, with.
Widdersful, endeavouring.
Wide-gobb'd, wide-mouthed.
Wie, with. Wieawt, without. Wieth', with the.
Wieme, or Wimma, with me.
Willy-wands, willow-rods.
Wiltae, wilt thou.
Win', the wind.
Windy, noisy.
Winnit, will not.
Wiskett, or Whisket, a basket.
Wittenly, or Wottingly, designedly.
Wod, or Wad, would.
Won (Sax. *wunnian*), to dwell; to inhabit; to haunt; to frequent.
Wonted, or Wennied, applied to milk when it has been kept till approaching sourness.
Woo, wool.
Wood (Sax. *wod*), furious; raging.
"Thro' unadvised rashness waxen *wood.*"—Spenser.

Wor, were.
Worchet, an orchard.
Wordy, worthy.
Worsed, worsted.
Wot, to know.

"If Skiddaw hath a cap,
Criffel *wots* full well of that."—*Cumberland Proverb.*

Wots, oats.
Wramp, a sprain.
Wrang, wrong.
Wraul, to fret; to find fault; to grumble.—*MS. Glossary.*
Wreeden, peevish; cross.

Y.

Ya, Yaa, or Yan, one.
Ya, an ewe.
Yable, able.
Yale, or Yell, ale.
Yallo, yellow.
Yammert, bawled.
Yance, once. Yans, ones.
Yat, a gate. Both Chaucer and Spenser use *yate.*
Yaud, or Yawd, a common name among country people for a horse; a jade. A druidical temple in Cumberland, goes by the name of the "Grey Yauds," probably from the colour of the stones. —*Brockett.*
Yaur, or Yer, your.
Yeage, age.
Yearles (Earles in Craven), money advanced or given to confirm a bargain.
Yeasy, easy.
Yedder, a straight hazel stick used in binding down fences.
Yee, you.

YEE'L, you will.
YEER, a year.
YEK, an oak.
YELL, whole.
YEN, one. YENCE, once.
YER, or YAUR, your. YERSEL', yourself.
YERD, a yard.
YE'S, ye shall.
YILP, a term used to express the chirping of mice, birds, &c.
YOUNGERMER, younger persons.

THE END.

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